

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER. *K*

Translated by Mr. POPE.

VOL. I.

*Te sequor, ô Graïæ gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,
Quòd te imitari aueo. . . . LUCRET.*



L O N D O N.
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Bernard Cointo of Schmette

THE
DAILY
TO
MEMOR
AND
NOT





THE BOOKSELLERS ADVERTISEMENT

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THis excellent Translation of Homer's Iliad; being so universally esteemed by all those that have any taste of Learning or Poetry, it will undoubtedly be very acceptable to the publick to have a neat edition of it in small portable volumes: For not only such as cannot well afford to go to the expense of six volumes in folio, will be glad to have the same thing in as many pocket volumes at less than a quarter of the price; but even those that have generously contributed by their subscriptions, to give that encouragement, so justly due to the ingenious Author, for publishing this work, & thereby have acquired the large volumes for their Librarys, will be well pleased to have also these little volumes for their ease & conveniency, to carry about with them either in Town or Country.

There has been a good deal of care & pains taken to have this edition correct as well as neat, & it is hoped with so good success that the Reader will find but few faults of any consequence. Some small literal slips of a c for an e, an n for an u, an f for an f or the like, when they do not alter the sense, will be easily pardoned by a candid Reader, especially if he has any experience of printing & correcting the press. Those that have such experience know how difficult, or next to impossible

it is to have any book, or even a single sheet wrought off absolutely without any fault; & those that have not should be sparing in their censures, till they have tryed to correct 30. or 40. sheets for the press, & seen their success. Such a tryal would be an excellent school of patience & moderation, & might also be usefull in many other respects. Many of the great men of the XVIIth. century (the most glorious for learning since that of Augustus) thought it worth their pains to correct for the press; & then even the Printers themselves were men of considerable learning; which is the reason why the Books printed in that age are generally more correct & more esteemed by men of judgement, than most of those that have been published since, by Printers & Correctors very unlike those above mentioned.

But to return to our present edition, it has been thought necessary for its greater beauty to leave out that prodigious number of Capitals, which disfigure the page, by an abuse introduced, thro' want of taste, into English books more than any other. Care has been taken to have the Copper-plates better & neater done than those of the folio edition, & some are added which will not be disagreeable. What other improvements are made the curious Readers will find by comparing this with the former Edition. If the care & pains taken on this work be agreeable to the candid & judicious Readers, it will be very gratefull to their most humble servant,

the Bookseller.



On Mr. POPE and his POEMS,
BY HIS GRACE
JOHN SHEFFIELD
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

With age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too serious now a wanton Muse to court,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in port,
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst adventrous rovers of the pen;
And after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satyric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing.
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in Sciences exceed.

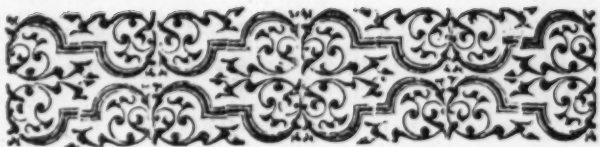
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways;
But a much greater to give merit praise.

T O M R. P O P E,
In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram
ON H O M E R.

W HEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious Maids,
Of old assembled in the *Theſſian* shades,
What Theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; Your loftieſt notes employ,
To ſing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.
The wond'rous Song with rapture they rehearſe;
Then ask, who wrought that miracle of verſe.
He answer'd with a frown; I now reveal
A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal;
Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite Tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek*, and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
From me, the God of wit, uſurp'd the bays.

But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celeftial ſpoils to grace her name;
Yet when my Arts ſhall triumph in the weſt,
And the white Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
Fame, I foreſee, will make reprizals there,
And the Translator's palm to me transfer.
With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think his *English Iliad* mine.

E. FENTON.



PREFACE.

HOMER is universally allow'd to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrival'd. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledg'd the greatest of Poets, who most excell'd in that which is the very foundation of Poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Genius's: The utmost stretch of human study, Learning, & industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it Judgment it self can at best but steal wisely: For Art is only like a prudent Steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them but is owing to the Invention: As in the most regular gardens, however Art may carry the greatest appearance, there is not a plant or flower but is the gift of Nature. The first can only reduce the beauties of the latter into a more obvious figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertain'd with. And perhaps the reason why most Criticks are inclin'd to prefer a judicious and methodical Genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pur-

sue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our Author's work is a wild Paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an order'd garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds & first productions of every kind, out of which those who follow'd him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arriv'd to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppress'd by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequal'd fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a Council be call'd, or a Battel fought, you are not coldly inform'd of what was said or done as from a third person; the Reader is hurry'd out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the Army he describes,

Οἱ δ' αἶψ' ἵσαν ὡς τε πυρὶ χθὼν πάσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable that his Fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discover'd immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor; It grows in the progress, both upon him.

himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polish'd numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism, and make us admire, even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, tho attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, 'till we see nothing but its own splendor. This fire is discern'd in Virgil, but discern'd as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: In Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In Milton, it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In Shakespear, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from Heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast Invention exerts it self in a manner superior to that of any Poet, thro' all the main constituent parts of his work; as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other Authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful Star, which in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seem'd not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of Nature; all the inward passions and affections of mankind to supply his characters, and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he open'd a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of Fable. That which Aristotle calls the Soul of Po-

try, was first breath'd into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvelous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as tho' they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as tho' they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those Poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurry'd on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's Poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have us'd the same practice, but generally carry'd it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their Readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have follow'd him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an Army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit

the Shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detain'd from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel thro' half the Poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his Heroe a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observ'd this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supply'd the want from other Greek Authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander; as the Loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medæa and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy which Homer is generally suppos'd to have wrapt up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to cloath all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadow'd? This is a field in which no succeeding Poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allow'd them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarg'd his circle, but for their judgement in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning chang'd in following ages, and science was deliver'd in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern Poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be

capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a Poem.

The marvelous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. If Homer was not the first who introduc'd the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such an one as makes its greatest importance and dignity: For we find those Authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the undoubted inventor of them. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetick, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the sphere of Poetry beyond the limits he has set: Every attempt of this nature has prov'd unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of Poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons, and here we shall find no Author has ever drawn so many with so visible and surprizing a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no Painter could have distinguish'd them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observ'd in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversify'd in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command: That of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; that of Hector active & vigilant. The courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mix'd with softness and tenderness for his people: We find in
Ido.

Idomeneus a plain direct Soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular: But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguish'd, and where they are mark'd most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remark'd of Statius's Heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs thro' them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character which makes them seem Brothers of one family. I believe when the Reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be consider'd as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so

there is of speeches, than in any other Poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employ'd in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the Speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any Person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being apply'd and judg'd by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the Author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engag'd in Homer: All which are the effects of a colder Invention, that interests us less in the action describ'd: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excell'd. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his Sentiments in general, is that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport is his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern Writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman Author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his descriptions images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance and individual of nature summon'd together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things,

things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat. Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserv'd by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprizing as the descriptions of his battels, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supply'd with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two Herces are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battel rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of Images and Descriptions in any Epic Poet; tho'every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his Master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enliven'd forms of it. We acknowledge him the Father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great Masters, which discovers it self to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touch'd with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only Poet who had found out living words: there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good Author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it: 'Tis the Sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms it self about it. For in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression

pression will be brighter; and as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: Like glass in the furnace which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of Prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to Poetry, not only as it heighten'd the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has manag'd them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are join'd. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *καρδιαίολος*, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of *ἰννεσίφυλλος*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (tho' but of a single line) without diverting the Reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfy'd with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched thro' its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: He consider'd these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employ'd them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two Syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the brea-

der Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering some letters with the license of Poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture; and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signify'd. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practis'd in the case of Italian Operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allow'd by the Criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, tho' they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latine tongue. Indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn & cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of, and in particular never fail'd to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian Poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account, as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer Criticks have understood one Language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our Author's beauties in this kind, in his Treatise of the composition of words, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses.

Muses dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspiriting vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are born away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his Fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more rais'd and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been said of Virgil with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent Writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: It is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No Author or Man ever excell'd all the World in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer possess'd a larger share of it: Each of these great Authors had more of both than perhaps any Man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we must admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries

hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battels, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more & more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturb'd in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity: And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same Power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for Empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great Invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior Souls as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, so as to become miracles in the whole; and like the old Heroes of that
make,

make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more than in its inability to confine it self to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: It runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so manag'd as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The Reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he liv'd in. Such are his grosser representations of the Gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his Heroes, which will be treated of in the following * Essay: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carry'd into extreams both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity to think with Madam Dacier, „ that † those times and man-

* See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay.

† Preface to her Translation of the Iliad.

ners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours. Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty reign'd thro' the World; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their Wives and Daughters made Slaves and Concubines? On the other side I would not be so delicate as those modern Criticks, who are shock'd at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engag'd. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient Author in the heathen world, and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with Nations and People that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest Antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprizing vision of things no where else to be found, the only authentick Picture of that ancient World. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his Gods and Heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-ey'd Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediouslly repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believ'd to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were us'd: They were a sort of

attri-

attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great Men, Monsr. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names deriv'd from their Fathers, were oblig'd to add some other distinction of each person either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: As Alexander Son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore complying with the custom of his country, us'd such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks. Edward the black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod dividing the world into its ages, has plac'd a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of Heroes distinct from other men, a Divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care Jupiter in the islands of the blessed *. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mention'd without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been rais'd against Homer are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasion'd by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure, by undermining the foundation. One would imagine by the whole

* Hesiod, lib. I. v. 155, &c.

whole course of their Parallels, that these Criticks never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssees* above the *Æneis*; as that the *Heroe* is a wiser man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other. Or else they blame him for not doing what he never design'd; as because *Achilles* is not as good and perfect a Prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his Poem requir'd a contrary character. It is thus that *Rapin* judges in his comparison of *Homer* and *Virgil*: Others select those particular passages of *Homer* which are not so labour'd as some that *Virgil* drew out of them: This is the whole management of *Scaliger* in his *Poetices*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes thro' a false delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations. This is the conduct of *Perauld* in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of *Homer*, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed. And in pursuance of this Principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the Cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of *Virgil*, or any great Author whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of *Mons. de la Motte*; who yet

confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had liv'd, he must have been the greatest Poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpass'd him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the Honour of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequal'd by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approv'd in the eyes of one sort of Criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses which holds the heart of a Reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excells all the Inventors of other Arts in this, that he has swallow'd up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no encrease, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shew'd all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has fail'd in some of his Flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit: Nature and Art conspire to raise it; Pleasure and Profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant thro' a richness of nature) might be lopp'd into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the Original, it remains to treat of the Translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the Poem, such as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no Translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or

too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an Interpreter to give his Author entire and unmain'd; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be consider'd what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times, by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours, by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their Author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the Poem is what a Translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: However it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his Author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deter'd from imitating him by

the fear of incurring the censure of a meer English Critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: Some of his Translators having swell'd into fustian, in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity, Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds, the certain signs of false mettle; others slowly and servilely creeping in his train; while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However of the two extreams, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity. No Author is to be envied for such commendations. as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignity'd simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other, as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven; 'Tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dress'd at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the Scripture and our Author. One may affirm with all respect to the inspired writings, that the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observ'd of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a Translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used

used in the old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consign'd to Mystery and Religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorn'd gravity and shortness with which they are deliver'd: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious, that is a more modern turn, in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and Government, such as Platoon, Campagne, Junto, or the like (into which some of his Translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, with which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: Those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound-epithets and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retain'd as slide easily of themselves into an English-compound, without violence to the ear or to the receiv'd rules of composition; as well as those which have receiv'd a sanction from the authority of our best Poets, and

are become familiar thro' their use of them; such as the Cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly express'd in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious. Some that cannot be so turn'd as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *ἰνὸς φωνῆ* to a Mountain would appear little or ridiculous translated literally leaf-shaking, but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: The lofty Mountain shakes his waving woods. - Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduc'd. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἰκυσόλῳ*, or far-shooting, is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the Ensigns of that God, the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the Sun: Therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation, and where the effects of the Sun are describ'd, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same Epithets which we find in Homer, and which, tho' it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a Translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the Reader too much on the other.

other. The repetition is not ungraceful, in those Speeches where the dignity of the Speaker renders it a sort of insulence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to Men, or from higher Powers to inferiours in concerns of State; or where the ceremonial of Religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are plac'd in the Original: When they follow too close one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a profess'd Translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the Author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the Versification. Homer, as has been said, is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of Poëtry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek and Virgil in Latine. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a Writer is warm, and fully possess'd of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they design'd this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears, in a superior degree to all others. Few Readers have the ear to be Judges of it, but those who have will see I have endeavour'd at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess my self utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire Translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book

of the *Odssyes*, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his Notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his Author, insomuch as to promise in his rhyming preface, a Poem of the mysteries he had reveald in Homer; and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the Tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the Man may account for his whole performanee; for he appears from his Preface and Remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in Poetry. His own boast of having finish'd half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks shews with what negligence his version was performed: But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery Spirit that animates his Translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arriv'd to years of discretion. Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances he continually lopps them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteem'd a close Translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the Original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He sometimes omits whole Similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no Writer of his learning could have fallen, but thro' carelesness. His Poetry, as well as *Ogilby's*, is too mean for Criticism.

It is a great loss to the Poetical world that Mr.
Dry-

Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first Book and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily follow'd him in passages where he wanders from the Original. However had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited Translation I know in any language. But the Fate of great Genius's is like that of great Ministers, tho' they are confessedly the first in the Common-wealth of Letters, they must be envy'd and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character. In particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that Character. To copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his Numbers. To preserve in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the Speeches a fulness and perspicuity; in the Sentences a shortness and gravity. Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods. Neither to omit or confound any Rites or customs of Antiquity. Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any Translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is to study his Author, rather from his own text than from any Commentaries, how learned soever, or what-

figure they may make in the estimation of the world. To consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the Ancients, and with Milton above all the Moderns. Next these the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our Author; and Boissu's admirable Treatise of the Epic Poem, the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work; he must hope to please but a few, those only who have at once a taste of Poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a meer modern Wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a Pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the publick, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; tho' I fear no Judges so little as our best Poets who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy Men, but none as they are malignant Writers. I was guided in this Translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by Persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of Fools to Men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determin'd me to undertake this task, who was pleas'd to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was oblig'd to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the Publick. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his Friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite pleasure the many friend-
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dly offices as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer, as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, tho' I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great Panegyrick) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these Gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the Great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my Subscribers, and the most distinguish'd Patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers. Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeas'd I should undertake the Author, to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) the finest praise he ever yet receiv'd.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all things else appear so mean and poor,
Verse will seem Prose: yet often on him look.
And you will hardly need another book.

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the Polite Arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in all the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the Critick of these sheets, and the Patron of their Writer. And that so excellent an Imitator of Homer as the noble Author of the Tragedy of Heroic Love, has continu'd his partiality to me from my writing Pastorals to my attempting the Iliad. I can-

not deny my self the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this Translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguish'd by the Earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action, in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. The Right Honourable Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleas'd to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honour'd in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my Friends, to whom all acknowledgments are render'd unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: And I am satisfy'd I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more Patrons than ever Horner wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shewn me by its learned Rival, the University of Oxford. If my Author had the Wits of after ages for his defenders, his Translator has had the Beauties of the present for his Advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any Fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he receiv'd after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, & easy friendships which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledg'd, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratify'd the prejudices of particular Parties, or the vanities of particular Men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienc'd the candour and friendship of so many Persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to my self.

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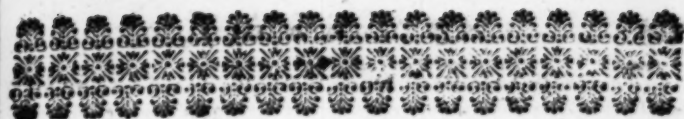
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Monumenti Imperialis

Exemplum p. 29



AN
ESSAY
ON THE
LIFE, WRITINGS,
& LEARNING,
OF
HOMER.

THERE is something in the mind of man, which goes beyond bare curiosity, and even carries us on to a shadow of friendship with those great Genius's whom we have known to excel in former ages. Nor will it appear less to any one, who considers how much it partakes of the nature of friendship; how it compounds it self of an admiration rais'd by what we meet with concerning them; a tendency to be farther acquainted with them, by gathering every circumstance of their lives; a kind of complacency in their company, when we retire to enjoy what they have left; an union with them in those sentiments they approve; and an endeavour to defend them, when we think they are injuriously attack'd, or even sometimes with too partial an affection.

Vol. I.

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There is also in mankind a spirit of envy or opposition, which makes them uneasy to see others of the same species seated far above them in a sort of perfection. And this, at least so far as regards the fame of Writers, has not always been known to die with a man, but to pursue his remains with idle traditions, and weak conjectures; so that his name, which is not to be forgotten, shall be preserv'd only to be stain'd and blotted. The controversy, which was carry'd on between the Author and his enemies, while he was living, shall still be kept on foot, not entirely upon his own account, but on theirs who live after him; some being fond to praise extravagantly, and others as rashly eager to contradict his admirers. This proceeding on both sides, gives us an image of the first descriptions of War; such as the *Iliad* affords; where a Heroe disputes the field with an Army, 'til it is his time to dye, and then the battel, which we expected to fall of course, is renew'd about the body; his friends contending that they may embalm and honour it, his enemies that they may cast it to the dogs and vultures.

There are yet others of a low kind of taste, who, without any malignity to the Character of a great Author, lessen the dignity of their subject by insisting too meanly upon little particularities. They imagine it the part of an Historian to omit nothing they meet with concerning him, and gather every thing without any distinction, to the prejudice or neglect of the more noble parts of his character: Like those trifling Painters, or Sculptors, who bestow infinite pains and patience upon the most insignificant parts of a figure, 'till they sink the grandeur of the whole by finishing every thing with the neatest want of judgment.

Besides these, there is a fourth sort of men, who pretend to divest themselves of partiality on both sides,

sides, and to get above that imperfect idea of their subject, which little Writers fall into; who propose to themselves a calm search after truth, and a rational adherence to probability in their historical collections: Who neither wish to be led into the fables of Poetry, nor are willing to support the falsehoods of a malignant criticism; but, endeavouring to steer in a middle way, have obtain'd a character of failing least in the choice of materials for History, tho' drawn from the darkest ages.

Being therefore to write something concerning a life, which there is little prospect of our knowing, after it has been the fruitless enquiry of so many ages, and which has however been thus differently treated by Historians, I shall endeavour to speak of it, not as a certainty, but as the tradition, opinion, or collection of Authors, who have been suppos'd to write of *Homer* in these four preceding methods; to which we also shall add some farther conjectures of our own. After his life has been thus rather talk'd of than written, I shall consider him historically as an Author; with regard to those works which he has left behind him: In doing which, we may trace the degrees of esteem they have obtain'd in different periods of time, and regulate our present opinion of them, by a view of that age in which they were written.

I. *Stories of Homer, which are the effects of extravagant admiration.*

If we take a view of *Homer* in those fabulous traditions which the admiration of the ancient Heathens has occasion'd, we find them running to superstition and multiply'd & independent on one another, in the different accounts which are given with respect to *Ægypt* and *Greece*, the two native countreys of Fable.

We have one in [a] *Eustathius* most strangely fram'd, which *Alexander Paphius* has reported concerning *Homer's* birth and infancy. That he was
 „ born in *Ægypt* of *Damasagoras* and *Æthra*, and
 „ brought up by a Daughter of *Orus*, the Priest
 „ of *Isis*, who was herself a prophetess, and from
 „ whose breasts drops of honey would frequently
 „ distil into the mouth of the infant. In the night
 „ time the first sounds he utter'd were the notes
 „ of nine several birds: In the morning he was
 „ found playing with nine Doves in the bed: The
 „ Sybil, who attended him, us'd to be seiz'd with
 „ a poetical fury, and utter verses, in which she
 „ commanded *Damasagoras* to build a Temple to
 „ the Muses: This he perform'd in obedience to
 „ her inspiration, and related all these things to the
 „ child when he was grown up; who, in memory
 „ of the Doves which play'd with him during his
 „ infancy, has in his works prefer'd this bird to
 „ the honour of bringing *ambrosia* to *Jupiter*.

One would think that a story of this nature, so fit for age to talk of, and infancy to hear, were incapable of being handed down to us. But we find the tradition again taken up, to be heighten'd in one part, and carry'd forward in another. [b] *Heliodorus* who had heard of this claim which *Ægypt* put in for *Homer*, endeavours to strengthen it by naming *Thebes* for the particular place of his birth. He allows too, that a Priest was his reputed Father; but that his real Father, according to the opinion of *Ægypt*, was *Mercury*: He says, That when
 „ the Priest was celebrating the Rites of his country,
 „ and therefore slept with his Wife in the
 „ Temple, the God had knowledge of her, and
 „ begot

(a) *Eustathius in Od. 12.*

(b) *Heliod. Æthiop. l. 3*

begot *Homer*. That he was born with tufts of hair on his thigh, as a sign of unlawful generation, from whence he was called (c) *Homer* by the Nations through which he wander'd: That he himself was the occasion why this story of his divine extraction is unknown; because he neither told his name, race, nor countrey; being ashamed of his exile, to which his reputed Father drove him from among the consecrated Youths, on account of that mark which their Priests esteem'd a testimony of an incestuous birth.

These are the extravagant stories by which men, who have not been able to express how much they admire him, transcend the bounds of probability to say something extraordinary. The mind, that becomes dazzled with the sight of his performances, loses the common idea of a Man in the fancy'd splendor of perfection: It sees nothing less than a God worthy to be his Father, nothing less than a Prophetess deserving to be his Nurse, and, growing unwilling that he should be spoken of in a language beneath its imaginations, delivers Fables in the place of History.

But whatever has thus been offer'd to support the claim of *Ægypt*, they who plead for *Greece* are not to be accus'd for coming short of it. Their fancy rose with a refinement above that of their Masters, and frequently the veil of fiction is wrought fine enough to be seen through, so that it hardly hides the meaning it is made to cover, from the first glance of the imagination. For a proof of this, we may mention that poetical Genealogy which is deliver'd for *Homer's*, in the *Greek* treatise of the contradiction between him and *Hesiod*, and but little vary'd by the relation of it in *Suidas*.

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(c) °Ο μῆρ, Femur.

„ The Poet *Linus*, (d) say they, was born of *Apollo*
 „ and *Thaïse*, the Daughter of *Neptune*. *Pierus* of
 „ *Linus*: *Oëagrus* of King *Pierus* and the Nymph
 „ *Methone*: *Orpheus* of *Othrys* and the Muse *Calliope*.
 „ From *Orpheus* came *Othrys*: from him *Harmoni-*
 „ *nides*: from him *Philoterpus*: from him *Euphemus*,
 „ from him *Epiphraides*, who begot *Menalops*, the
 „ Father of *Dius*: *Dius* had *Hesiod* the Poet, and
 „ *Perfes* by *Pucamede*, the Daughter of *Apollo*. Then
 „ *Perfes* had *Maon*, on whose Daughter *Crytheis*,
 „ the River *Meles* begot *Homer*. “

Here we behold a wonderful Genealogy contriv'd industriously to raise our idea to the highest, where Gods, Goddesses, Muses, Kings and Poets link in a descent; nay, where Poets are made to depend, as it were, in clusters upon the same stalk beneath one another. If we consider too that *Harmonides* is deriv'd from harmony, *Philoterpus* from love of delight, *Euphemus* from beautiful diction, *Epiphraides* from intelligence, and *Pucamede* from prudence; it may not be improbable, but the Inventors meant, by a fiction of this nature, to turn such qualifications into persons as were agreeable to his character, for whom the line was drawn: So that every thing, divine or great, will thus come together by the extravagant indulgence of fancy, while it turns it self sometimes to admiration, and sometimes to allegory.

After this fabulous Tree of his pedigree, we may regularly view him in one passage concerning his birth, which, though it differs in a circumstance from what has been here deliver'd, yet carries on the same air, and regards the same tradition. There is a short Life of *Homer* attributed to *Plutarch*, wherein a third part of *Aristotle* on Poetry, which is
 now

(d) Ἀγὰρ Οὐρανὸς καὶ Ἥσιος.

now lost, is quoted for an account of his uncommon birth, in this manner. At the time when *Neleus*, the Son of *Codrus*, led the Colony which was sent into *Ionia*, there was in the Island of *Io* a young Girl, compress'd by a *Genius*, who delighted to associate with the *Muses*, and share in their comforts. She, finding herself with child, and being touch'd with the shame of what had happen'd to her, remov'd from thence to a place call'd *Ægina*. There she was taken in an excursion made by Robbers, and being brought to *Smyrna*, which was then under the *Lydians*, they gave her to *Maon* the King, who marry'd her upon account of her beauty. But while she walk'd on the bank of the river *Meles*, she brought forth *Homer* and expir'd. The Infant was taken by *Maon*, and bred up as his Son, 'till the death of that Prince. And from this point of the story the Poet is let down into his traditional poverty. Here we see, tho' he be taken out of the lineage of *Meles*, where we met him before, he has still as wonderful a rise invented for him; he is still to spring from a *Demigod*, one who was of a poetical disposition, from whom he might inherit a soul turn'd to poetry, and receive an assistance of heavenly inspiration.

In his Life the most general Tradition concerning him is his *Blindness*: yet there are some who will not allow even this to have happen'd after the manner in which it falls upon other men: Chance and sickness are excluded; nothing less than Gods and Heroes must be visibly concern'd about him. Thus we find among the different accounts which *Hermias* has collected concerning his blindness, that when *Homer* resolv'd to write of *Achilles*, he had an exceeding desire to fill his mind with a just idea of so glorious a Heroe. Wherefore, having paid

all due honours at his Tomb, he intreats that he may obtain a sight of him. The Heroe grants his Poet's petition, and rises in a glorious suit of armour, which cast so unsufferable a splendor, that *Homer* lost his eyes, while he gaz'd for the enlargement of his notions. (e)

If this be any thing more than a meer fable, one would be apt to imagine it insinuated his contracting a blindness by too intense an application while he wrote his *Iliad*. But it is a very pompous way of letting us into the knowledge of so short a truth: It looks as if men imagin'd the lives of Poets should be poetically written; that to speak plainly of them, were to speak contemptibly; or that we debase them, when they are plac'd in less glorious company than those exalted Spirits which they themselves have been fond to celebrate. We may however in some measure be reconcil'd to this last idle fable, for having occasion'd so beautiful an *Episode* in the *Ambra* of *Politian*. That which does not inform us in a History, may please us in its proper sphere of Poetry.

II. Stories of *Homer* proceeding from Envy.

Such Stories as these have been the effects of a superstitious fondness, and of the astonishment of men at what they consider in a view of perfection. But neither have all the same taste, nor do they equally submit to the superiority of others, nor bear that human nature, which they know to be imperfect, should be prais'd in an extream without opposition. From some principles of this kind have arisen a second sort of Stories, which glance at

Homer.

(e) *Hermias in Plat. Plat. Leo Allat. de Parr. Hom. C. 10.*

Homer with malignant suppositions, and endeavour to throw a diminishing air over his life, as a kind of answer to those who sought to aggrandize him injudiciously.

Under this head we may reckon those ungrounded conjectures with which his Adversaries asperse the very design and prosecution of his Travels, when they insinuate, that they were one continued search after Authors who had written before him, and particularly upon the same subject, in order to destroy them, or to rob them of their inventions.

Thus we read in (f) *Diodorus Siculus*, „ That „ there was one *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Tiresias*, „ who from her inspirations obtain'd the title of „ a *Sybil*. She had a very extraordinary genius, and „ being made Priestess at *Delphos*, wrote Oracles „ with wonderful elegance, which *Homer* sought „ for, and adorn'd his Poems with several of her „ verses. “ But she is plac'd so far in the fabulous age of the world, that nothing can be averr'd of her: And as for the Verses now ascrib'd to the *Sybils*, they are more modern than to be able to confirm the story; which as it is universally assented to, discovers that whatever there is in them in common with *Homer*, the Compilers have rather taken it from him; perhaps to strengthen the Authority of their work by the protection of this Tradition.

The next insinuation we hear is from *Suidas*, that *Palamedes*, who fought at *Troy*, was famous for Poetry, and wrote concerning that war in the *Dorick* letter which he invented, probably much against *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, his mortal enemies. Upon this account some have fancied his works were suppress'd by *Agamemnon's* posterity, or that

C 5

their

(f) *Diod. Sic. l. 4.*

their entire destruction was contriv'd and effected by *Homer* when he undertook the same subject. But surely the Works of so considerable a Man, when they had been able to bear up so long a time as that which pass'd between the Siege of *Troy*, and the flourishing of *Homer*, must have been too much dispers'd, for one of so mean a condition as he is represented, to have destroy'd in every place, tho' he had been never so much assisted by the vigilant temper of envy. And we may say too, that what might have been capable of raising this principle in him, must be capable of being in some measure esteem'd, and of having at least one line of it preserv'd to us.

After him, in the order of time, we meet with a whole set of names, to whom the maligners of *Homer* would have him oblig'd, without being able to prove their assertion. *Suidas* mentions *Corinnus Ilienſis*, the Secretary of *Palamedes*, who writ a Poem upon the same subject; but no one is produc'd as having seen it. (g) *Tzetes* mentions (and from *Johannes Melala* only) *Sisyphus* the *Coan*, Secretary of *Teucer*; but it is not so much as known if he writ verse or prose. Besides these, are *Dictys* the *Cretan*, Secretary to *Idomeneus*, and *Dares* the *Phrygian* an Attendant of *Hector*, who have spurious treatises passing under their names. From each of these is *Homer* said to have borrow'd his whole argument; so inconsistent are these stories with one another.

The next names we find, are *Demodocus*; whom *Homer* might have met at *Corcyra*, and *Phemius*, whom he might have met at *Ithaca*: the one, as (h) *Plutarch* says, having according to tradition written the war at *Troy*, the other the return of the *Grecian* Captains. But these are only two names of

(g) *Tzetzes Chil. 5. Hist. 29.*

(h) *Plutarch on Musick.*

of Friends, which he is pleas'd to honour with eternity in his Poem, or two different pictures of himself, as Author of the *Iliad* and *Odysses*; or entirely the children of his imagination, without any particular allusion. So that his usage here, puts me in mind of his own *Vulcan* in the (i) *Iliad*: The God had cast two Statues, which he endued with the power of motion; and it is said presently after, that he is scarce able to go unless they support him.

It is reported by some, says (k) *Ptolomeus Ephesio*, „ That there was before *Homer*, a Woman of *Memphis*, call'd *Phantasia*, who writ „ of the wars of *Troy*, and the wandrings of *Ulysses*. Now *Homer* arriving at *Memphis* where she „ had laid up her works, and getting acquainted „ with *Phantasias*, whose business it was to copy the „ sacred writings, he obtain'd a sight of these, and „ follow'd entirely the scheme she had drawn. But „ this is a wild story, which speaks of an *Egyptian* Woman with a *Greek* name, and who never was heard of but upon this account. It appears indeed from his knowledge of the *Egyptian* learning, that he was initiated into their mysteries, and for ought we know by one *Phantasias*. But if we consider what the name of the Woman signifies, it seems only as if from being us'd in a figurative expression, it had been mistaken afterwards for a proper name. And then the meaning will be, that having gather'd as much information concerning the *Grecian* & *Trojan* Story, as he could be furnish'd with from the accounts of *Egypt*, which were generally mix'd with fancy and fable, he wrought out his plans of the *Iliad* and the *Odysses*.

We

(i) *Iliad* 18.

(k) *Ptol. Eph. Excerpt apud Photium. l. 3.*

We pass all these Stories, together with the *little Iliad* of *Siagnus* mention'd by (l) *Ælian*. But one cannot leave this subject without reflecting on the depreciating humour, and odd industry of man, which shews itself in raising such a number of insinuations that clash with each other, and in spiriting up such a crowd of unwarranted names to support them. Nor can we but admire at the contradictory nature of this proceeding, that names of Works, which either never were in being, or never worthy to live, should be produc'd, only to persuade us that the most lasting and beautiful Poem of the Ancients was taken out of them. A Beggar might be content to patch up a garment with such shreds as the world throws away, but it is never to be imagin'd an Emperor would make his Robes of them.

After *Homer* had spent a considerable time in travel, we find him towards his age introduc'd to such an action as tends to his disparagement. It is not enough to accuse him for spoiling the dead, they raise a living Author by whom he must be baffled in that qualification on which his fame is founded.

There is in (m) *Hesiod* an account of an ancient poetical contention at the funeral of *Amphidamas*, in which, he says, he obtain'd the prize, but does not mention from whom he carry'd it. There is also among the (n) *Hymns* ascribed to *Homer*, a prayer to *Venus*, for success in a poetical dispute, but it neither mentions where, nor against whom. But though they have neglected to name their Antagonists, others have since taken care to fill up the stories by putting them together. The making two such considerable names in Poetry engage, carries an amusing pomp in it, like making two Heroes of the first rank enter the lists of combat. And if

Homer

(l) *Ælian*, l. 14. c. 21.

(m) *Hesiod. (p) & dierum l. 2. v. 171. &c.*

(n) *Hom. Hymn. 2. ad Venerem.*

Homer and Hesiod had their parties among the *Grammarians*, here was an excellent opportunity for Hesiod's favourers to make a sacrifice of Homer. Hence a bare conjecture might spread into a tradition, then the tradition give occasion to an Epigram, which is yet extant; and again the Epigram, for want of knowing the time it was writ in, be alledg'd as a proof of that conjecture from whence it sprung. After this, a (o) whole treatise was written upon it, which appears not very ancient, because it mentions *Adrian*: The Story agrees in the main with the short account we find in (p) *Plutarch*, „ That (q) *Ganiſtor* the Son of *Amphidamas*, King of *Eubœa*, being us'd to celebrate his Father's funeral games, invited from all parts men famous for strength and wisdom. Among these *Homer* and *Hesiod* arriv'd at *Chalcis*. The King *Panidas* presided over the contest, which being finish'd he decreed the *Tripod* to *Hesiod*, with this Sentence, that the Poet of Peace & husbandry better deserv'd to be crown'd than the Poet of war and contention. Whereupon *Hesiod* dedicated the prize to the *Muses*, with this inscription,

„ Ἡσίοδ' Ὁ Μῆταις Ἑλικωνίσι τονδ' ἀνέθηκεν,
„ Τμιν' Ὁ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον Ὅμηρον.“

Which are two lines taken from that place in *Hesiod* where he mentions no Antagonist, and alter'd, that the two names might be brought in, as is evident by comparing them with these,

„ Τμινω νικήσαντα φέρειν τρίποδ' αἰτῶντα,
„ Τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ Μῆσης Ἑλικω, ιαόδεσσ' ἀνέθηκεν.“

Tq

(o) Ἀγὼν Ὅμηρος καὶ Ἡσίοδος.

(p) *Plut. Banquet of the seven wise Men.*

(q) Ἀγὼν Ὅμηρος.

To answer this story, we may take notice that *Hesiod* is generally plac'd after *Homer*. *Gravius*, his own Commentator, sets him a hundred years lower; and whether he were so or no, yet (r) *Plutarch* has slightly pass'd the whole account as a fable. Nay, we may draw an argument against it from *Hesiod* himself. He had a love of Fame which caus'd him to engage at the Funeral games, and which went so far as to make him record his conquest in his own works. Had he defeated *Homer*, the same principle would have made him mention a name that could have secur'd his own to immortality. A Poet who records his glory, would not omit the noblest circumstance; & *Homer*, like a captive Prince, had certainly grac'd the Triumph of his adversary.

Towards the latter end of his life, there is another story invented, which makes him conclude it in a manner altogether beneath the greatness of such a Genius: We find in the Life said to be written by *Plutarch*, a tradition, „ That he was warn'd by „ an Oracle to beware of *the young mens riddle*. „ This remain'd long obscure to him, 'til he arriv'd at the Island *Io*. There as he sat to behold „ the Fishermen, they propos'd to him a Riddle „ in verse, which he being unable to answer, „ dy'd for grief. “ This story refutes itself by carrying superstition at one end, and folly at the other. It seems conceiv'd with an air of derision, to lay a great man in the dust after a foolish manner. The same sort of hand might have fram'd that tale of *Aristotle's* drowning himself because he could not account for the *Euripids*: The design is the same, the turn the same; and all the difference, that the great Men are each to suffer in his character, the one

(r) *Plut. Symp. l. 5. §. 2.*

one by a *poetical riddle*, the other by a *philosophical problem*. But these are actions which can only proceed from the meanness of pride, or extravagance of madness: A Soul enlarg'd with knowledge, so vastly as that of *Homer*, better knows the proper stress which is to be laid upon every incident, and the proportion of concern, or carelessness, with which it ought to be affected. But it is the fate of narrow capacities to measure mankind by a false standard, and imagine the great, like themselves, capable of being disconcerted by little occasions; to frame their malignant fables according to this imagination, and to stand detected by it as by an evident mark of ignorance.

III. *Stories of Homer proceeding from trifling curiosity.*

The third manner in which the *Life of Homer* has been written, is but an amassing of all the traditions & hints which the Writers could meet with, great or little, in order to tell a story of him to the world. Perhaps the want of choice materials might put them upon the necessity; or perhaps an injudicious desire of saying all they could, occasion'd the fault. However it be, a *Life* compos'd of trivial circumstances, which (tho' it give a true account of several passages) but little shews a man in that light in which he was most famous, and has hardly any thing correspondent to the idea we entertain of him: Such a *Life*, I say, will never answer rightly the demand the world has upon an Historian. Yet the most formal account we have of *Homer* is of this nature; I mean that which is said to be collected by *Herodotus*. It is, in short, an unsupported minute treatise, compos'd of events which lie within the compass of probability, and belong to the lowest sphere of life. It seems to be entirely conducted by

by the Spirit of a *Grammarian*, ever abounding with *extempore* verses, as if it were to prove a thing so unquestionable as our Author's title to rapture; and at the same time the occasions are so poorly invented, that they misbecome the warmth of a poetical imagination. There is nothing in it above the life which a *Grammarian* might lead himself; nay, it is but such an one as they commonly do lead, the highest stage of which is to be *master of a School*. But because this is a treatise to which Writers have had recourse for want of a better, I shall give the following abstract of it.

Homer was born at *Smyrna*, about one hundred sixty eight years after the Siege of *Troy*, and six hundred twenty two years before the Expedition of *Xerxes*. His Mother's name was *Crytheis*, who proving unlawfully with child, was sent away from *Cuma* by her Uncle, with *Ismenias*, one of those who led the colony to *Smyrna* then building. A while after, as she was celebrating a Festival with other women on the banks of the river *Meles*, she was deliverd of *Homer*, whom she therefore nam'd *Melesigenes*. Upon this she left *Ismenias*, and supported herself by her labour, 'til *Phemius* (who taught a School in *Smyrna*) fell in love with her, and marry'd her. But both dying in process of time, the School fell to *Homer*, who manag'd it with such wisdom, that he was universally admir'd both by natives and strangers. Amongst these latter was *Mentes*, a Master of a ship from *Leucadia*; by whose persuasions and promises he gave up his School, and went to travel: With him he visited *Spain* and *Italy*; but was left behind at *Ithaca* upon account of a defluxion in his eyes. During his stay he was entertain'd by one *Mentor*, a man of fortune, justice, and hospitality, and learn'd the principal incidents of *Ulysses's* life. But at the re-

turn

turn of *Mentes*, he went from thence to *Colophon*, where, his defluxion renewing, he fell entirely blind. Upon this he could think of no better expedient than to go back to *Smyrna*, where perhaps he might be supported by those who knew him, and have the leisure to addict himself to Poetry. But there he found his poverty encrease, and his hopes of encouragement fail; so that he remov'd to *Cuma*, and by the way was entertain'd for some time at the house of one *Tychius* a leatherdresser. At *Cuma* his Poems were wonderfully admir'd; but when he propos'd to eternize their Town, if they would allow him a salary, he was answer'd, that there would be no end of maintaining all the *æmēgi*, or blind Men, and hence he got the name of *Homer*. From *Cuma* he went to *Phocæa*, where one *Theostrides* (a School-master also) offer'd to maintain him if he would suffer him to transcribe his verses: This *Homer* complying with thro' meer necessity, the other had no sooner gotten them, but he remov'd to *Chios*. There the Poems gain'd him wealth and honour, while the Author himself hardly earn'd his bread by repeating them. At last, some who came from *Chios* having told the people that the same verses were publish'd there by a School-master, *Homer* resolv'd to find him out. Having therefore landed near that place, he was receiv'd by one *Glaucus* a Shepherd (whose door he had like to have been worried by dogs) and carry'd by him to his Master at *Bellissus*, who admiring his knowledge, entrusted him with the education of his Children. Here his praise began to spread, and *Theostrides*, who heard of his neighbourhood, fled before him. He remov'd however some time afterwards to *Chios*, where he set up a School of Poetry, gain'd a competent fortune, marry'd a Wife, and had two Daughters, the one of which dy'd young, the other was marry'd to his

Patron at *Bollissus*. Here he inserted in his Poems the names of those to whom he had been most oblig'd, as, *Mentes*, *Phemius*, *Mentor*, and *Tyckius*; and resolving for *Athens*, he made honourable mention of that City, to prepare the *Athenians* for a kind reception. But as he went, the ship put in at *Sumos*, where he continu'd the whole winter, singing at the houses of great Men, with a train of boys after him. In spring he went on board again in order to prosecute his journey to *Athens*, but landing by the way at *Ios*, he fell sick, d'y'd, and was bury'd on the sea-shore.

This is the Life of *Homer* ascrib'd to *Herodotus*; tho' it is wonderful it should be so, since it evidently contradicts his own *History*, by placing *Homer* six hundred twenty two years before the Expedition of *Xerxes*; whereas *Herodotus* himself, who was alive at the time of that Expedition, says *Homer* was only (†) four hundred years before him. However, if we can imagin that there may be any thing of truth in the main parts of this treatise, we may gather these general observations from it: That he shew'd a great thirst after knowledge, by undertaking such long and numerous travels; That he manifested an unexampled vigor of mind, by being able to write with more fire under the disadvantage of blindness, & the utmost poverty, than any Poet after him in better circumstances; And that he had an unlimited sense of fame (the attendant of noble Spirits) which prompted him to engage in new travels, both under these disadvantages, and the additional burthen of old age.

But it will not perhaps be either improper or difficult to make some conjectures, which seem to lay open the foundation from whence the traditions which frame the low Lives of *Homer* have arisen.

We

(†) Herod. l. 2.

We may consider, that there are no Historians of his time (or none handed down to us) who have mention'd him; and that he has never spoken plainly of himself, in those works which have been ascrib'd to him without controversy. However, an eager desire to know something concerning him has occasion'd Mankind to labour the point under these disadvantages, and turn on all hands to see if there were any thing left which might have the least appearance of information. Upon the search, they find no remains but his *Name* and *Works*, and resolve to torture these upon the rack of invention, in order to give some account of the person they belong to.

The first thing therefore they settle is, that what pass'd for his *Name*, must be his *Name* no longer, but an additionnal title us'd instead of it. The reason why it was given, must be some accident of his life. They then proceed to consider every thing that the word may imply by its derivation. One finds that *ο μηρὸς* signifies a *thigh*; whence arises the tradition in (u) *Heliodorus*, that he was banish'd *Egypt* for the mark on that part, which shew'd a spurious birth; and this they imagine ground enough to give him the life of a wanderer. A second finds that *ο μνηστῆρ* signifies an *Hostage*, and then he must be deliver'd as such in a War (according to (x) *Proclus*) between *Smyrna* and *Chios*. A third can derive the name from *ο μὴ ὁρᾶν*, *non videns*, from whence he must be a *blind Man* (as in the Piece ascrib'd to (y) *Herodotus*.) A fourth brings it from *ο μῶς ἐπεῖν*, *speaking in council*; and then (as it is in *Suidas*) he must, by a divine inspiration, declare to the *Smyrnaans*, that they

d 2

(u) *Hel. l. 3.* (x) *Procl. v. 18.* Hom. (y) *Herod. v. 18.* (Hom.

should war against [*Colophon*. A fifth finds the word may be brought to signify *following others*, or *joining himself* to them, and then he must be call'd *Homer* for saying (as it is quoted from (z) *Aristotle* in the life ascrib'd to *Plutarch*) that he would *οἰνεῖν*, or follow the *Lydians* from *Smyrna*. Thus has the Name been turn'd and winded enough at least to give a suspicion, that he who got a new etymology, got either a *new Life* of him, or something which he added to the old one.

However, the Name itself not affording enough to furnish out a whole Life, his *Works* must be brought in for assistance; and it is taken for granted that where he has not spoken of himself, he lies veil'd beneath the persons or actions of those whom he describes. Because he calls a Poet by the name of *Phemius* in his *Odyssey*, they conclude this (a) *Phemius* was his Master. Because he speaks of *Demodocus* as another Poet who was blind, and frequented Palaces, he must be sent about (b) blind, to sing at the doors of rich Men. If *Ulysses* be set upon by dogs at his Shepherd's cottage, because this is a low Adventure, it is thought to be his own at *Bollissus*. (c) And if he calls the Leatherdresser, who made *Ajax's* shield, by the name of *Tychius*, he must have been supported by such an one in his wants: Nay, some have been so violently carry'd into this way of conjecturing, that the bare (d) Simile of a woman who works hard for her livelihood, is said to have been borrow'd from his Mother's condition, and brought as a proof of it. Thus he is still imagin'd to intend himself; and the fictions of Poetry, converted

(z) *Plut. vit. Hom.*

(a) *Herod. vit. Hom.* (b) *Ibid.*

(d) *Vid. M. Dacier's Life of Homer.*

(c) *Ibid.*

ted into real facts, are deliver'd for his Life, who has assign'd them to others. All those Stories in his Works which suit with a mean condition are suppos'd to have happen'd to him; tho' the same way of inference might as well prove him to have acted in a higher sphere, from the many passages that shew his skill in Government, and his knowledge of the great parts of life.

There are some other scatter'd Stories of *Homer* which fall not under these heads, but are however of as trifling a nature; as much unfit for the Materials of History, still more ungrounded, if possible, and arising merely from chance, or the humours of Men: Such is the report we meet with from (e) *Heraclides*, That, „ *Homer* was fin'd at *Athens* for a Madman; “ which seems invented by the Disciples of *Socrates*, to cast an odium upon the *Athenians* for their consenting to the death of their Master, and carries in it something like a declaiming revenge of the Schools, as if the world should imagine the one could be esteem'd mad, where the other was put to death for being wicked. Such another report is that in (f) *Ælian*, that „ *Homer* portion'd his Daughter with some of his „ Works for want of money; „ which looks but like a jest upon a poor Wit, which at first might have had an Epigrammatist for its Father, and been afterwards gravely understood by some painful Collector. In short, Mankind have labour'd heartily about him to no purpose; they have caught up every thing greedily, with that busy minute curiosity and unsatisfactory inquisitiveness which *Seneca* calls the *disease* of the Greeks; they have puzzled the cause by their attempts to find it out;

d 3

and

(e) *Diogenes Laertius* in *Heracl. in vita Socratis*.

(f) *Ælian*. l. 9. c. 15.

and, like Travellers destitute of a road, yet resolv'd to make one over unpassable deserts, they superinduce error, instead of removing ignorance,

IV. *Probable Conjectures concerning Homer.*

Whenever any Authors have attempted to write the Life of *Homer*, clear from superstition, envy, and trifling, they have grown ashamed of all these traditions. This, however, has not occasion'd them to desist from the undertaking, but still the difficulty which could not make them desist, has necessitated them, either to deliver the old story with excuses; or else, instead of a Life, to compose a treatise partly of *Criticism*, and partly of *Character*; rather descriptive, than supported by action, and the air of history.

His
time.

They begin with acquainting us, that the time in which he liv'd has never been fix'd beyond dispute, and that the opinions of Authors are various concerning it: But the controversy, in its several conjectures, includes a space of years between the earliest and latest, from twenty four to about five hundred after the Siege of Troy. Whenever the time was, it seems not to have been near that Siege, from his own (g) *Invocation of the Muses* to recount the Catalogue of the Ships: „ For we, says he, have only heard a rumour, „ and know nothing particularly. “ It is remark'd by (h) *Velleius Paterculus*, that it must have been

con-

(g) Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλεῖστον ἀκούομεν ἔδε τι ἰδμεν.

Iliad 2. v. 486.

(h) Hic longius à temporibus belli quod composuit, Troici, quàm quidam tenetur, absuit. Nam termè ante annos 950. floruit, intra mille natus est: (quo nomine non est mirandum quod sæpe illud usurpat, οἷος νῦν βροτοῖς ἔστι.

Hic

considerably later; from his own confession, that Mankind was but half as strong in his Age, as in that he writ of; which, as it is founded upon a notion of a gradual degeneracy in our nature, discovers the interval to have been long between *Homer* and his subject. But not to trouble our selves with entring into all the dry dispute, we may take notice, that the world is inclin'd to stand by the (i) *Arundelian Marble*, as the most certain computation of those early times; and this, by placing him at the time when *Diognetus* rul'd in *Athens*, makes him flourish a little before the *Olympiads* were establish'd; about three hundred years after the taking of *Troy*: and near a thousand before the *Christian Æra*. For a farther confirmation of this, we have some great Names of Antiquity, who give him a cotemporary agreeing with the computation. (k) *Cicero* says, there was a tradition that *Homer* liv'd about the time of *Lycurgus*. (l) *Strabo* tells us, It was reported that *Lycurgus* went to *Chios* for an interview with him. And even (m) *Plutarch*, when he says, *Lycurgus* receiv'd *Homer's* Works from the Grandson of that *Creophilus* with whom he had liv'd, does not put him so far backward, but that possibly they might have been alive at the same time.

The next dispute regards his Country, concerning which (n) *Adrian* enquir'd of the Gods, as a question not to be settled by Men; and *Appion*,

d 4 ac-

Hoc enim ut hominum ita sæculorum notatur differentia. *Vall. Patere. lib. 1.*

(i) *Vide* *Dacier*, *Du Pin*, &c. concerning the *Arundelian Marble*.

(k) *Cicero Qu. Tuscul. l. 5.*

(l) *Strabo. l. 10.*

(m) *Plut. vitæ Lycurgi.*

(n) ἄγων Ὀμήρου καὶ Ησίοδου, of *Adrian's Oracle*.

according to (o) *Pliny*, rais'd a Spirit for his information. That which has encreas'd the difficulty, is the number of contesting places, of which *Suidas* has reckon'd up nineteen in one breath. But his ancient Commentator (p) *Didymus*, found the subject so fertile, as to employ a great part of his four thousand volumes upon it. There is a Prophecy of the *Sybils*, that he should be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and then to play an argument of the same nature against it, there is the Oracle given to *Adrian* afterwards, that says he was born in *Ithaca*. There are customs of *Æolia* and *Ægypt* cited from his works, to make out by turns, and with the same probability, that he belong'd to each of them. There was a School shew'd for his at *Colophon*, and a Tomb at *Io*, both of equal strength to prove he had his birth in either. As for the *Athenians*, they challeng'd him as born where they had a Colony; or else in behalf of *Greece* in general, and as the *Metropolis* of its learning, they made his Name free of their City, (qu. *Liciniâ & Mutiâ lege*, says (q) *Politian*) after the manner of that Law by which all *Italy* became free of *Rome*. All these have their Authors to record their titles; but still the weight of the question seems to lie between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, which we must therefore take a little more notice of. That *Homer* was born at *Smyrna* is endeavour'd to be prov'd by an (r) *Epigram*, recorded to have been under the Statue of *Pisistratus* at *Athens*; by the reports mention'd in *Cicero*, *Strabo*, and *A Gellius*; and by the *Greek Lives*, which pass under the name of

Hero-

(o) *Plin. l. 30 cap. 2.*

(p) *Seneca Ep. 88 concerning Didymus.*

(q) *Politian. Pref. in Homerum.*

(r) *Epigram on Pisistratus in the anonymous Life before Homer.*

Herodotus, Plutarch, and Proclus; as also the two that are anonymous. The (s) Smyrnaans built a Temple to him, cast Medals of him, and grew so possess'd of his having been theirs, that it is said they burn'd Zoilus for affronting them in the person of Homer. On the other hand, the Chians plead the ancient Authorities of (t) Simonides and (v) Theocritus for his being born among them. They mention a Race they had, call'd the *Homerida*, whom they reckon'd his posterity; they cast Medals of him; they shew to this day an *Homarium*, or temple of Homer, near *Bollissus*; and close their arguments with a quotation from the Hymn to *Apollo* (which is acknowleg'd for Homer's by (x) *Thucydides*) where he calls himself, „The „blind Man that inhabits *Chios*.“ The Reader has here the sum of the large Treatise of *Leo Allatius*, written particularly on this subject; (y) in which, after having separately weigh'd the pretensions of all, he concludes for *Chios*. For my part, I determine nothing in a point of so much uncertainty; neither which of these was honour'd with his birth, nor whether any of them was; nor whether each may not have produc'd his own Homer; since (z) *Xenophon* says, there were ma-

d 5

ny.

(s) Vitruvius Proem. l. 7.

(t) Simonides Frag. de brevitate vite, quoting a verse of Homer.

Ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίῳ ἔειπεν ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

(v) Theocritus in Dioscuris, ad fin.

—— Χίῳ ποιεῖς;

Ἰμνήσας Πριάμοιο πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἰλιάδας τε μάχας. ———

(x) Thucyd. lib. 3. (y) Leo Allatius de Patria Homeri.

(z) Xenophon de Equitibus.

ny of the name. But one cannot avoid being surpriz'd at the prodigious veneration for his Character, which could engage Mankind with such eagerness in a point so little essential; that Kings should send to Oracles for the enquiry of his birth place; that Cities should be in strife about it; that whole lives of learned Men should be employ'd upon it; that some should write treatises, that others should call up Spirits about it; that thus, in short, Heaven, Earth and Hell should be fought to, for the decision of a question which terminates in curiosity only.

His Pa-
rents.

If we endeavour to find the Parents of *Homer*, the search is as fruitless. (a) *Ephorus* has made *Maon* to be his Father, by a Niece whom he despoil'd; and this has so far obtain'd, as to give him the derivative name of *Mæonides*. His Mother (if we allow the story of *Maon*) is call'd *Crytheis*; But we are lost again in uncertainty if we search farther; for *Suidas* has mention'd *Eumetis* or *Polycaste*; and (b) *Pausanias*, *Clymene* or *Themisto*; which happens, because the contesting countrys find out Mothers of their own for him. Tradition has in this case afforded us no more light, than what may serve to shew its shadows in confusion; they strike the sight with so equal a probability, that we are in doubt which to chuse, and must pass the question undecided.

His
Name.

If we enquire concerning his own Name, even that is doubted of. He has been call'd *Melesigenes* from the River where he was born. *Homer* has been reckon'd an ascetic name, from some accident in his life. The *Certamen Homericum* calls him once *Auletes*, perhaps from his musical genius; and

(a) *Plut. vitæ Hom. ex Ephoro.* (b) *Pausanias, l. 10.*

and (c) *Lucian*, *Tigranes*; it may be from a confusion with that *Tigranes* or (d) *Tigretes*, who was Brother of Queen *Artemisia*, and whose name has been so far mingled with his, as to make him be esteem'd Author of some of the lesser works which are ascrib'd to *Homer*. It may not be amiss to close these criticisms with that agreeable derision where-with *Lucian* treats the humour of Grammarians in their search after minute and impossible enquiries, when he feigns, that he had talk'd over the point with *Homer* in the *Island of the Blessed*. „ I „ ask'd him, says he, of what country he was? „ a question hard to be resolv'd with us: to which „ he answer'd, he could not certainly tell, because „ some had inform'd him, that he was of *Chios* „ some of *Smyrna*, and others of *Colophon*; but „ he took himself for a *Babylonian*, and said he „ was called *Tigranes*, while he liv'd among his „ Country-men, and *Homer*, while he was a Hostage among the *Gracians*. “

At his birth he appears not to have been blind, whatever he might be afterwards. The * *Chian* Medal of him (which is of great antiquity, according to *Leo Allatius*) seats him with a volume open, and reading intently: But there is no need of proofs from Antiquity for that which every line of his works will demonstrate. With what an exactness, agreeable to the natural appearance of things, do his cities stand, his Mountains rise, his rivers wind, and his regions lie extended? How beautifully are the views of all things drawn in their figures, and adorn'd with their paintings? What address in action, what visible characters of the passions inspire his Heroes? It is not to be imagin'd, that

His
blind-
ness.

(c) *Lucian's true History*, l. 2. (d) *Suidas d. Tigrete*.

* The Medal is exhibited at the beginning of this Essay.

that a man could have been always blind, who thus inimitably copies Nature, and gives every where the proper proportion, figure, colour and life: „ *Quem si quis cecum genitum putat* „, (says „ (e) *Paterculus*) *omnibus sensibus orbis est*: “ He must certainly have beheld the Creation, consider’d it with a long attention, and enrich’d his fancy by the most sensible knowledge of those ideas which he makes the Reader see while he but describes them,

His Edu-
cation,
and Mil-
iter.

„ As he grew forward in years, he was train’d up to learning (if we credit (f) *Diodorus*) under one „ *Pronapides*, a man of excellent natural endowments, who taught the *Pelasgick* letter invented by *Linus*. “ From him he might learn to preserve his Poetry by committing it to writing; which we mention, because it is generally believ’d (g) no Poems before his were so preserv’d; and he himself in the third line of his *Batrochomyomachia* (if that piece be his) expressly speaks of (h) writing his works in his *Tablets*.

His Tra-
vels.

When he was of riper years, for his farther accomplishment, and the gratification of his thirst of knowledge, he spent a considerable part of his time in travelling. Upon which account, (i) *Proclus* has taken notice that he must have been rich: „ For long travels, says he, occasion high „ expences, and especially at those times when „ men could neither sail without imminent danger „ and inconveniences, nor had a regulated man-
„ ner

(e) *Paterculus*, l. 1.

(f) *Diod. Sic.* l. 3.

(g) *Joseph. cont. Apion*, l. 1.

(h) αἰοιδῆς

Ἦν νέον ἐν δέλοις ἐμοῖς ἐπὶ γούνασι θῆκα.

Batroch.

(i) *Procl. vita. Hom.*

„ Her of commerce with one another. „ This way of reasoning appears very probable, and if it does not prove him to have been rich, it shews him at least to have had Patrons of a generous spirit, who, observing the vastness of his capacity, believ'd themselves beneficent to Mankind, while they supported one who seem'd born for something extraordinary.

Ægypt being at that time the seat of Learning, the greatest Wits and Genius's of *Greece* us'd to travel thither. Among these (k) *Diodorus* reckons *Homer*, and to strengthen his opinion, alledges that multitude of their notions which he has receiv'd into his Poetry, and of their customs, to which he alludes in his fictions: Such as his *Gods*, which are nam'd from the first *Ægyptian Kings*; the number of the *Muses* taken from the nine Minstrels which attended *Osyris*; the *Feast* wherein they us'd to send their Statues of the Deities into *Æthiopia*, and to return after twelve days; and the carrying their dead bodies over the lake to a pleasant place call'd *Acherusia* near *Memphis*, from whence arose the Stories of *Charon*, *Stryx*, and *Elysium*. These are notions which so abound in him, as to make (l) *Herodotus* say, he had introduc'd from thence the Religion of *Greece*. And if others have believ'd he was an *Ægyptian*, from his

(k) Diod. Sic. l. 1.

(l) Ἡρόδοτος γὰρ καὶ Ὀμήρου ἡλικίαν τετρακοσίοις ἔτεσι δεκάω μὲν πρεσβυτέρως γενέσθαι, καὶ ἑπτάωσι. ἑτοίμοι δὲ εἶσι οἱ ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἑλληνι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες, καὶ τιμὰς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἰδεὰ αὐτῶν σημνάναντες. Herodot. l. 2.

his knowledge of their rites and traditions which were reveal'd but to few; and of the arts and customs which were practis'd among them in general; it may prove at least thus much, that he must have travel'd there.

As *Greece* was in all probability his native Country, and, had then began to make an effort in Learning, we cannot doubt but he travel'd there also, with a particular observation. He uses the different Dialects which were spoken in its different parts, as one who had been conversant with them all. But the argument which appears most irrefragable, is to be taken from his *Catalogue* of the *Ships*: He has there given us an exact Geography of *Greece*; where its cities, mountains, and Plains, are particularly mention'd; where the courses of its rivers are trac'd out; where the countries are laid in order, their bounds assigned and the uses of their soils specify'd. This the Ancients, who compar'd it with the original, have allow'd to be so true in all points, that it could never have been owing to a loose and casual information. Even *Strabo's* account of *Greece* is but a kind of Commentary upon *Homer's*.

We may carry this Argument farther, to suppose his having been round *Asia Minor*, from his exact division of the *Regnum Priami vetus* (as *Horace* calls it) into its separate *Dynasties*, and the account he gives of the bordering Nations in alliance with it. Perhaps too, in the wandrings of *Ulysses* about *Sicily*, whose Ports and neighbouring Islands are mention'd, he might contrive to send his Heroe where he had made his own voyage before. Nor will the Fables he has intermingled be any objection to his having travel'd in those parts, since they are not related as the history of the present time; but the tradition of the former. His mention of *Thrace*,
his

his description of the beasts of *Lybia*, and of the climate in the *Fortunate Islands*, may seem also to give us a view of him in the extreams of the Earth, where it was not barbarous or uninhabited. It is hard to set limits to the Travels of a Man, who has set none to that desire of knowledge which made him undertake them. Who can say what People he has not seen, who appears to be vers'd in the customs of all? He takes the Globe for the Scene on which he introduces his subjects; he launches forward intrepidly, like one to whom no place is new, and appears a Citizen of the World in general.

When he return'd from his travels, he seems to have apply'd himself to the finishing of his Poems, however he might have either design'd, begun, or pursu'd them before. In these he treasur'd up his various acquisitions of knowledge, where they have been preserv'd through many ages, to be as well the proofs of his own industry, as the instructions of posterity. He could then describe his Sacrifices after the *Æolian* manner; or (m) his Leagues with a mixture of *Trojan* and *Spartan* ceremonies: (n) He could then compare the confusion of a multitude to that tumult he had observ'd in the *Icarian* Sea, dashing and breaking among its crowd of Islands: He could represent the numbers of an Army, by those flocks of (o) Swans he had seen on the banks of the *Cayster*; or being to describe that heat of battel with which *Achilles* drove the *Trojans* into the River, (p) he could illustrate it with an allusion from *Cyrene* or *Cyprus*, where, when the Inhabitants burn'd their fields, the Grass-hoppers fled before the fire to perish in the Ocean. His fancy

(m) *Iliad* 3. (n) *Il.* 2. vs. 145. (o) *Iliad* 2. vs. 461.

(p) *Il.* 21. vs. 122

fancy being fully replenish'd, might supply him with every proper occasional image, and his Soul after having enlarg'd itself, and taken in an extensive variety of the Creation, might be equal to the task of an *Iliad* and an *Odysssey*.

His old
age and
death.

In his old age, he fell blind, and settled at *Chios*, as he says in the *Hymn* to *Apollo*, which (as is before observ'd) is acknowledged for his by *Thucydides*, and might occasion both *Simonides* and *Theocritus* to call him a *Chian*. (q) *Strabo* relates, that *Lycurgus*, the great Legislator of *Sparta*, was reported to have gone to *Chios* to have a conference with *Homer*, after he had study'd the Laws of *Crete* and *Aegypt* in order to form his constitutions. If this be true, how much a nobler representation does it give of him and indeed more agreable to what we conceive of this mighty Genius, than those spurious accounts which keep him down among the meanest of mankind? What an idea could we frame to our selves of a conversation held between two persons so considerable; a Philosopher conscious of the force of Poetry, and a Poet knowing in the depths of Philosophy; both their Souls improv'd with Learning, both eminently rais'd above little designs, or the meaner kind of interest, and meeting together to consult the good of Mankind? But in this, I have only indulg'd a thought which is not to be insisted upon; the evidence of History rather tends to prove that *Lycurgus* brought his Works from *Asia* after his death: which (r) *Proclus* imagines to have happen'd at a great old Age, on account of his vast extent of learning, for which a short life could never suffice.

If we would now make a conjecture concerning the

(q) *Strabo*, l. 10. (r) *Procl. vita Hom.*

the genius and temper of this great man; perhaps his Works, which would not furnish us with facts for his Life, will be more reasonably made use of to give us a picture of his mind: To this end therefore, we may suffer the very name and notion of a book to vanish for a while, and look upon what is left us as a conversation, in order to gain an acquaintance with *Homer*. Perhaps the general air of his Works will become the general character of his Genius, and the particular observations give some light to the particular turns of his temper. His comprehensive knowledge shews that his Soul was not form'd like a narrow channel for a single stream, but as an expanse which might receive an Ocean into its bosom: that he had the strongest desire of improvement, and an unbounded curiosity, which made its advantage of every transient circumstance, or obvious accident. His solid and sententious manner may make us admire him for a man of judgment; one who, in the darkest Ages, could enter far into a disquisition of human nature; who, notwithstanding all the changes which governments, manners, rites, and even the notions of Virtue have undergone, could still abound with so many maxims correspondent to truth, and notions applicable to so many sciences. The fire, which is so observable in his Poem, may make us naturally conjecture him to have been of a warm temper, and lively behaviour; and the pleasurable air which every where overspreads it, may give us reason to think, that fire of imagination was temper'd with sweetness and affability. If we farther observe the particulars he treats of, and imagine that he laid a stress upon the sentiments he delivers, pursuant to his real opinions, we shall take him to be of a religious spirit, by his inculcating in almost every page the worship of the Gods. We shall

imagine him to be a generous lover of his Country, from his care to extol it every where: which is carry'd to such a height, as to make (a) *Plutarch* observe, that though many of the *Barbarians* are made Prisoners or Suppliants, yet neither of these disgraceful accidents (which are common to all Nations in War) ever happens to one *Greek* throughout his works. We shall take him to be a compassionate lover of Mankind, from his numberless praises of Hospitality and Charity, (if indeed we are not to account for 'em, as the common Writers of his Life imagine, from his owing his support to these Virtues.) It might seem from his love of stories, with his manner of telling them sometimes, that he gave his own Picture when he painted his *Nestor*, & as wise as he was, that he was no enemy to talking. One would think from his praises of Wine, his copious goblets, and pleasing descriptions of banquets, that he was addicted to a chearful, sociable life, which *Horace* takes notice of as a kind of Tradition;

„*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus. Ep. 19. l. 1.*

And that he was not (as may be guess'd of *Virgil* from his Works) averse to the *Female Sex*, will appear from his care to paint them amiable upon all occasions. His *Andromache* and *Penelope* are in each of his Poems most shining characters of conjugal affection; even his *Helena* herself is drawn with all the softness imaginable: his Souldiers are exhorted to combat with the hopes of *Women*; his Commanders are furnish'd with *fair Slaves* in their Tents, nor is the venerable *Nestor* without a *Mistress*.

It is true, that in this way of turning a *Book* into

(a) *Plutarch, de Aud, Pectis;*

a *Man*, this reasoning from his Works to himself, we can at best but hit off a few out-lines of a character: Wherefore I shall carry it no farther, but conclude with one discovery which we may make from his Silence, a discovery extremely proper to be made in this manner, which is, that he was of a very modest temper. There is in all other Poets a custom of speaking of themselves, and a vanity of promising eternity to their writings: In both which *Homer*, who has the best title to speak out, is altogether silent. As to the last of them, the World has made him ample recompense: it has given him that eternity he would not promise himself: But whatever endeavours have been offer'd in respect of the former, we find our selves still under an irreparable loss. That which others have said of him has amounted to no more than conjecture; that which I have said is no farther to be insisted on: I have us'd the liberty which is indulg'd me by precedent, to give my own opinions among the accounts of others, and the World may be pleas'd to receive them as so many willing endeavours to gratify its curiosity.

The only uncontestable Works which *Homer* has left behind him are the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*: The *Batrachomyomachia* or *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, has been disputed, but is however allow'd for his by many Authors; amongst whom (a) *Statius* has reckon'd it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a trial of his force before his larger performances. It is indeed a beautiful piece of raillery, in which a great Writer may delight to unbend himself; an instance of that agreeable trifling, which has been at some time or other indulg'd by the finest Genius's, and the off-spring of that amusing and cheerful humour, which generally accompanies the character

His
Works.

(a) *Statius* *Presf. ad Sylv.* l.

ter of a rich imagination, like a vein of *Mercury* running mingled with a Mine of *Gold*.

The *Hymns* have been doubted also, and attributed by the Scholiasts to *Cynathus* the *Rhapsodist*; but neither (a) *Thucydides*, (b) *Lucian*, nor (c) *Pausanias*, have scrupled to cite them as genuine. We have the authority of the two for that to *Apollo*, tho' it be observ'd that the word *Νῶμος* is found in it, which the Book *de Poesi Homericâ*, ascrib'd to *Plutarch*, tells us, was not in use in *Homer's* time. We have also an authority of the last for a (d) *Hymn* to *Ceres*, of which he has given us a fragment. That to *Mars* is objected against for mentioning *Τυρᾶννος*, and that which is the first to *Minerva* for using *Τυχη*, both of them being (according to the Author of the *Treatise* before mention'd) words of a later invention. The *Hymn* to *Venus* has many of its lines copy'd by *Virgil* in the interview between *Aeneas* and that Goddess, in the first *Æneid*: But whether these *Hymns* are *Homer's* or not, they are always judg'd to be near as ancient, if not of the same Age with him.

The *Epigrams* are extracted out of the *Life* said to be written by *Herodotus*, and we leave them as such to stand or fall with it; except the *Epitaph* on *Midas*, which is of very ancient authority; quoted without its Author both by (e) *Plato* and (f) *Longinus*, and (according to (g) *Laertius*) ascrib'd by *Simonides* to *Cleobulus* the wise Man; who living long after *Homer* answers better to the age of *Midas* the Son of *Gordias*.

The

- (a) *Thucyd. l. 3.* (b) *Lucian Phalarid. 2.*
 (c) *Pausan. Læti.* (d) *Paus. Meßen.*
 (e) *Plat. in Phæd.* (f) *Longin. §. 36. Edit Tollii*
 (g) *Laertius in vita Cleobuli.*

The *Margites*, which is lost, is said by (a) *Aristotle* to have been a Poem of a comick nature, wherein *Homer* made use of *Iambick* verses as proper for raillery. It was a jest upon the fair sex, and had its name from one *Margites*, a weak Man who was the subject of it. The story is something loose, as may be seen by the account of it still preserv'd in (b) *Eustathius's* comment on the *Odysssey*.

The *Cercopes* was a satyrical work which is also lost; we may however imagine it was level'd against the vices of Men, if our conjecture be right that it was founded upon the (c) old Fable of the *Cercopes*, a Nation who were turn'd into *Monkies* for their frauds and impostures.

The *Destruction* of *OEchalia*, was a Poem of which (according to *Eustathius*) *Hercules* was the Heroe; and the subject his ravaging that Countrey; because *Eurytus* the King had deny'd him his Daughter *Iole*.

The *Ilias Minor* was a piece which included both the taking of *Troy*, and the return of the *Gracians*. In this was the story of *Sinon*, which *Virgil* has made use of: (d) *Aristotle* has judg'd it not to belong to *Homer*.

The *Cypriacks*, if it was upon them that *Nevius* founded his *Ilias Cypria*, (as [e] Mr. *Dacier* conjectures) were the *Love-Adventures* of the *Ladies* at the Siege: these are rejected by (f) *Herodotus*, for saying that *Paris* brought *Helen* to *Troy* in three days; whereas *Homer* asserts they were long driven from place to place.

e 3

There

(a) *Arist. Poet. cap. 4.* (b) *Eustath. in Odyss. 10.*

(c) *Ovid. Metam. l. 14. de Cercop.*

(d) *Arist. Poet. cap. 24.* (e) *Dac. on Arist. Poet. c. 24.*

(f) *Herod. l. 2.*

There are other things ascrib'd to him, such as the *Heptapeſſion Goat*, the *Arachnomachia*, &c. in the ludicrous manner; and the *Thebais*, *Epigoni*, or second Siege of *Thebes*, the *Phocais*, *Amazonia*, &c. in the serious: which, if they were his, are now to be reputed a real loss to the learned world. Time, in some things, may have prevail'd over *Homer* himself, and left only the names of these works as memorials that such were in being; but while the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* remain, he seems like a Leader, who, tho he may have fail'd in a skirmish, has carry'd a victory, for which he passes in Triumph through all future Ages.

Monu-
ments
Coins
marbles,
&c. of
Homer.

THE remains we have at present of those Monuments Antiquity had fram'd for him, are but few. It could not be thought that they who knew so little of the life of *Homer*, could have a right knowledge of his person; yet had they Statues of him as of their Gods, whose forms they had never seen. „ *Quinimò qua non sunt, finguntur* (says [a] *Pliny*) „ *pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in* „ *Homero evenit.*” But tho' the ancient portraits of him seem purely notional, yet they agree (as I think (b) *Fabretti* has observ'd) in representing him with a short curl'd beard, and distinct marks of age in his forehead. That which is prefix'd to this book, is taken from an ancient marble Bust, in the Palace of *Farnese* at *Rome*.

In *Bollissus* near *Chios* there is a Ruin, which was shown for the House of *Homer*, which (c) *Leo Allatius* went on pilgrimage to visit, and (as he tells us) found nothing but a few stones crumbling away

[a] *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 2. [b] *Raph. Fabret. Explicatio veteris tabellæ Anaglyphe, Homeri. Iliad.*

[c] *Leo Allat. de patria Hom. cap. 13.*

away with age, over which he and his Companions wept for satisfaction.

They erected Temples to *Homer* in *Smyrna*, as appears from (a) *Cicero*; one of these is suppos'd to be yet extant, and the same which they shew for the Temple of *Janus*. It agrees with (b) *Strabo's* description, a square building of stone, near a river, thought to be the *Meles*, with two doors opposite to each other, north and south, and a large Niche within the east wall, where the Image stood: But M. *Spon* denies this to be the true *Homarium*.

Of the Medals struck for him, there are some both of *Chios* and *Smyrna* still in being, and exhibited at the beginning of this Essay. The most valuable with respect to the largeness of the head is that of *Amastris*, which is carefully copied from an Original belonging to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, and is the same which *Gronovius*, *Cuperus* and *Dacier* have copies of, but very incorrectly performed.

But that which of all the Remains has been of late the chief amusement of the learned, is the marble call'd his *Apotheosis*, the work of *Archelaus* of *Priene*, and now in the Palace of *Colonna*. We see there a Temple hung with its veil, where *Homer* is plac'd on a seat with a footstool to it as he has describ'd the seats of his Gods; supported on each side with figures representing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the one by a Sword, the other by the ornament of a ship, which denotes the Voyages of *Ulysses*. On each side of his footstool are *Mice*, in allusion to the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind, is *Time* waiting upon him, and a figure with tur-

e 4

rets

(a) *Cicero pro Archia.*

(b) *Strabo*, l. 14. Τὸ Ὀμηρεῖον, ὡς ἀτετραγώνον ἔχοντα νεῶν Ὀμήρου καὶ ξυλίων, &c. de *Smyrna*.

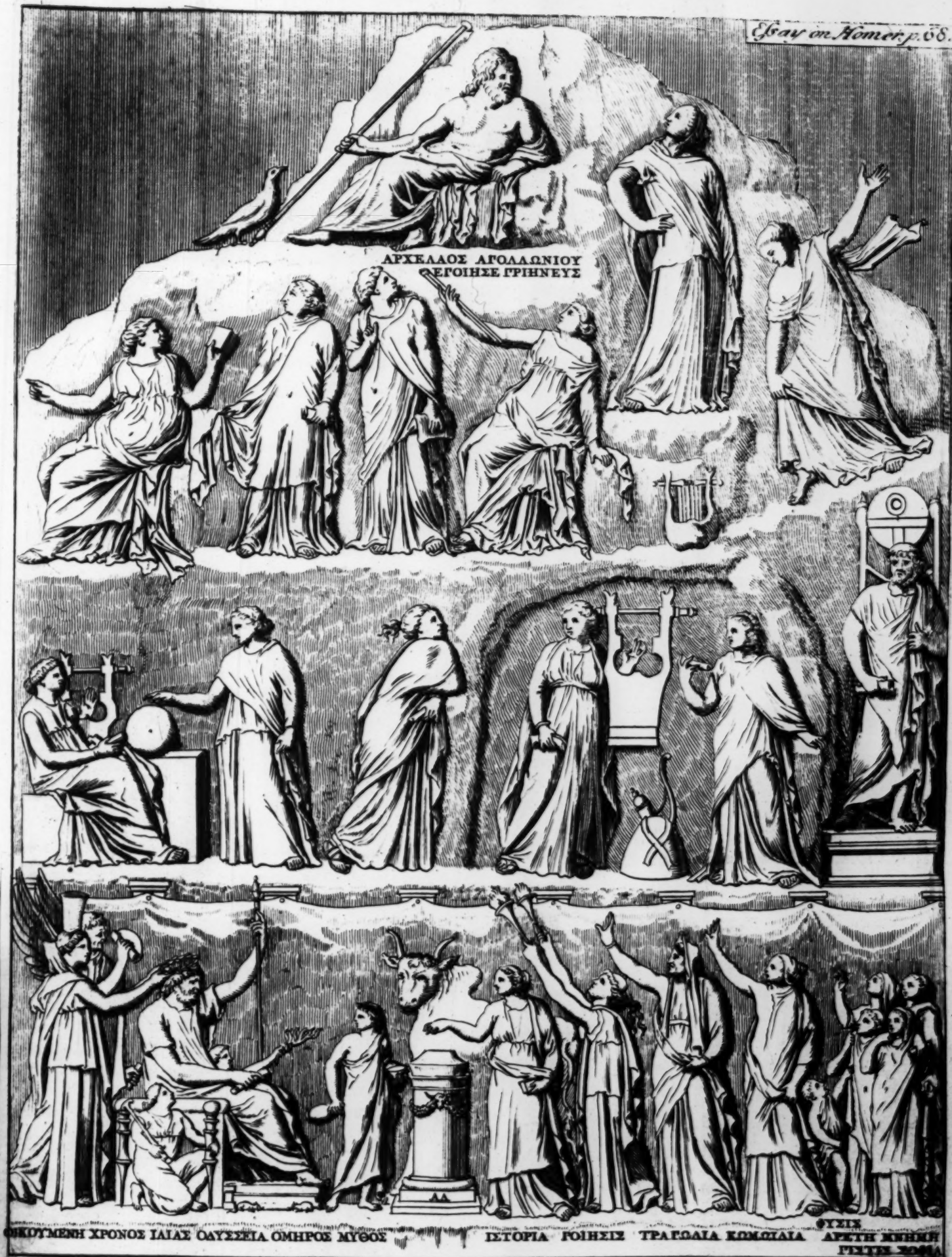
rets on its head, which signifies the World, crowning him with the Laurel. Before him is an Altar, at which all the *Arts* are sacrificing to him as to their Deity. On one side of the Altar stands a Boy, representing *Mythology*, on the other, a Woman, representing *History*; after her is *Poetry* bringing the *Sacred Fire*; and in a long following train, *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, *Nature*, *Virtue*, *Memory*, *Rhetorick*, and *Wisdom*, all in their proper attitudes. *

S E C T. I I.

HAVING now finish'd what was propos'd concerning the history of *Homer's* life, I shall proceed to that of his Works; and considering him no longer as a *Man*, but as an *Author*, prosecute the thread of his story in this his second Life, thro the different degrees of esteem which those Writings have obtain'd in different periods of time.

It has been the fortune of several great Genius's not to be known while they liv'd, either for want of Historians, the meanness of fortune, or the love of retirement, to which a poetical temper is peculiarly addicted. Yet after death their Works give themselves a life in Fame without the help of
an

* This Marble being one of the most curious monuments of antiquity now extant, several learned men have been at great pains to explain it, & particularly *Kircher*, *Heinsius*, *Spanheim*, *Gronovius*, *Cuperus*, & *Scott*. In the *Journal Littéraire* printed at the Hague, Tom. V. p. 347. there is an exact account of all their opinions about it; & the Reader will no doubt be pleas'd to find here a good Print of the whole Marble, instead of a third part of it only, which was represented in the former Editions, as it is here explained by M. Pope.



Lapis in Marinensi Columnensium Principum ditione erutus. Homeri Apotheosin representans.

an Historian ; and , notwithstanding the meanness of their Author , or his love of retreat , they go forth among Mankind , the glories of that Age which produ'd them , and the delight of those which follow it. This is a fate particularly verif'd in *Homer* , than whom no considerable Author is less known as to himself , or more highly valu'd as to his productions.

The earliest account of these is said by (a) *Plutarch* to be some time after his death , when *Lycurgus* sail'd to *Asia* : „ There he had the first sight of „ *Homer's* works , which were probably preserv'd „ by the Grand-children of *Creophilus* ; and having „ observ'd that their pleasurable air of fiction did „ not hinder the Poet's abounding in Maxims of „ state , and Rules of morality , he transcrib'd and „ carry'd with him that entire collection we have „ now among us : For at that time (continues this „ Author) there was only an obscure rumour in „ *Greece* to the reputation of these Poems , and „ but a few scatter'd Fragments handed about , 'till „ *Lycurgus* publish'd them entire. " Thus they were in danger of being lost as soon as they were produced , by the misfortune of the Age , a want of taste in learning , or the manner in which they were left to posterity , when they fell into the hands of *Lycurgus*. He was a Man of great learning , a Law-giver to a people divided and untractable , and one who had a notion that Poetry influenc'd and civiliz'd the minds of Men ; which made him smoothe the way to his Constitution by the Songs of *Thales* the *Cretan* , whom he engag'd to write upon obedience and concord. As he propos'd to himself that the Constitution he would raise upon this their union should be of a martial nature , these

The first publication of his works by *Lycurgus* ,

(a) *Plut. vit. Lycurgi*,

Poems were of an extraordinary value to him : for they came with a full force into his Scheme ; the Moral they inspir'd was unity ; the air they breath'd was martial ; and their story had this particular engagement for the *Lacedæmoniens* , that it shew'd *Greece* in war , and *Asia* subdu'd under the conduct of one of their own Monarchs , who commanded all the *Græcian* Princes. Thus the Poet both pleas'd the Law-giver , and the People : from whence he had a double influence when the Laws were settled. For his Poem then became a Panegyrick on their Constitution , as well as a register of their glory ; and confirm'd them in the love of it by a gallant description of those qualities and actions for which it was adapted. This made (*a*) *Cleomenes* call him *The Poet of the Lacedæmonians* : And therefore when we remember that *Homer* owed the publication of his Works to *Lycurgus* , we should grant too , that *Lucurgus* owed in some degree the enforcement of his Laws to the works of *Homer*.

Their reception
in Greece.

At their first appearance in *Greece* , they were not digested into a regular body , but remain'd as they were brought over in several detach'd pieces , call'd (according to (*b*) *Ælian*) from the subject on which they treated ; as the *Battle at the Ships* , the *Death of Dolon* , the *Valour of Agamemnon* , the *Patroclea* , the *Grat of Calypso* , the *Slaughter of the Wooers* , and the like. Nor were these entitled *Books* , but *Rhapsodies* ; from whence they who sung them had the title of *Rhapsodists*. It was in this manner they began to be dispers'd , while their poetry , their history , the glory they ascrib'd to *Greece* in general , the particular description they gave of it , and the compliment they paid to every little State by an honourable mention , so influenc'd all , that

(*a*) *Plutarch. Apophteg.* (*b*) *Ælian. l. 13. cap. 14.*

that they were transcrib'd and sung with general approbation. But what seems to have most recommended them was, that *Greece* which could not be great in its divided condition, looked upon the Fable of them as a likely plan of future grandeur. They seem from thenceforward to have had an eye upon the conquest of *Asia*; as a proper undertaking, which by its importance might occasion union enough to give a diversion from civil wars, and by its prosecution bring in an acquisition of Honour and Empire. This is the meaning of (a) *Isocrates*, when he tells us, that „ *Homer's* poetry „ was in the greater esteem, because it gave ex- „ ceeding praise to those who fought against the „ *Barbarians*. Our Ancestors (continues he) ho- „ nour'd it with a place in education and musical „ contests, that by often hearing it we should have „ a notion of an original enmity between us and „ those Nations; and that admiring the virtue of „ those who fought at *Troy*, we should be induc'd „ to emulate their glory. ” And indeed they never quitted this thought, 'till they had successfully carry'd their Arms wherever *Homer* might thus excite them.

But

(a) Οἶμαι δὲ καὶ τὴν Ὀμήρου ποιήσιν μείζω λαβεῖν δόξαν, ὅτι καλῶς τὰς πολεμήσαντας τοῖς βαρβάροις ἐνεκωμίασε, καὶ διὰ τῆτο βεληθῆναι τὰς Προγονισήμων ἐντιμον αὐτῷ ποιῆσαι τὴν τέχνην, ἐν τε τοῖς τῆς μουσικῆς ἀθλοῖς, καὶ τῇ παιδεύσει τῶν νεωτέρων: ἵνα πολλάκις ἀκούοντες τῶν ἐπῶν, ἐκμανθάνωμεν τὴν ἐχθρὰν τὴν πρὸς αὐτὰς ὑπάρχουσαν; καὶ ζήλῶντες ταῖς ἀρίστας τῶν στρατευσάμενων ἐπὶ Ἴφροίαν τῶν αὐτῶν ἔργων ἐκείνοις ἐπιθυμῶμεν. *Isocrat. Paneg.*

Digested
into or-
der at
Athena.

But while his Works were suffer'd to lie in an unconnected manner, the chain of story was not always perceiv'd, so that they lost much of their force and beauty by being read disorderly. Wherefore as *Lacedamon* had the first honour of their publication by *Lycurgus*, that of their regulation fell to the share of *Athena* in the time of (a) *Solon*, who himself made a law for their recital. It was then that *Pisistratus*, the Tyrant of *Athena*, who was a man of great learning and eloquence (as (b) *Cicero* has it) first put together the confus'd parts of *Homer*, according to that regularity in which they are now handed down to us. He divided them into the two different Works, entitled the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; he digested each according to the Author's design, to make their plans become evident, and distinguish'd each again into twenty four Books, to which were afterwards prefix'd the twenty four Letters. There is a passage indeed in (c) *Plato*, which takes this work from *Pisistratus*, by giving it to his Son *Hypparchus*; with this addition, that he commanded them to be sung at the Feast call'd *Panathenaea*. Perhaps it may be, as (d) *Leo Allatius* has imagin'd, because the Son publish'd the copy more correctly: This he offers, to reconcile so great a testimony as *Plato's* to the cloud of witnessesses which are against him in it: But be that as it will, *Athena* still claims its proper honour of rescuing the Father of learning from the injuries of time,

(a) Diog. Laert. vita Sol.

(b) Quis doctior iisdem illis temporibus aut cujus eloquentia literis instructior quam *Pisistrati*? Qui primus *Homeri* libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur ut nunc habemus. Cic. de Orat. l. 3. Vide etiam *Æl.* l. 13. c. 14. Libani Panegy. in Jul. Anonymam *Homeri vitam*; *Ensius* vero in Commentatoribus *Dyon. Thracis*.

(c) *Plato* in *Hypparcho*.

(d) *Leo Allatius de Patria Homeri, cap. 5.*

time, of having restor'd *Homer* to himself, and given the world a view of him in his perfection. So that if his verses were before admir'd for their *use* and *beauty*, as the Stars were before they were consider'd in a system of science; they were now admir'd much more for their graceful harmony, and that sphere of order in which they appear to move. They became thenceforward more the pleasure of the Wits of *Greece*; more the subject of their studies, and the employment of their pens.

About the time that this new Edition of *Homer* was publish'd in *Athens*, there was one *Cynathus*, a learned *Rhapsodist*, who (as the (a) *Scholiast* of *Pindar* informs us) settled first at *Syracuse* in that employment; and if (as *Leo Allatius* believes) he had been before an assistant in the Edition, he may be suppos'd to have first carry'd it abroad. But it was not long preserv'd correct among his followers; they committed mistakes in their transcription and repetitions, and had even the presumption to alter some lines, and interpolate others. Thus the Works of *Homer* run the danger of being utterly defac'd; which made it become the concern of Kings and Philosophers, that they should be restor'd to their primitive beauty.

In the front of these is *Alexander the Great*, for whom they will appear peculiarly calculated, if we consider that no books more enliven or flatter personal valour, which was great in him to what we call romantick: Neither has any book more places applicable to his designs on *Asia*, or (as it happen'd) to his actions there. It was then no ill compliment in (b) *Aristotle* to purge the *Iliad*, upon his account, from those errors and additions which

The Edition in
Macedon
under A-
lexander.

had

(a) Schol. Pind. in *Nem. Od.* 2.

(b) Plut. in *vitâ Alexandri*.

had crept into it. And so far was *Alexander* himself from esteeming it a matter of small importance, that he afterwards (a) assisted in a strict review of it with *Anaxarchus* and *Calisthenes*; whether it was merely because he esteem'd it a treasury of military virtue and knowledge; or that (according to a late ingenious conjecture) he had a farther aim, in promoting the propagation of it when he was ambitious to be esteem'd a Son of *Jupiter*; as a book which treating of the Sons of the Gods, might make the intercourse between them and Mortals become a familiar notion. The review being finish'd, he laid it up in a casket which was found among the spoils of *Darius*, as what best deserv'd so inestimable a case; and from this circumstance it was nam'd the *Edition of the casket*.

Edition
in Egypt.

The place where the Works of *Homer* were next found in the greatest regard, is *Ægypt*, under the Reign of the *Ptolemys*. These Kings being descended from *Greece*, retain'd always a passion for their original Country. The Men, the books, the qualifications of it, were in esteem in their Court; they preserv'd the language in their family; they encourag'd a concourse of learned Men; erected the greatest Library in the world; and train'd up their Princes under *Græcian* Tutors; among whom the most considerable were appointed for Revisers of

Ho-

(a) Φέρεται γοῦν τίς διόρθωσις τῆς Ὀμήρου ποιήσεως ἢ ἐκ τῆς Νάρθηκος λεγομένη τῆς Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ τῶν περὶ Καλλισθένην καὶ Ἀνάξαρχον ἐπελθόντων, καὶ σημειωσαμένων ἔπειτα καταθέντων εἰς Νάρθηκα ὃ εὔρεν ἐν Περσικῇ γάζῃ πολυτελεῖς κατησκευασμένων. Strabo, lib. 13.

Homer. The first of these was (a) *Zenodotus*, Library keeper to the first *Ptolemy*, and qualify'd for this undertaking by being both a Poet, and a Grammarian: But neither his copy nor that which his Disciple *Aristophanes* had made, satisfying *Aristarchus*, (whom *Ptolemy Philometor* had appointed over his Son *Euergetes*) he set himself to another correction with all the wit and learning he was master of. He restor'd some verses to their former reading, rejected others which he mark'd with *obelisks* as spurious, and proceeded with such industrious accuracy, that, notwithstanding there were some who wrote against his performance, Antiquity has generally acquiesc'd in it. Nay, so far have they carry'd their opinion in his favour, as to call a man (b) *Aristarchus* when they meant to say a candid, judicious Critick; in the same manner as they call the contrary a *Zoilus*, from that *Zoilus* who about this time wrote an envious criticism against *Homer*. And now we mention these two together, I fancy it will be no small pleasure to the benevolent part of Mankind, to see how their characters stand in contrast to each other, for examples to future Ages, at the head of the two contrary sorts of criticism, which proceed from good nature, or from ill will. The one was honour'd with the offices and countenance of the Court; the other, (c) when he apply'd to the same place for an encouragement amongst the Men of learning, had his petition rejected: The one had his fame continu'd to posterity; the other is only remem-ber'd

(a) Suidas:

(b) Arguet ambigüe dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet *Aristarchus*. ——— Horat. *Ars Poetica*.

(c) *Vitruv. l. 7. in Proem.*

ber'd with infamy : If the one had Antagonists ; they were oblig'd to pay him the deference of a formal answer ; the other was never answer'd but in general , with those opprobrious names of *Thracian Slave* and *Rhetorical Dog* : The one is suppos'd to have his copy still remaining ; while the other's remarks are perish'd , as things that Men were asham'd to preserve ; the just desert of whatever arises from the miserable principles of ill will or envy.

In Syria
and o-
ther
parts of
Asia.

It was not the ambition of *Ægypt* only to have a correct Edition of *Homer*. We find in the (a) Life of the Poet *Aratus*, that he, having finish'd a copy of the *Odyssey*, was sent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and entertain'd by him while he finish'd one of the *Iliad*. We read too of others which were publish'd with the names of countries ; such as the (b) *Massaliotick* and *Synopick* : as if the world were agreed to make his Works in their survival undergo the same fate with himself ; and that as different Cities contended for his birth, so they might again contend for his true edition. But though these reviews were not peculiar to *Ægypt*, the greatest honour was theirs, in that universal approbation which the performance of *Aristarchus* receiv'd : and if it be not his edition which we have at present, we know not to whom to ascribe it.

In India
and Per-
sia

But the world was not contented barely to have settled an edition of his Works ; there were innumerable comments in which they were open'd like a treasury of learning ; and translations whereby other languages became enrich'd by an infusion of his

(a) *Author vita Arati, & Suidas in Arato.*

(b) *Eustathius Initio Iliados.*

his spirit of poetry. (a) *Ælian* tells us, that even the *Indians* had them in their tongue, and the *Persian* Kings sung them in theirs. (b) *Perſius* mentions a verſion into *Latin* by *Labeo*; and in general the paſſages and imitations which are taken from him, are ſo numerous that he may be ſaid to have been tranſlated by piecemeal into that, and all other languages. Which affords us this remark, that there is hardly any thing in him, which has not been pitch'd upon by ſome Author or other as a particular beauty.

It is almoſt incredible to what an height the idea of that veneration the Ancients paid to *Homer* will ariſe, to one who reads particularly with this view, through all theſe periods. He was no ſooner come from his obſcurity, but *Greece* receiv'd him with delight and profit; There were then but few books to divide their attention, and none which had a better title to engroſs it all. They made ſome daily diſcoveries of his beauties, which were ſtill promoted in their different channels by the favourite qualities of different Nations. *Sparta* and *Macedon* conſider'd him moſt in reſpect of his warlike ſpirit; *Athens* and *Ægypt* with regard to his Poetry and Learning; and all their endeavours united under the hands of the learned, to make him blaze forth into an univerſal character. His Works, which from the beginning paſſ'd for excellent Poetry, grew to be *Hiſtory* and *Geography*; they roſe to be a Magazine of Sciences; were exalted into a Scheme of Religion; gave a ſanction to whatever rites they mention'd; were quoted in all caſes for the conduct of life, and learned by heart as the very book of belief and practice. From him the Poets drew their inſpirations, the Criticks their rules, and the Philoſophers a defence of their opinions. Every Author

The extent and height of their Reputation in the Hea-then world.

Vol. I.

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WAS

(a) *Ælian*, l. 12. Cap. 48.

(b) *Perſius Sat.* 1.

was fond to use his name; and every Profession writ books upon him, 'till they swell'd to libraries. The Warriors form'd themselves by his Heroes, and the Oracles deliver'd his verses for answers. Nor was Mankind satisfy'd to have seated his character at the top of human wisdom, but being overborn with an imagination that he transcended their species, they admitted him to share in those honours they gave the Deities. They instituted Games for him, dedicated Statues, erected Temples, as at *Smyrna*, *Chios* and *Alexandria*; and (a) *Ælian* tells us, that when the *Argives* sacrific'd with their Guests, they us'd to invoke the presence of *Apollo* and *Homer* together.

The decline of their character in the beginning of Christianity.

Thus he was settled on a foot of adoration, and continu'd highly venerated in the *Roman Empire* when *Christianity* began. Heathenism was then to be destroy'd, and *Homer* appear'd the Father of it; whose fictions were at once the belief of the Pagan Religion, and the objections of Christianity against it. He became therefore very deeply involv'd in the question; and not with that honour which hitherto attended him, but as a criminal who had drawn the world into folly. He was on one hand accus'd for having fram'd * Fables upon the works of *Moses*; as the Rebellion of the Giants from the building of *Babel*, and the casting *Atè* or *Strife* out of Heaven from the fall of *Lucifer*. He was expos'd on the other hand for those which he is said to invent, as when (b) *Arnobius* cries out, „ This „ is the Man who wounded your *Venus*, imprison'd „ your *Mars*, who free'd even your *Jupiter* by „ *Briareus*, and who finds authorities for all your „ vices, „ &c. Mankind was (c) derided for whatever

(a) *Ælian*, l. 9. cap. 15.

* *Justin Martyr*, *Admonit. ad Gentes*.

(b) *Arnobius adversus gentes*. l. 7.

(c) *Vid. Tertull. Apol. cap. 14.*

whatever he had hitherto made them believe; and (a) *Plato*, who expell'd him his Commonwealth, has, of all the Philosophers, found the best quarter from the Fathers, for passing that sentence. His finest beauties began to take a new appearance of pernicious qualities; and because they might be consider'd as allurements to fancy, or supports to those errors with which they were mingled, they were to be depreciated while the contest of Faith was in being. It was hence, that the reading them was discourag'd, that we hear *Ruffinus* accusing *St. Jerome* for it, and that (b) *St. Austin* rejects him as the grand Master of Fable: tho' indeed the *dulcissimè vanus* which he applies to *Homer*, looks but like a fondling manner of parting with him.

This strong attack against our Author oblig'd those Philosophers who could have acquiesc'd as his admirers, to appear as his defenders; who because they saw the Fables could not be literally supported, endeavour'd to find a hidden sense, and to carry on every where that vein of Allegory which was already broken open with success in some places. But how miserably were they forc'd to shifts, when they made (c) *Juno's* dressing in the *Cestus* for *Jupiter*, to signify the purging of the air as it approach'd the fire? Or the story of *Mars* and *Venus*, that inclination they have to incontinency who are born when these Planets are in conjunction? Wit and Learning had here a large field to display themselves, and to disagree in: for sometimes *Jupiter*, and sometimes *Vulcan*, was made to signify the fire; or *Mars* and *Venus* were allow'd to give

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(a) *Amobius, ibid. Eusebius, prep. Evangel. l. 14. cap. 10*

(b) *St. August. confess. l. 1. cap. 14.*

(c) *Plutarch on reading the Poets.*

us a lecture of *Morality* at one time, and a Problem of *Astronomy* at another. And these strange discoveries, which (a) *Porphyry* and the rest would have to pass for the genuine *Theology* of the *Greeks*, prove but, as (b) *Eusebius* terms it, the perverting of fables into a mystick sense. They did indeed often defend *Homer*, but then they allegorized away their *Gods* by doing so. What the world took for substantial objects of adoration, dissolv'd into a figurative meaning, a moral truth, or a piece of learning, which might equally correspond to any Religion; and the Learned at last had left themselves nothing to worship, when they came to find an object in Christianity.

Restoration of
Homer's
Works to
their just
Character.

The dispute of Faith being over, ancient Learning re-assumed its dignity, and *Homer* obtain'd his proper place in the esteem of Mankind. His books are now no longer the scheme of a living Religion, but become the register of one of former times. They are not now receiv'd for a rule of life, but valu'd for those just observations which are dispers'd through them. They are no longer pronounc'd from Oracles, but quoted still by Authors for their learning. Those remarks which the Philosophers made upon them, have their weight with us; those beauties, which the Poets dwelt upon, their admiration: And even after the abatement of what was extravagant in his run of praise, he remains confessedly a mighty Genius, not transcended by any which have since arisen; a Prince, as well as a Father of Poetry.

SECT.

(a) *Porphyrius de Antro Nymph. &c.*

(b) *Eusebii prepar. Evangel. l. 3. cap. 1.*

S E C T. I I I.

IT remains in this historical Essay, to regulate our present opinion of *Homer* by a view of his learning, compar'd with that of his Age. For this end he may first be consider'd as a Poet, that character which was his profess'dly; and secondly as one endow'd with other sciences, which must be spoken of not as in themselves, but as in subserviency to his main design. Thus he will be seen on his right foot of perfection in one view, and with the just allowances which should be made on the other. While we pass through the severall heads of science, the state of those times in which he writ will show us both the impediments he rose under, and the reasons why several things in him which have been objected to, either could not, or should not be otherwise than they are.

A view
of the
Learn-
ing of
Homer's
time.

As for the state of *Poetry*, it was at a low pitch in the Age of *Homer*. There is mention of *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Museus*, venerable names in Antiquity, and eminently celebrated in Fable for the wonderful power of their Songs and Musick. The learned *Fabricius*, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*, has reckon'd about seventy who are said to have written before *Homer*: but their works were not preserv'd, and can be only consider'd (if they were really excellent) as the happiness of their own Generation. What sort of Poets *Homer* saw in his own time may be gather'd from his description of (a) *Demodocus* and *Phemius*, whom he has introduc'd to celebrate his profession. The imperfect risings of the art lay then among the *extempore* Singers of stories at banquets,

In Por-
try.

f 3

(a) Od. 1. & Od. 8.

banquets, who were half Singers, half Musicians. Nor was the name of *Poet* then in being, or once us'd throughout *Homer's* works. From this poor state of poetry, he has taken a handle to usher it into the world with the boldest stroke of praise which has ever been given it. It is in the eighth *Odyssey*, where *Ulysses* puts *Demodocus* upon a trial of skill. *Demodocus* having diverted the Guests with some actions of the *Trojan War*; „ (a) All „ this (says *Ulysses*) you have sung very elegantly, „ as if you had either been present, or heard it „ reported; but pass now to a subject I shall give „ you, sing the management of *Ulysses* in the „ wooden Horse, just as it happen'd, and I will „ acknowledge the Gods have taught you your „ Songs. “ This the Singer being inspir'd from Heaven begins immediately, and *Ulysses* by weeping at the recital confesses the truth of it. We see here a narration which could only pass upon an Age extremely ignorant in the nature of Poetry, where that claim of Inspiration is given to it, which it has never since laid down, and (which is more) a power of prophesying at pleasure ascrib'd to it. Thus much therefore we gather from himself concerning the most ancient state of Poetry in *Greece*, that no one was honour'd with the name of *Poet*, before him whom it has especially belong'd to ever after. And if we farther appeal to the consent of Authors, we find he has other titles for being call'd the first. (b) *Josephus* observes, that the *Greeks* have not contested but he was the most ancient, whose books they had in writing. (c) *Aristotle* says, he was the „ first who brought all the parts

(a) *Odys.* l. 8. v. 48. &c.

(b) *Joseph. contra Apion.* 2. 1.

(c) *Arist. Poet. cap.* 25.

„of a Poem into one piece, “to which he adds,
 „with true judgment, “to give him a praise in-
 cluding both the invention and perfection. And
Horace seems to think, that he invented the very
Measure which is call'd *Heroick* from the subjects on
 which he employ'd it;

*Res gesta Regumque, Ducumque, & fortia bella,
 Quo scribi possint numero monstravit Homerus (a)*

Whatever was serious or magnificent made a part
 of his subject: War and peace were the compre-
 hensive division in which he consider'd the world;
 and the plans of his Poems were founded on the
 most active scenes of each; the adventures of a
 Siege, and the accidents of a Voyage. For these
 his spirit was equally active and various, lofty in
 expression, clear in narration, natural in descrip-
 tion, rapid in action, abundant in figures: If ever
 he appears less than himself, it is from the time
 he writ in; and if he runs into errors, it is from
 an excess, rather than a defect of genius. Thus
 he rose over the poetical world, shining out like a
 Sun all at once; which if it sometimes make too
 faint an appearance, 'tis to be ascrib'd only to the
 necessity of the season that keeps it at a distance;
 and if he is sometimes too violent, we confess
 at the same time that we owe all things to his
 heat.

As for his *Theology*, we see the Heathen system Theo-
 entirely follow'd. This was all he could then have ogy.
 to work upon, and where he fails of truth for
 want of Revelation, he at least shows his knowledge
 in his own Religion, by the traditions he delivers.
 But we are now upon a point to be farther handled,
 because

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(a) *Hor. Epist. ad Pisones. vs. 73.*

because the greatest controversy concerning the merit of *Homer* depends upon it. Let us consider then that there was an Age in *Greece*, when natural Reason only discover'd there must be something superior to us, and Tradition had affix'd the notion to a number of Deities. At this time *Homer* rose with the finest turn imaginable for Poetry, who designing to instruct mankind in the manner for which he was most adapted, made use of the ministry of the Gods to give the highest air of surprize & veneration to his writings. He found the Religion of mankind wrapt up in Fables; it was thought then the easiest way to convey morals to the people, who were allur'd to attention by pleasure, and aw'd with the opinion of a hidden mystery. Nor was it his business when he undertook the province of a Poet (not of a meer Philosopher) to be the first who should discard that which furnishes Poetry with its most beautiful appearance: and especially since the Age he liv'd in, by discovering its taste, had not only given him authority, but even put him under the necessity of preserving it. Whatever therefore he might think of his Gods, he took them as he found them: he brought them into action according to the notions which were then entertain'd, and in some stories as they were then believ'd; unless we imagine that he invented every thing he delivers. Yet there are several rays of truth streaming through all this darkness, in those sentiments he entertains concerning the Gods; and several Allegories lightly veil'd over, from whence the Learned drew new knowledges, each according to his power of penetration and fancy. But that we may the better comprehend him in all the parts of this general view, let us extract from him a Scheme of his Religion.

He

He has a *Jupiter*, a *Father of Gods and Men*, whom he makes supream, and to whom he applies several attributes, as wisdom, justice, knowledge, power, &c. which are essentially inherent to the idea of a God. (a) He has given him two *Vessels*, out of which he distributes natural good or evil for the life of Man; he places the Gods in Council round him; he makes (b) *Prayers* pass to and fro before him, and Mankind adore him with sacrifice. But all this grand appearance, wherein Poetry paid a deference to Reason, is dash'd and mingled with the imperfection of our nature; not only with the applying our passions to the supreme Being (for Men have always been treated with this compliance to their notions) but that he is not even exempted from our common appetites and frailties: For he is made to eat, drink, and sleep: but this his admirers would imagine to be only a grosser way of representing a general notion of happiness; because he says in one place, (c) that the food of the Gods was not of the same nature with ours. But upon the whole, while he endeavour'd to speak of a Deity without a right information, he was forc'd to take him from that image he discover'd in Man; and (like one who being dazled with the Sun in the heavens, would view him as he is reflected in a river) he has taken off the impression, not only rusted with the emotion of our passions, but obscur'd with the earthy mixture of our natures.

The other Gods have all their provinces assign'd em: „ Every thing has its peculiar Deity, says „ (d) *Maximus Tyrius*, by which *Homer* would „ insin-

(a) *Iliad* 24. vs. 527.

(b) *Iliad* 9. vs. 498.

(c) *Iliad* 5. vs. 340.

(d) *Maxim. Tyrius, Diff. 16.*

„infinite that the Godhead was present to all
 „things “When they are consider'd farther”, we
 find he has turn'd the virtues and endowments of
 our minds into persons, to make the springs of
 action become visible; and because they are given
 by the Gods, he represents them as Gods them-
 selves descending from Heaven. In the same strong
 light he shews our vices when they occasion mis-
 fortunes, like extraordinary Powers which inflict
 them upon us; and even our natural punishments
 are represented as Punishers themselves. But when
 we come to see the manner they are introduc'd in,
 they are found feasting, fighting, wounded by
 Men, and shedding a sort of blood; in which his
 machines play a little too grossly: the Fable which
 was admitted to procure the pleasure of surprize,
 violently oppresses the moral; and it may be lost
 labour to search for it in every minute circum-
 stance, if indeed it was intended to be there. The
 main design was however philosophical, the dress
 the Poet's, which was us'd for necessity and
 allow'd to be ornamental. And something still
 may be offer'd in his defence, if he has both pre-
 served the grand Moral from being obscur'd, and
 adorn'd the parts of his works with such senti-
 ments of the Gods as belong'd to the Age he liv'd
 in; which that he did, appears from his having
 then had that success for which Allegory was con-
 triv'd. „ It is the madness of Men, says (a) Maxi-
 „mus Tyrius, to disesteem what is plain, and ad-
 „mire what is hidden: This the Poets discovering
 „invented the fable for a remedy, when they
 „treated of holy matters; which being more ob-
 „scure than conversation, and more clear than
 „the riddle, is a mean between knowledge and igno-

[a] Maxim. Tyr. *Diff.* 29.

ignorance; believ'd partly for being agreeable, and partly for being wonderful. Thus as Poets in name, and Philosophers in effect, they drew mankind gradually to a search after truth, when the name of Philosopher would have been harsh, and displeasing."

When *Homer* proceeds to tell us our duty to these superior Beings, we find prayer, sacrifice, lustration, and all the rites which were esteem'd religious, constantly recommended, under fear of their displeasure. We find too a notion of the Soul's subsisting after this life; but for want of Revelation he knows not what to reckon the happiness of a future state, to any one who was not deify'd: Which is plain from the speech of (a) *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in the region of the dead; where he tells him, that, he would rather serve the poorest creature upon Earth than rule over all the departed. "It was chiefly for this reason that *Plato* excluded him his common-wealth; he thought *Homer* spoke indecently of the Gods, and dreadfully of a future state; in which sentence he has made no allowance for the times he writ in. But if he can not be defended in every thing as a Theologist, yet we may say in respect of his Poetry, that he has enrich'd it from Theology with true sentiments for profit, adorn'd it with Allegories for pleasure, and by using some Machines which have no farther significancy, or are so refin'd as to make it doubted if they have any, he has however produc'd that character in Poetry which we call the marvellous, and from which the agreeable, according to *Aristotle*, is always inseparable.

If we take the state of *Greece* at his time in a Political view, we find it a (b) disunited country, ticks made

[a] *Odyss.* II. vs. 488.

(b) See *Thucydides*, lib. I.

made up of small States; and whatever was manag'd in war amounted to no more than intestine skirmishes or pyracies abroad, which were easily reveng'd on account of their disunion. Thus one People stole *Europa*, and another *Io*; the *Gracians* took *Hesione* from *Troy*; and the *Trojans* took *Helena* from *Greece* in revenge. But this last having greater Friends and alliances than any upon whom the Rapes had hitherto fallen, the ruin of *Troy* was the consequence; & the force of the *Asiatick* coasts was so broken, that this accident put an end to the age of pyracies. Then the intestine broils of *Greece* (which had been discontinued during the League) were renew'd upon its dissolution. War and Sedition mov'd people from place to place during its want of Inhabitants; Exiles from one Country were receiv'd for Kings in another; and Leaders took tracts of ground to bestow them upon their Followers. Commerce was neglected, living at home unsafe, and nothing of moment transacted by any but against their neighbours. *Athens* only, where the people were undisturb'd, because it was a barren soil which no body coveted, had begun to send Colonies abroad, being over-stock'd with Inhabitants.

Now a Poem coming out at such a time, with a Moral capable of healing these disorders by promoting *union*, we may reasonably think it was design'd for that end, to which it is so peculiarly adapted. If we imagine therefore that *Homer* was a Politician in this affair, we may suppose him to have look'd back into the Ages past, to see if at any time these disorders had been less; and to have pitch'd upon that Story wherein they found a temporary cure; that by celebrating it with all possible honour, he might instil a desire of the same sort of union into the hearts of his Countrymen.

This

This indeed was a work which could belong to none but a Poet: when Governors had power only over small Territories, and the numerous Governments were every way independent. It was then that all the charms of Poetry were call'd forth to insinuate the important glory of an Alliance, and the *Iliad* deliver'd from the *Muses*, with all the pomp of words and artificial influence. Union among themselves was recommended, peace at home, and glory abroad: And lest this should be render'd useless by mismanagements, he lets us into farther lessons concerning it. How when his Kings quarrel, their Subjects suffer; when they act in conjunction, Victory attends them. When they meet in Council, plans are drawn and provisions made for future action; and when in the field, the arts of war are describ'd with the greatest exactness. These were lectures of general concern to Mankind, proper for the Poet to deliver and Kings to attend to; such as made *Porphyry* write of the profit that Princes might receive from *Homer*; and *Stratocles*, *Hermias*, and *Frontinus* extract military discipline out of him. Thus tho' *Plato* has banish'd him from one imaginary Commonwealth, he has still been serviceable to many real Kingdoms.

The *Morality* of *Greece* could not be perfect *Morality* while there was a weakness in its Government; faults in Politicks are occasion'd by faults in Ethicks, and occasion them in their turn. The division into so many States was the rise of frequent quarrels, whereby Men were bred up in a rough untractable disposition. Bodily strength met with the greatest honours, because it was daily necessary to the subsistence of little Governments; and that headlong courage which throws itself forward to enterprize and plunder, was universally caress'd, because

because it carry'd all things before it. It is no wonder in an Age of such education and customs, that, as (a) *Thucydides* says, „ Robbing was „ honour'd, provided it were done with gallantry, „ and that the ancient Poets made people question „ one another as they fail'd by, *if they were* „ *Thieves?* as a thing for which no one ought either „ to be scorn'd or upbraided. “ These were the sort of actions which the Singers then recorded, and it was out of such an Age that *Homer* was to take his subjects. For this reason (not a want of morality in him) we see a boasting temper and unmanag'd roughness in the spirit of his Heroes, which ran out in pride, anger, or cruelty. It is not in him as in our modern *Romances*, where Men are drawn in perfection, and we but read with a tender weakness what we can neither apply nor emulate. *Homer* writ for Men, and therefor he writ of them: if the world had been better, he would have shown it so. As the matter now stands, we see his people with the turn of his Age, insatiably thirsting after glory and plunder; for which however he has found them a lawful cause, and taken care to retard their success by those very faults.

In the prosecution of the story every part of it has its lessons of morality: There is brotherly love in *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*; Friendship in *Achilles* and *Patroclus*; and the love of his Country in *Hector*. But since we have spoken of the *Iliad* as more particular for its Politicks, we may consider the *Odyssey* as its Moral is more directly fram'd for Ethicks. It carries the Heroe through a world of trials, both of the dangerous and pleasurable nature. It shows him first under most surprizing weights of
adversity,

(a) *Thucyd. lib. 1.*

adversity, among shipwrecks and Savages; all these he is made to pass through in the methods by which it becomes a Man to conquer; a patience in suffering, and a presence of mind in every accident. It shows him again in another view, tempted with the baits of idle or unlawful pleasures, and then points out the methods of being safe from them. But if in general we consider the care our Author has taken to fix his lessons of morality by the proverbs and precepts he delivers, we shall not wonder if *Greece*, which afterwards gave the appellation of wise to Men who settled single Sentences of truth, should give him the Title of the *Father of Virtue* for introducing such a number. To be brief, if we take the opinion of (a) *Horace*, he has propos'd him to us as a Master of morality; he lays down the common philosophical division of *Good* into *pleasant*, *profitable*, and *honest*; and then asserts that *Homer* has more fully and clearly instructed us in each of them, than the most rigid Philosophers.

Some indeed have thought notwithstanding all this, that *Homer* had only a design to please in his inventions; and that others have since extracted morals out of his stories; as indeed all stories are capable of being us'd so. But this is an opinion concerning Poetry which the world has rather degenerated into, than begun with. The traditions of *Orpheus's* civilizing mankind by hymns on the Gods, with others of the like nature, may show there was a better use of the art both known and practis'd. There is also a remarkable passage of this kind in the third book of the *Odyssey*: that

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(a) Qui quid sit pulchrum quid turpe quid utile quid non,
Plinius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

HOR. Ep. 2. lib. 1.

Agamemnon left one of the (a) Poets of those times in his Court when he sail'd for *Troy*; and that his Queen was preserv'd virtuous by his Songs, 'till *Ægyſthus* was forc'd to expel him in order to debauch her. Here he has hinted what a true poetical spirit can do when apply'd to the promotion of virtue; and from this one may judge he could not but design that himself, which he recommends as the duty and merit of his profession. Others since his time may have seduc'd the Art to worse intentions; but they who are offended at the liberties of some Poets, should not condemn all in the gross for trifling or corruption; especially when the evidence runs so strongly for any one to the contrary.

We may in general go on to observe, that the time when *Homer* was born did not abound in learning: For where-ever Politicks and Morality are weak, learning wants its peaceable air to thrive in. He is himself the Man from whom we have the first accounts of Antiquity, either in its actions or learning; from whom we hear what *Ægypt* or *Greece* could inform him in, and whatever himself could discover by the strength of Nature or industry. But however that we may not mistake the eulogies of these Ancients who call him the *Father of Arts and Sciences*, and be surpriz'd to find so little of them (as they are now in perfection) in his works; we should know that this character is not to be understood at large, as if he had included the full and regular systems of every thing: He is to be consider'd profess'dly only in quality of a Poet; this was his business, to which as whatever he knew was to be subservient, so he has not fail'd to introduce those strokes of knowledge

(a) *Odyss.* 3. v. 267.

knowledge from the whole circle of Arts and Sciences, which the subject demanded either for necessity or ornament. This will appear on a fair view of him in each of these lights.

Before his time there were no Historians in History.

Greece: He treated historically of past transactions, according as he could be inform'd by tradition, song, or whatever method there was of preserving their memory. For this we have the consent of Antiquity; they have generally more appeal'd to his authority, and more insisted on it, than on the testimony of any other Writer, when they treat of the rites, customs, and manners of first times. They have generally believ'd that the acts of *Tydeus* at *Thebes*, the second Siege of that City, the settlement of *Rhodes*, the Battel between the *Curetes* and the *Ætolians*, the succession of the Kings of *Mycena* by the Sceptre of *Agamemnon*, the acts of the *Greeks* at *Troy*, and many other such accounts, are some of them wholly preserv'd by him, and the rest as faithfully related as by any Historian. Nor perhaps was all of his invention which seems to be feign'd, but rather frequently the obscure traces and remains of real persons and actions, which as (a) *Strabo* observes, when history was transmitted by oral tradition, might be mix'd with fable before it came into the hands of the Poet. „ This happen'd (says he) „ to *Herodotus*, the first profess'd Historian: who „ is as fabulous as *Homer* when he defers to the „ common reports of Countrys; and it is not to „ be imputed to either as a fault, but as a necessity of the times „ Nay, the very passages which cause us to tax them at this distance with being fabulous, might be occasion'd by their diligence, and a fear of erring, if they too hastily

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(a) *Strabo*; l. i.

rejected those reports which had pass'd current in the Nations they describ'd.

Geography.

Before his time there was no such thing as Geography in Greece. For this we have the suffrage of (a) *Strabo* the best of Geographers, who approves the opinion of *Hipparchus* and other ancients, that *Homer* was the very Author of it; and upon this account begins his Treatise of the Science it self with an *Encomium* on him. As to the general part of it, we find he had a knowledge of the *Earth's* being furrounded with the *Ocean*, because he makes the *Sun* and *Stars* both to rise and set in it; and that he knew the use of the *Stars* is plain from his making (b) *Ulysses* sail by the observation of them. But the instance of truest alledge upon this point is the (c) *Shield of Achilles*; where he places the *Earth* encompass'd with the *Sea*, and gives the *Stars* the names they are yet known by, as the *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, the *Bear*, and *Orion*. By the three first of these he represents the Constellations of the northern region; and in the last he gives a single representative of the southern, to which (as it were for a counter balance) he adds a title of greatness, *ὄψις Ὀπίαντος*. Then he tells us that the *Bear*, or *Stars* of the *Arctic* circle never disappear; as an observation which agrees with no other. And if to this we add (what *Eratoſthenes* thought he meant) that the five plates which were fastened on the *Shield*, divided it by the lines where they met, into the five Zones, * it will appear an original design of Globes and Spheres. In the particular parts of Geography, his knowledge is intirely incontestable.

(a) *Strabo*, l. b. i. initio. (b) *Odyss.* l. 5. v. 272.

(c) *Iliad* 18. v. 482. &c.

* *M. Boivin* has lately given a curious draught of the *Shield*, which is inserted in the Notes on the XVIII. Book.

ble. *Strabo* refers to him upon all occasions, allowing that he knew the extreams of the Earth, some of which he names and others he describes by signs, as the *Fortunate Islands*. The same (a) Author takes notice of his accounts concerning the several soils, plants, animals, and customs; as *Ægypt's* being fertile of medicinal herbs, *Libya's* fruitfulness, where the ewes have horns, and yearn thrice a year, &c. which are knowledges that make *Geography* more various and profitable. But what all have agreed to celebrate is his Description of *Greece*; which had Laws made for its preservation, and contests between Governments decided by its authority: Which (b) *Strabo* acknowledges to have no epithet, or ornamental expression for any place, that is not drawn from its nature, quality, or circumstances; & professes, after so long an interval, to deviate from it only where the country had undergone alterations; that cast the description into obscurity.

In his time, *Rhetorick* was not known; that art *Rhetorick* took its rise out of Poetry, which was not 'till *tick* then establish'd. „ The oratorical elocution (says „ (c) *Strabo*) is but an imitation of the poetical: „ this appear'd first and was approv'd: they who „ imitated it took off the measures, but still preserv'd all the other parts of Poetry in their „ writings: Such were *Cadmus* the *Milesian*, *Pherecydes*, and *Hecataeus*. Then their followers „ took something more from what was left, and „ at last elocution descended into the prose which „ is now among us.“ But if *Rhetorick* is owing to Poetry, the obligation is still more due to *Homer*. He (as (d) *Quintilian* tells us) gave both the pattern and rise to all the parts of it. „ *Hic*

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(a) *Strabo*, l. 1.

(b) *Strabo*, l. 8.

(c) *Strabo*, l. 1.

(d) *Quintill.* l. 10. cap. 1.

„ *omnibus eloquentia partibus exemplum & ortum*
 „ *dedit : hunc nemo in magnis rebus sublimitate, in*
 „ *parvis proprietate, superavit. Idem latus & pref-*
 „ *us jucundus & gravis, tum copiâ tum brevitate ad-*
 „ *mirabilis, nec poeticâ modo sed oratoriâ virtute emi-*
 „ *nentissimus.* “ From him therefore they who
 settled the Art found it proper to deduce the
 rules, which was easily done, when they had
 divided their observations into the Kinds and the
 Ornaments of Elocution. For the Kinds, the
 „ Ancients (says (a) *A. Gell.*) settled them ac-
 „ cording to the three which they observe in his
 „ principal speakers; his *Ulysses* who is magnificent
 „ and flowing, his *Menelaus* who is short and close,
 „ and his *Nestor* who is moderate & dispassion'd,
 „ & has a kind of middle Eloquence participating
 „ of both the former, “ And for the Ornaments,
 (b) *Aristotle*, the great Master of the Rhetoricians,
 shews what deference is paid to *Homer*, when he
 orders the Orator to lay down his heads, and
 express both the manners and affections of his
 work with an imitation of that diction, and those
 figures, which the *divine Homer* excell'd in.
 This is the constant language of those who suc-
 ceded him; and the opinion so far prevail'd as to
 make (c) *Quintilian* observe, that they who have
 written concerning the arts of speaking, take
 from *Homer* most of the instances of their Simi-
 litudes, Amplifications, Examples, Digressions,
 and Arguments.

Natural
Philosophy.

As to *Natural Philosophy*, the Age was not ar-
 riv'd in which it flourish'd; however some of its
 notions may be trac'd in him: as when he says
 that the Fountains and Rivers come from the
 Ocean, he holds a *circulation of fluids* in the earth.

But

(a) *Aulus Gell. l. 7 cap. 14.*

(b) *Arist. Topic.*

(c) *Quintil. l. 10.*

BUT as this is a branch of learning which does not lie much in the way of a Poet who speaks of Heroes and Wars; the desire to prove his knowledge this way has only run (a) *Politian* and others into trifling inferences: as when they would have it that he understood, the secrets of Philosophy because he mentions the Sun, rain, wind, and thunder. The most probable way of making out his knowledge in this kind, is by supposing he couch'd it in Allegories; and that he sometimes us'd the *names of the Gods* as his *terms* for the *Elements*, as the *Chymists* now use them for *Metals*. But in applying this to him we must tread very carefully; not searching for allegory too industriously where the passage may instruct by example; and endeavouring rather to find the Fable an ornament to what is easily known, than to make it a cover to curious and unknown problems.

Physick

As for *Medicine*, something of it must have been understood in that Age, though it was so far from perfection that (according to (b) *Celsus*) what concern'd diet was invented long afterwards by *Hippocrates*. The accidents of life make the search after remedies too indispensable a duty to be neglected at any time. Accordingly he (c) tells us, that the *Aegyptians* who had many medicinal plants in their country, were all Physicians: and perhaps he might have learnt his own skill from his acquaintance with that Nation. The state of war which *Greece* had liv'd in, requir'd a knowledge in the healing of wounds; and this might make him breed his Princes, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, *Podalirius*, and *Machaon* to the science. What *Homer* thus attributes to others he knew himself, and he has given us reason to believe, not slightly. For

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(a) Politian, *Prefatio in Hom.*

(b) Celsus, *lib. 1.*

(c) *Odyss. l. 4. §. 231.*

if we consider his insight into the structure of the human body, it is so nice, that he has been judg'd by some to have wounded his Heroes with too much science: Or if we observe his cure of wounds, which are the accidents proper to an Epic Poem, we find him directing the chirurgicall operation, sometimes infusing (a) lenitives, and at other times bitter powders, when the effusion of blood requir'd astringent qualities.

Statuary. For *Statuary*, it appears by the accounts of *Egypt* and the *Palladium*, that there was enough of it very early in the world for those Images which were requir'd in the worship of their Gods; but there are none mention'd as valuable in *Greece* so early, nor was the Art establish'd on its rules before *Homer*. He found it agreeable to the worship in use, and necessary for his machinery, that his Gods should be cloath'd in bodies: Wherefore he took care to give them such as carry'd the utmost perfection of the human form; and distinguish'd them from each other even in this superior beauty, with such marks as were agreeable to each of the Deities. „ This, says (b) *Strabo*, awaken'd „ the conceptions of the most eminent Statuaries, „ while they strove to keep up the grandeur of that „ idea which *Homer* had impress'd upon their imagination; as we read of *Phidias* concerning the „ Statue of *Jupiter*. „ And because they copy'd their Gods from him in their best performances, his descriptions became the *characters* which were afterwards pursu'd in all works of a good taste. Hence came the common saying of the Ancients, „ That either *Homer* was the only Man who had „ seen the forms of the Gods; or the only one „ who had shewn them to Men; „ a passage which

(a) II 4. v. 218 and II, 11. in fine.

(b) *Strabo*, l. 8.

which (c) Madam Dacier wrests to prove the truth of his Theology, different from *Strabo's* acception of it.

There are, besides what we have spoken of, other Sciences pretended to be found in him. Thus *Macrobius* discovers that the *chain* with which (a) *Jupiter* says he could lift the World, is a metaphysical notion, that means a connexion of all things from the supream Being to the 'meanest part of the Creation. Others, to prove him skilful in judicial Astrology, bring a quotation concerning the births of (b) *Hector* and *Polydamas* on the same night; who were nevertheless of different qualifications; one excelling in War, and the other in Eloquence. Others again will have him to be vers'd in Magick, from his stories concerning *Circe*. These and many of the like nature are interpretations strain'd or trifling, such as *Homer* does not want for a proof of his learning, and by which we contribute nothing to raise his character, while we sacrifice our judgment to him in the eyes of others.

It is sufficient to have gone thus far, in shewing he was Father of Learning, a Soul capable of ranging over the whole Creation with an intellectual view, shining alone in an Age of obscurity, and shining beyond those who have had the advantage of more learned Ages; leaving behind him a Work not only adorn'd with all the knowledge of his own time, but in which he has before-hand broken up the fountains of several Sciences which were brought nearer to perfection by posterity: A Work which shall always stand at the top of the sublime character, to be gaz'd at by
Rea-

(c) Dacier, *Preface to Homer*.

(a) ll. 8. v. 19. *Vid. Macrobi. de somn. Scip.* l. 1. c. 148

(b) ll. 28. v. 252.

100 ESSAY *on* HOMER:

Readers with an admiration of its perfection, and
by Writers with a despair that it should ever be
emulated with success.



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THE



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.
The Contention of *Achilles* and
Agamemnon.

IN the War of Troy, the Greeks having sack'd some of the neighbouring Towns, and taken from thence two beautiful Captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the Father of Chryseis and Priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian Camp to ransom her; with which the Action of the Poem opens, in the tenth year of the Siege. The Priest being refus'd and insolently dismiss'd by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a Council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The King being obliged to send back his Captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies: however as he had the absolute command of the Army,

he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his Forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter, to render them sensible of the wrong done to her Son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, 'till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the Council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her Petition. The Scene lies in the Grecian Camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

THE Wrath of *Peleu's* Son, the direful spring
 Of all the Grecian woes, o Goddess, sing!
 That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto's* gloomy reign,
 The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain;
 Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore
 Devouring dogs and hungry Vultures tore.
 Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove,
 Such was the sov'reign doom, & such the will of *Jove*.

Declare, o Muse! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Pow'r?
Laona's Son a dire contagion spread, 11
 And heap'd the Camp with mountains of the dead;
 The King of Men his rev'rend Priest defy'd,
 And for the King's offence, the People dy'd.

For *Chryses* sought with costly gifts to gain 15
 His captive Daughter from the Victor's chain.

Suppliant the venerable Father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down;
 Extends the Sceptre and the laurel Crown. 20
 He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The Brother-Kings, of *Atreus'* Royal race.

Ye Kings & Warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
 And *Troy's* proud walls lie level with the ground.
 May *Jove* restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh! relieve a wretched Parent's pain,
 And give *Chryseis* to these arms again:
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging *Phœbus*, Son of *Jove*. 30

The *Greeks* in shouts their joint assent declare
 The Priest to rev'rence, and release the Fair.
 Not so *Atreides*: He, with Kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
 Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the King detains;
 Hence, with thy laurel Crown, and Golden rod,
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
 Mine is thy Daughter, Priest, and shall remain;
 And pray'rs, and tears, & bribes shall plead in vain;
 'Till time shall rifle ev'ry youthful grace, 40
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

Hence then: to *Argos* shall the Maid retire;
Far from her native soil, and weeping Sire.

45

The trembling Priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a Father mourn'd.

Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding Main:

50

'Till safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.

O *Smintheus*! sprung from fair *Latona*'s line,
Thou guardian Pow'r of *Cilla* the divine,

Thou source of light! whom *Tenedos* adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy *Chrysa*'s shores;

55

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred Fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;

God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy Servant, and the *Greeks* destroy.

60

Thus *Chryses* pray'd: the fav'ring Pow'r attends,
And from *Olympus*' lofty tops descends.

Bent was his bow, the *Grecian* hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.

Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.

65

The Fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd Fates below.

On Mules and Dogs th' infection first began,
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in Man.

70

For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air
The *Pyres* thick flaming shot a dismal glare.

But

But e're the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspir'd by *Juno*, *Thetis'* God-like Son
 Conven'd to Council all the *Grecian* train; 75
 For much the Goddess mourn'd her Heroes slain.

Th' Assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the King of Men adrest.
 Why leave we not the fatal *Trojan* shore,
 And measure back the seas we crost before? 80
 The Plague destroying whom the Sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some Prophet, or some sacred Sage,
 Explore the cause of great *Apollo's* rage;
 Or learn the wastful vengeance to remove, 85
 By mystic dreams; for dreams descend from *Jove*.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let Altars smoke, and Hecatombs be paid.
 So Heav'n aton'd shall dying *Greece* restore,
 And *Phæbus* dart his burning shafts no more. 90

He said and sate: when *Chalcas* thus reply'd,
Chalcas the wise, the *Grecian* Priest and Guide,
 That sacred Seer whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew,
 Uprising slow, the venerable Sage 95
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of *Jove*, *Achilles!* wou'dst thou know
 Why angry *Phæbus* bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a Prince's word
 Of sure protection by thy pow'r and sword. 100

For I must speak what wisdom would conceal;
 And truths invidious to the Great reveal.
 Bold is the task, when Subjects grown too wise
 Instruct a Monarch where his error lies;
 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.

To whom *Pelides*. From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
 Ev'n by that God, I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the Vows of *Greece* convey, 110
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
 Long as *Achilles* breathes this vital air,
 No daring *Greek* of all the num'rous band,
 Against his Priest shall lift an impious hand:
 Not ev'n the Chief by whom our Hosts are led, 115
 The King of Kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless Man replies:
 Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our Chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd Priest. 120
 Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 'Till the great King, without a ransom paid,
 To her own *Chrysa* send the black-ey'd Maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r, 125
 The Priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The Prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown,
 The Monarch started from his shining throne;

Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire;
 And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire. 130
 Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy King?
 For this are *Phœbus*' Oracles explor'd, 135
 To teach the *Greeks* to murmur at their Lord?
 For this with false hoods is my honour stain'd;
 Is Heav'n offended, and a Priest profan'd,
 Because my prize, my beauteous Maid I hold,
 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd Gold? 140
 A Maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace,
 Not half so dear were *Clytemnestra*'s charms,
 When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
 Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail; 145
 Our cares are only for the Publick-weal:
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my People fall.
 The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,
 So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine. 150
 But since for common good I yield the Fair,
 My private loss let grateful *Greece* repair;
 Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
 Infatiate King (*Achilles* thus replies) 155
 Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!

8 HOMER'S ILIAD,

Would'st thou the *Greeks* their lawful prey shou'd yield;
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?
 The spoils of Cities raz'd, and Warriors slain,
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves,
 (That trick of Tyrants) may be born by Slaves.
 Yet if our Chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of *Ilion* shall thy loss requite,
 Whene'er, by *Jove's* decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs. 166

Then thus the King, Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?
 Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
 Think not to rob me of a Soldier's right. 170
 At thy demand shall I restore the Maid?
 First let the just equivalent be paid;
 Such as a King might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a Monarch's claim 175
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty *Ajax* shall his prize resign;
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine,
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
 But this when time requires - - It now remains
 We launch a Bark to plow the watry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to *Chrysa's* shores,
 With chosen Pilots, and with lab'ring oars.

Soon

Soon shall the Fair the fable Ship ascend, 185
 And some deputed Prince the charge attend;
 This *Creta's* King; or *Ajax* shall fulfill,
 Or wife *Ulysses* see perform'd our will;
 Or, if our Royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main; 190
 Let fierce *Achilles*, dreadful in his rage,
 The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, *Pelides* frowning stern, reply'd;
 O Tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd 195
 With fraud unworthy of a Royal mind.
 What gen'rous *Greek* obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant *Trojans* never injur'd me. 200
 To *Phria's* Realms no hostile troops they led;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed:
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse resounding Main
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial Race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a publick wrong:
 What else to *Troy* th' assembled Nations draws,
 But thine, Ungrateful, and thy Brother's cause? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the Man we serve?

TO HOMER'S I L I A D;

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away;
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
 A prize as small, o Tyrant! match'd with thine,
 As thy own actions if compar'd to mine. 216
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
 But know, proud Monarch, I'm thy Slave no more;
 My Fleet shall waft me to *Theffalia's* shore.
 Left by *Achilles* on the *Trojan* plain,
 What spoils, what conquests shall *Atrides* gain?
 To this the King: Fly, mighty Warriour! fly, 225
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
 There want not Chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And *Jove* himself shall guard a Monarch's right.
 Of all the Kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)
 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear: 230
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, t' was Heav'n that strength be-
 For know, vain Man! thy valour is from God. [flow'd,
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235
 Rule thy own Realms with arbitrary sway;
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born *Myrmidons*; but here,
 'Tis mine to threaten, Prince, and thine to fear. 240
 Know,

Know, if the God the beateous Dame demand,
 My Bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious Prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive Fair;
 Ev'n in thy Tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245
 Thy lov'd *Briséis* with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
 Thou stood'st a Rival of Imperial pow'r;
 And hence to all our Host it shall be known,
 That Kings are subject to the Gods alone. 250

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress,
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255
 Force thro' the *Greeks*, and pierce their haughty Lord;
 This whispers soft his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,
Minerva swift descended from above, 261
 Sent by the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*;
 (For both the Princes claim'd her equal care)
 Behind she stood, and by the Golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess; 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.

Descend

Descends *Minerva*, in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
From *Atrous*' Son? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of *Jove* replies)
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies;
Let great *Achilles*, to the Gods resign'd, 275
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful *Juno* this command is giv'n;
The King and you are both the care of Heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd Honour has its fated hour,
When the proud Monarch shall thy Arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.

To her *Pelides*. With regardful ear
'Tis just, o Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless. 290
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd Maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The Goddess swift to high *Olympus* flies,
And joins the sacred Senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
Which thus redoubling on *Atrides* broke.

O Monster, mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou Dog in forehead, but in heart a Deer!
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to date,
 Or nobly face the horrid front of War? 300
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant dye.
 So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,
 And rob a Subject, than despoil a Foe.
 Scourge of thy People, violent and base! 305
 Sent in *Jove's* anger on a slavish Race,
 Who lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last:
 Now by this sacred Sceptre, hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
 This Sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of *Jove*,
 From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs:
 (Tremendous Oath! inviolate to Kings) 316
 By this I swear, when bleeding *Greece* again
 Shall call *Achilles*, she shall call in vain:
 When flush'd with slaughter, *Hector* comes, to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of Soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest *Greek* thy Foe.

He

14. HOMER'S ILLIAD;

He spoke; & furious, hurl'd against the ground
His Sceptre starr'd with golden studs around, 316
Then sternly silent fate: With like disdain,
The raging King return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the *Pylian* Sage; 330
Experienc'd *Nestor*, in persuasion skill'd;
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.
Two generations now had past away,
Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway:
Two Ages o'er his native Realm he reign'd, 335
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable Man;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began.

What shame, what woe is this to *Greece*! what joy
To *Troy's* proud Monarch, & the friends of *Troy*? 340
That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the *Grecian* State.
Young as you are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your *Nestor's* years and wisdom vain.
A Godlike Race of Heroes once I knew, 345
Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a Chief to match *Pirithous'* fame,
Dryas the bold, or *Ceneus'* deathless name?
Theseus, endu'd with more than mortal might,
Or *Polyphemus*, like the Gods in fight? 350
With these of old to toils of battel bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;

Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain Boar, } 355
 Rang'd the wild desarts red with Monsters gore, }
 And from their hills the shaggy *Centaurs* tore.

Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;
 When *Nestor* spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If, in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
 Do you, young Warriors, hear my age advise.

Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
 That prize the *Greeks* by common suffrage gave.
 Nor thou, *Achilles*, treat our Prince with pride;
 Let Kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365
 Thee, the first honours of the War adorn,
 Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;
 Him awful Majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth, and sceptred Sons of *Jove*.
 Let both unite with wel-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, o King! to calm *Achilles'* rage;
 Rule thou thy self, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it Gods! *Achilles* should be lost,
 The pride of *Greece*, and bulwark of our Host. 375

This said, he ceas'd: The King of Men replies;
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd Soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect controul.

Before

Before his pride must his Superiors fall, 380
 His word the Law, and he the Lord of all?
 Him must our Hosts, our Chiefs, our self obey?
 What King can bear a Rival in his sway?
 Grant that the Gods his matchless force have giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from Heav'n? 385

Here on the Monarch's speech *Achilles* broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.
 Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy Slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390
 Command thy Vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on *Briseïs*, whom the *Grecians* doom'd
 My prize of War, yet tamely see resum'd;
 And seize secure: No more *Achilles* draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any Woman's cause. 395
 The Gods command me to forgive the past;
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this, they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd: 400
 The Chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with *Patroclus* took his way,
 Where near his Tents his hollow Vessels lay.
 Mean time *Atrides* launch'd with num'rous oars
 A well-rigg'd Ship for *Chrysa's* sacred shores. 405
 High on the deck was fair *Chryseïs* plac'd,
 And sage *Ulysses* with the conduct grac'd.

Safe in her sides the Hecatomb they stow'd;
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The Host to expiate next the King prepares, 410
With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the Main.
Along the shore whole Hecatombs were laid,
And Bulls and Goats to *Phæbus*' Altars paid. 415
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The Army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred Heralds stood, 420
Talthybius and *Eurybates* the good.
Haste to the fierce *Achilles*' Tent (he cries)
Thence bear *Briseis* as our Royal prize:
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart. 425

Th' unwilling Heralds act their Lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the Heroe in his Tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
Loath to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the Godlike Man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred Ministers of Men and Gods! 435

I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious Lord I blame.

Patroclus haste, the fair *Briſeis* bring;

Conduct my Captive to the haughty King.

But witness, Heralds, and proclaim my Vow, 440

Witness to Gods above, and Men below!

But first, and loudest, to your Prince declare,

That lawless Tyrant whose commands you bear;

Unmov'd as Death *Achilles* shall remain,

Tho' prostrate *Greece* should bleed at ev'ry vein: 445

The raging Chief in frantick passion lost,

Blind to himself, and useless to his Host,

Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,

In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought: 450

She, in soft Sorrows, and in pensive thought,

Past silent, as the Heralds held her hand,

And oft look't back, slow moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce *Achilles* bore;

But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455

O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,

That kindred deep from whence his Mother sprung.

There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,

Thus loud lamented to the stormy Main.

O Parent Goddess! since in early bloom 460

Thy Son must fall, by too severe a doom;

Sure, to so short a race of glory born,

Great *Jove* in justice should this span adorn:

Honour

Honour and Fame at least the Thund'rer ow'd;
And ill he pays the promise of a God, 465
If yon' proud Monarch thus thy Son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the Main,
Where aged *Ocean* holds his wat'ry reign,
The Goddess-Mother heard. The waves divide; 470
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
Why grieves my Son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a Parent's care. 475

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From *Thebè* sacred to *Apollo's* name,
(*Aëtion's* Realm) our conqu'ring Army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480
Whose just division crown'd the Soldier's toils;
But bright *Chryseïs*, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected, to the Gen'ral's bed.
The Priest of *Phæbus* sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous Daughter from the Victor's chain; 485
The Fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother Kings of *Atreus'* Royal race:
The gen'rous *Greeks* their joint consent declare, 490
The Priest to rev'rence, and release the Fair:

Not so *Atrides*; He, with wonted pride,
 The Sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd.
 Th' insulted Sire (his God's peculiar care)
 To *Phæbus* pray'd, and *Phæbus* heard the pray'r. 495
 A dreadful Plague ensues; Th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the *Grecian* hearts.
 A Prophet then, inspir'd by Heav'n arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
 My self the first th' assembl'd chiefs incline 500
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
 Then rising in his wrath, the Monarch storm'd;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.
 The fair *Chryseis* to her Sire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the God relent: 505
 But now he seiz'd *Briſeis*' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the *Grecian* train;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But Goddess! thou, thy suppliant Son attend, 510
 To high *Olympus*' shining Court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring God.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' æthereal Host, 515
 When bold Rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike Maid, and Monarch of the Main,

The Traytor-Gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
 Durst threat with chains th'Omnipotence of Heav'n.
 Then call'd by thee, the Monster *Titan* came,
 (Whom Gods *Briareus*, Men *Ægeon* name)
 Thro' wondring skies enormous stalk'd along;
 Not * he that shakes the solid Earth so strong: 525 * *Neptune*
 With giant-pride at *Jove's* high throne he stands,
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
 Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful Lord,
 They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
 This, Goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
 Conjure him far to drive the *Grecian* train,
 To hurl them headlong to their Fleet and Main;
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The *Greeks* to know the curse of such a King. 535
 Let *Agamemnon* lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest Warrior of the *Grecian* Race.

Unhappy Son! (fair *Thetis* thus replies, 540
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
 Why have I born thee with a Mother's throes,
 To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
 So short a space, and fill'd with sorrow too! 545
 Oh might a Parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from *Ilion* should thy vessels sail,

And thou, from Camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas ! too nearly threatens my Son.

Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go, 550

To great *Olympus* crown'd with fleecy snow :

Mean time, secure within thy ships from far

Behold the field, nor mingle in the war,

The Sire of Gods, and all th' *Ethereal* train,

On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555

Now mix with Mortals, nor disdain to grace

The feast of *Æthiopia's* blameless Race:

Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,

Returning with the twelfth revolving light.

Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move

The high tribunal of immortal *Jove*. 561

The Goddess spoke: The rowling waves uncloſe;

Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast, [rose,

In wild resentment for the Fair he lost. 565

In *Chrysa's* port now sage *Ulyſſes* rode;

Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:

The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,

And dropt their anchors, and the Pinnacle ty'd.

Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570

Chryſeis last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,

Ulyſſes led to *Phæbus'* sacred Fane,

Where at his solemn Altar, as the Maid

He gave to *Chryſes*, thus the Heroe said. 575

Hail

Hail rev'rend Priest! to *Phæbus*' awful dome
 A Suppliant I from great *Atrides* come:
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless Fair;
 Accept the hecatomb the *Greeks* prepare;
 And may thy God who scatters darts around, 580
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the Sire embrac'd the Maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.
 Then near the Altar of the darting King,
 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring: 585
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred offering of the salted cake;
 While thus, with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
 And solemn voice, the Priest directs his pray'r.

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
 Whose pow'r encircles *Cilla* the divine;
 Whose sacred eye thy *Tenedos* surveys,
 And gilds fair *Chrysa* with distinguish'd rays:
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy Priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest, 595
 Once more attend! avert the wastful woe,
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So *Chryses* pray'd, *Apollo* heard his pray'r:
 And now the *Greeks* their hecatomb prepare;
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims flew:
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:

On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 605
 The Priest himself before his Altar stands,
 And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
 The Youth with instruments surround the fire:
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share,
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
 The Youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around,
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The *Paans* lengthen'd 'till the Sun descends:
 The *Greeks* restor'd the grateful notes prolong; 620
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night: the Chiefs beside their vessel lie;
 'Till rose morn had purpled o'er the sky:
 Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales
 Supply'd by *Phæbus*, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below,
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 'Till now the *Grecian* Camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)

Then

Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The Ships and Tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still amidst his navy fate
The stern *Achilles*, stedfast in his hate; 635
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul. 639

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The Gods had summon'd to th' *Olympian* height.
Jove first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of *Ætherial* pow'rs.
When like a morning mist, in early day;
Rose from the flood the Daughter of the Sea; 645
And to the seats divine her flight address,
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thund'rer sate; where old *Olympus* shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddess stood; One hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd. 651
If e'er, o Father of the Gods! she said,
My words cou'd please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my Son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let *Greece* be humbled, and the *Trojans* rise;

'Till the proud King, and all th' *Achaian* Race 660
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus *Thetis* spoke, but *Jove* in silence held
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer prest, 664
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.
O Sire of Gods and Men! thy suppliant hear,
Refuse, or grant; for what has *Jove* to fear?
Or oh declare, of all the pow'rs above
Is wretched *Thetis* least the care of *Jove*?

She said; and sighing thus the God replies 670
Who rolls the Thunder o'er the vaulted skies;
What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should *Jove* engage
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The Gods complaints, and *Juno's* fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the *Trojan* Arms? 675
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy pray'er is sped;
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The Nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows. . . .
He spoke, and awful, bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the Nod,
The stamp of Fate, and sanction of the God. 685
High Heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all *Olympus* to the centre shook,

Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining Synod of th' Immortals wait 690
 The coming God, and from their Thrones of state
 Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
 Before the Majesty of Heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while *Jove* assumes the Throne,
 All, but the God's imperious Queen alone: 695
 Late had she view'd the silver footed Dame,
 And all her passions kindled into flame.
 Say, artful manager of Heav'n (she cries)
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
 Thy *Juno* knows not the decrees of Fate, 700
 In vain the partner of Imperial state.
 What fav'rite Goddess then those cares divides,
 Which *Jove* in prudence from his consort hides?
 To this the Thund'rer: Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of Almighty mind; 705
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of Fate be pierc'd by thee.
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
 The first of Gods above and Men below: 709
 But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul.
 Full on the Sire the Goddess of the skies
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
 And thus return'd. Austere *Saturnius*, say, 714
 From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy sway?
 Thy

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force;
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for *Greece* I fear: For late was seen
In close consult, the silver-footed Queen.

Jove to his *Thetis* nothing could deny, 720

Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.

What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable Son?

Perhaps in *Grecian* blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my People slain. 725

Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heav'n resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy Lord.

Let this suffice; th' immutable decree 730

No force can shake: What *is*, that *ought* to be.

Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,

But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;

Th' united strength of all the Gods above

In vain resists th' Omnipotence of *Jove*. 735

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply;

A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.

The feast disturb'd with sorrow *Vulcan* saw,

His Mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;

Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design, 740

Thus interpos'd the Architect divine.

The wretched quarrels of the mortal state

Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:

Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy. 745
Thou, Goddess-Mother, with our Sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.
If you submit, the Thund'rer stands pleas'd; 750
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus *Vulcan* spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling *Nectar* crown'd;
Which held to *Juno* in a chearful way,
Goddess (he cry'd) be patient and obey. 755
Dear as you are, if *Jove* his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.

What God so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of *Jove*?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toft all the day in rapid circles round,
Nor 'till the Sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost; 764
The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* coast.

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white arm'd Queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong;
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.

Apollo tun'd the Lyre; the *Muses* round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound. 775
Mean time the radiant Sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift; roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining monuments of *Vulcan's* art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
And *Juno* slumber'd on the golden bed.





T H E
S E C O N D B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

• The Tryal of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

JUPITER in persuanee of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful Vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the Army to Battel; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The General who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy, without his assistance, but fears the Army was discourag'd by his absence, and the late Plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the Princes in Council; that he would propose a return to the Soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embrac'd. Then he assembles the whole Host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously

mously agree to it and run to prepare the ships. They are detain'd by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Therfites. The Assembly is recall'd, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor follow'd; which was to make a general muster of the Troops, and to divide them into their several Nations, before they proceeded to battel. This gives occasion to the Poet to ennumerate all the Forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large Catalogue.

The Time employ'd in this book consists not intirely of one day. The Scene lies in the Græcian-Camp, and upon the Sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing Sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
 Stretch'd in the Tents the Grecian Leaders lie;
 Th' Immortals slumber'd on their Thrones above,
 All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
 To honour *Thetis*' Son he bends his care,
 And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
 Then bids an empty Phantome rise to fight,
 And thus commands the *Vision* of the night.

Fly hence, deluding *Dream*! and light as air,
 To *Agamemnon*'s ample Tent repair. 10
 Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattel'd train,
 Lead all his *Grecians* to the dusty plain.
 Declare, ev'n now 'tis giv'n him to destroy
 The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.
 For now no more the Gods with Fate contend, 15
 At *Juno*'s suit the heav'nly factions end.
 Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
 And nodding *Iliou* waits th' impending fall.

Swift

Swift as the word the vain Illusion fled;
 Descends and hovers o'er *Atrides'* head; 20
 Cloath'd in the figure of the *Pylian* Sage,
 Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
 Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
 And thus the flatt'ring Dream deceives the King.

Canst thou, with all a Monarch's cares oppress, 25
 Oh *Atreus'* Son, canst thou indulge thy rest?
 Ill fits a Chief who mighty Nations guides,
 Directs in Council, and in War presides,
 To whom its safety a whole People owes,
 To waste long nights in indolent repose. 30

Monarch awake! 'tis *Jove's* command I bear,
 Thou, and thy glory, claim his heav'nly care.
 In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
 Lead all thy *Grecians* to the dusty plain;
 Ev'n now, o King! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 35
 The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.

For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
 At *Juno's* suit the heav'nly factions end:
 Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
 And nodding *Ilium* waits th' impending fall. 40

Awake, but waking this advice approve,
 And trust the vision that descends from *Jove*.

The Phantome said; then vanish'd from his sight,
 Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
 A thousand schemes the Monarch's mind employ; 45
 Elate in thought, he sacks untaken *Troy*:

Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
 Nor saw what *Jove* and secret Fate design'd;
 What mighty toils to either Host remain,
 What scenes of grief and numbers of the slain! 50
 Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
 The voice celestial myrm'ring in his ears.
 First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
 Around him next the Regal mantle threw,
 Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were ty'd, 55
 The starry faulchion glitter'd at his side;
 And last his arm the massy Sceptre loads,
 Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.

Now rose Morn ascends the court of *Jove*,
 Lifts up her light, and opens day above. 60
 The King dispatch'd his Heralds, with commands
 To range the Camp, and summon all the Bands:
 The gath'ring Hosts the Monarch's word obey;
 While to the Fleet *Atrides* bends his way.
 In his black Ship the *Pylian* Prince he found, 65
 There calls a Senate of the Peers around.
 Th' Assembly plac'd, the King of Men express
 The counsels lab'ring in his artful breast.

Friends and Confed'rates! with attentive ear
 Receive my words, and credit what you hear. 70
 Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
 A Dream divine appear'd before my sight;
 Whose visionary form like *Nestor* came,
 The same in habit, and in mien the same,

The heav'nly Phantome hover'd o'er my head, 75
And, dost thou sleep, Oh *Atreus*' Son? (he said)

Ill fits a Chief who mighty Nations guides,
Directs in Council and in War presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose. 80

Monarch awake! 'tis *Jove*'s command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care;
In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
And lead the *Grecians* to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, o King! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 85
The lofty tow'rs of wide extended *Troy*.

For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At *Juno*'s suit the heav'nly factions end:
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall. 90

This hear observant, and the Gods obey!
The Vision spoke, and past in air away.
Now, valiant Chiefs! since Heav'n itself alarms,
Unite, and rouse the Sons of *Greece* to arms.

But first, with caution, try what yet they dare, 95
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war:
To move the Troops to measure back the Main,
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.

He spoke, and fate; when *Nestor* rising said,
(*Nestor*, whom *Pylos*' sandy Realms obey'd) 100
Princes of *Greece*, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the Vision of the pow'rs divine,

Sent by great *Jove* to him who rules the Host;
 Forbid it Heav'n, this warning should be lost!
 Then let us haste, obey the Gods alarms, 105
 And join to rouse the Sons of *Greece* to arms.

Thus spoke the Sage: The Kings without delay
 Dissolve the Council, and their Chief obey:
 The sceptred Rulers lead: the following Host
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast. 110
 As from some rocky cleft the Shepherd sees
 Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving Bees,
 Rolling, and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
 Dusky they spread, a close-embod' d crowd, 115
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
 So, from the Tents and Ships, a length'ning train
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:
 Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the Messenger of *Jove*, 121
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
 Nine sacred Heralds now proclaiming loud
 The Monarch's will, suspend the list'ning crowd.
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear, 125
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
 The King of Kings his awful figure rais'd;
 High in his hand the golden Sceptre blaz'd:
 The golden Sceptre, of celestial frame,
 By *Vulcan* form'd, from *Jove* to *Hermes* came: 130

To *Pelops* he th' immortal gift resign'd;
Th' immortal gift great *Pelops* left behind,
In *Atreus*' hand; which not with *Atreus* ends,
To rich *Thyestes* next the prize descends;
And now the mark of *Agamemnon*'s Reign, 135
Subjects all *Argos*, and controuls the Main.

On this bright Sceptre now the King reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd.
Ye Sons of *Mars*, partake your Leader's care,
Heroes of *Greece*, and Brothers of the War! 140
Of partial *Jove* with justice I complain,
And heav'nly Oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
Now shameful flight alone can save the Host, 145
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost,
So *Jove* decrees, resistless Lord of all!
At whose command whole Empires rise or fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And Towns and Armies humbles to the dust. 150
What shame to *Greece* a fruitless war to wage,
Oh lasting shame in ev'ry future Age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.
So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd, 155
And *Greece* triumphant held a gen'ral feast,
All rank'd by tens; whole decads when they dine
Must want a *Trojan* Slave to pour the wine.

But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
 And *Troy* prevails by Armies not her own. 163
 Now nine long years of mighty *Jove* are run,
 Since first the labours of this war begun:
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our Vessels lie,
 And scarce ensure the wretched pow'r to fly.
 Haste then, for ever leave the *Trojan* wall! 165
 Our weeping wives, our tender Children call:
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
 'Tis Nature's voice, and Nature we obey.
 Our shatter'd Barks may yet transport us o'er,
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore. 170
 Fly, *Grecians* fly, your sails and oars employ,
 And dream no more of Heav'n defended *Troy*.

His deep design unknown, the Hosts approve
 'Atrides' Speech. The mighty numbers move.
 So roll the billows to th' *Icarian* shore, 175
 From east and south when winds begin to roar.
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
 The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend: 180
 Thus o'er the field the moving Host appears,
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.
 The gath'ring murmur spreads; their trampling feet
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the Fleet.
 With long-resounding cries they urge the Train,
 To fit the Ships, and launch into the Main, 186
 They

They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
The doubling clamours eccho to the skies.
Ev'n then the *Greeks* had left the hostile plain,
And Fate decreed the fall of *Troy* in vain; 190
But *Jove's* Imperial Queen their flight survey'd,
And fighting thus bespoke the blue-ey'd Maid.

Shall then the *Grecians* fly? Oh dire disgrace!
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
Shall *Troy*, shall *Priam*, and th' adult'rous Spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows? 196
And bravest Chiefs, in *Helen's* quarrel slain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon' detested plain?
No - - let my *Greeks*, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms. 200
Haste, Goddess, haste; the flying Host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the Main.

Pallas obeys, and from *Olympus'* height
Swift to the Ships precipitates her flight;
Ulysses, first in publick cares, she found, 205
For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the Heroe stood,
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine *Laertes'* Son!
Thus fly the *Greeks* (the martial Maid begun) 210
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And fame eternal leave to *Priam's* race?
Shall beauteous *Helen* still remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thousand Heroes bleed?

Haste gen'rous *Ithacus*! prevent the shame, 215
 Recall your Armies, and your Chiefs reclaim;
 Your own resistless eloquence employ,
 And to th' Immortals trust the fall of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the warlike Maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd. 220

Then meeting first *Atrides*, from his hand
 Receiv'd th' Imperial Sceptre of command;
 Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
 He runs, he flies, thro' all the *Grecian* train,
 Each Prince of name, or Chief in arms approv'd,
 He fir'd with praise or with persuasion mov'd. 226

Warriors like you, with strength & wisdom blest,
 By brave examples should confirm the rest.
 The Monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears. 230
 Th' unwary *Greeks* his fury may provoke;
 Not thus the King in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our Chief, from *Jove* his honour springs,
 Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of Kings.

But if a clam'rous vile Plebian rose, 235
 Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
 Be still thou slave! and to thy betters yield;
 Unknown alike in Council and in Field!
 Ye Gods! what Dastards would our Host command?
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a Land. 240
 Be silent Wretch, and think not here allow'd
 That worst of Tyrants, an usurping Crowd:

To one sole Monarch *Jove* commits the sway:
His are the laws, and him let all obey. 244

With words like these the Troops *Ulysses* rul'd,
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murm'ring they move, as when old *Ocean* roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores: 250
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the Camp to peace.

Thersites only clamour'd in the throng, 255
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue;
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandal busie, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim; 260
But chief he glory'd with licentious style
To lash the Great, and Monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his Soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame: 264
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head,
Spleen to Mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or *Achilles* still his theme;
But Royal scandal his delight supreme. 270

Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry *Greek*,
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
 Sharp was his voice; which in the shrillest tone,
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the Throne.

Amidst the Glories of so bright a Reign, 275
 What moves the great *Atrides* to complain?
 'Tis thine whate'er the Warrior's breast inflames,
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely Dames.
 With all the wealth our Wars and Blood bestow,
 Thy Tents are crowded, and thy Chests o'erflow.
 Thus at full ease in heaps of Riches roll'd, 285
 What grieves the Monarch? Is it thirst of Gold?
 Say shall we march with our unconquer'd Pow'rs,
 (The *Greeks* and I) to *Ilion's* hostile Tow'rs,
 And bring the Race of Royal Bastards here, 285
 For *Troy* to ransom at a price too dear?
 But safer Plunder thy own Host supplies;
 Say would'st thou seize some valiant Leader's Prize?
 Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
 Some captive Fair, to bless thy Kingly bed? 290
 Whate'er our Master craves, submit we must,
 Plagu'd with his Pride, or punish'd for his Lust.
 Oh women of *Achaia*! Men no more!
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
 In loves and pleasures on the *Phrygian* shore. } 295
 We may be wanted on some busie day,
 When *Hector* comes; So great *Achilles* may:

From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty Tyrant were no Tyrant long. 300

Fierce from his seat, at this, *Ulysses* springs,
In gen'rous vengeance of the King of Kings.
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies.
Peace, factious Monster, born to vex the State, 305
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the Sov'reign Reign.
Have we not known thee, Slave! of all our Host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most? 310
Think not the *Greeks* to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of King.
For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'r's;
Be that their care; to fight like Men be ours.
But grant the Host with wealth the Gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd? 316
Suppose some Hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that Hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore, 320
And let these eyes behold my Son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those Arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expell the Council where our Princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the Fleet?
He

He said, and cowering as the Dastard bends, 326
 The weighty Sceptre on his back descends:
 On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
 Trembling he sate, and shrunk in abject fears, 330
 From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
 While to his neighbour each express'd his thought;
 Ye Gods! what wonders has *Ulysses* wrought?
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield?
 Great in the Council, glorious in the Field. 335
 Gen'rous he rises in the Crown's defence,
 To curb the factious tongue of Insolence.
 Such just examples on Offenders shown,
 Sedition silence, and assert the Throne. 339

'T was thus the gen'ral voice the Heroe prais'd,
 Who rising, high th' Imperial Sceptre rais'd:
 The blue-ey'd *Pallas*, his celestial friend,
 (In form a Herald) bade the Crowds attend.
 Th' expecting Crowds in still attention hung,
 To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly Tongue. 345
 Then deeply thoughtful, pausing e're he spoke,
 His silence thus the prudent Hero broke.

Unhappy Monarch! whom the *Grecian* Race
 With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
 Not such at *Argos* was their gen'rous vow, 350
 Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now.
 Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
 Till *Troy's* proud structures shou'd in ashes lie.

Behold

Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What cou'd their Wives or helpless Children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender Train, 356
And, one short month, endure the wintry Main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful Seat,
When the Ship tosses, and the Tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears, 360
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the *Grecian* Host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
Expect the time to *Troy's* destruction giv'n,
And try the faith of *Calchas* and of Heav'n. 365
What past at *Aulis*, *Greece* can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this *Phrygian* air.
Beside a Fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant Altars, and the Victims blaz'd;
'T was where the Plane-tree spread its shades around;
The Altars heav'd, & from the crumbling ground 371
A mighty Dragon shot, of dire portent;
From *Jove* himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold. 375
The topmost branch a Mother-Bird possess;
Eight callow Infants fill'd the mossie nest;
Herself the ninth: The Serpent as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, & crash'd the crying young;
While hov'ring near, with miserable moan, 380
The drooping Mother wail'd her Children gone.

The

The Mother last, as round the nest she flew,
 Seiz'd by the beating wing, the Monster flew:
 Nor long surviv'd; to Marble turn'd he stands:
 A lasting prodigy on *Aulis'* sands. 385

Such was the will of *Jove*; and hence we dare
 Trust in his omen, and support the War.
 For while around we gaz'd with wondring eyes,
 And trembling sought the Pow'rs with sacrifice,
 Full of his God, the rev'rend *Calchas* cry'd, 390
 Ye *Grecian* Warriors! lay your fears aside:
 This wondrous Signal *Jove* himself displays,
 Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
 As many Birds as by the Snake were slain,
 So many years the toils of *Greece* remain; 395
 But wait the tenth, for *Ilion's* fall decreed!
 Thus spoke the Prophet, thus the Fates succeed.
 Obey, ye *Grecians*! with submission wait,
 Nor let your flight avert the *Trojan* Fate.

He said: the shores with loud applauses sound, 400
 The hollow Ships each deafning shout rebound.
 Then *Nestor* thus - - These vain debates forbear,
 Ye talk like children, not like Heroes dare.
 Where now are all your high resolves at last, 404
 Your Leagues concluded, your engagements past?
 Vow'd with Libations and with Victims then,
 Now vanish'd like their smoke: The Faith of Men!
 While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
 No wonder *Troy* so long resists our Pow'rs.

Rise;

Rise, great *Atrides*! and with courage sway; 410
We march to War if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy Laws,
The mean Deserters of the *Grecian* Cause,
To grudge the Conquests mighty *Jove* prepares;
And view, with envy, our successful Wars. 415
On that great day when first the martial Train
Big with the Fate of *Ilion*, plow'd the Main,
Jove, on the right, a prosp'rous Signal sent,
And Thunder rolling shook the Firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife, 420
'Till ev'ry Soldier grasp a *Phrygian* Wife,
'Till *Helen's* woes at full reveng'd appear,
And *Troy's* proud Matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any *Greek* invite
His Country's Troops to base, inglorious flight, 425
Stand forth that *Greek*! and hoist his Sail to fly;
And dye the Dastard first, who dreads to dye.
But now, o Monarch! all thy Chiefs advise;
Nor what they offer, thou thy self despise.
Among these Counsels, let not mine be vain; 430
In Tribes and Nations to divide thy Train:
His sep'rate Troops let ev'ry Leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What Chief, or Soldier, of the num'rous Band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, 435
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of *Ilion* not o'erthrown:

If

HOMER'S ILIAD;

If Fate resists, or if our Arms are slow,
If Gods above prevent, or Men below.

To him the King: How much thy years excell;
In arts of Council, and in speaking well! 441

Oh would the Gods, in love to *Greece*, decree

But ten such Sages as they grant in thee;

Such Wisdom soon should *Priam's* force destroy;

And soon should fall the haughty Tow'rs of *Troy*!

But *Jove* forbids, who plunges those he hates 446

In fierce contention and in vain debates.

Now, great *Achilles* from our aid withdraws,

By me provok'd; a Captive Maid the cause.

If e'er as Friends we join, the *Trojan* Wall 450

Must shake, and heavy will the Vengeance fall!

But now, ye Warriors, take a short repast;

And, well refresh'd, to bloody Conflict haste.

His sharpen'd Spear let ev'ry *Grecian* wield,

And ev'ry *Grecian* fix his brazen Shield, 455

Let all excite the fiery Steeds of War,

And all for Combate fit the ratling Car.

This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;

No rest, no respite, 'till the shades descend;

'Till Darkness, or 'till Death shall cover all: 460

Let the War bleed, and let the Mighty fall!

'Till bath'd in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,

With the huge Shield each brawny arm deprest,

Each aking nerve refuse the Lance to throw,

And each spent Courser at the Chariot blow. 465

Who

Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day,
 That Wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r;
 The Birds shall mangle, and the Dogs devour.

The Monarch spoke: and straight a murmur rose,
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows, 471
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.

Straight to the Tents the Troops dispersing bend,
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend; 475
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.

A Steer of five year's age, large limb'd, and fed,
 To *Jove's* high Altars *Agamemnon* led:
 There bade the noblest of the *Grecian* Peers; 480
 And *Nestor* first, as most advanc'd in years.

Next came *Idomeneus* and *Tydeus'* Son,
Ajax the less, and *Ajax Telamon*;
 Then wise *Ulysses* in his rank was plac'd;
 And *Menelaus* came unbid, the last. 485

The Chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
 The sacred Offring of the salted cake:
 When thus the King prefers his solemn Pray'r.
 Oh Thou! whose Thunder rends the clouded air,
 Who in the Heav'n of Heav'ns hast fix'd thy Throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone! 491

Hear! and before the burning Sun descends,
 Before the Night her gloomy veil extends,

Low in the dust be laid yon' hostile spires,
 Be *Priam's* Palace sunk in *Grecian* fires, 495
 In *Hector's* breast be plung'd this shining sword,
 And slaughter'd Heroes groan around their Lord:
 Thus pray'd the Chief: His unavailing Pray'r
 Great *Jove* refus'd, and tost in empty air:
 The God averse, while yet the fumes arose, 500
 Prepar'd new toils and doubled woes on woes.
 Their Pray'rs perform'd, the Chiefs the Rite pursue,
 The barley sprinkled, and the Victim flew.
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hyde,
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide. 505
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lie from ev'ry part.
 From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
 While the fat Victim feeds the sacred fire.
 The thighs thus sacrific'd and entrails drest, 510
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
 The gen'rous *Nestor* thus the Prince address'd. 515
 Now bid thy Heralds sound the loud alarms,
 And call the Squadrons sheath'd in brazen Arms:
 Now seize th' occasion, now the Troops survey,
 And lead to War, when Heav'n directs the way.

He said; the Monarch issu'd his commands; 520
 Straight the loud Heralds call the gath'ring Bands.

The Chiefs inclose their King; the Hosts divide
 In Tribes and Nations rank'd on either side.
 High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes: 525
 The dreadful *Aegis*, *Jove's* immortal shield,
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
 Round the vast orb an hundred Serpents roll'd,
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in Gold:
 With this each *Grecian's* manly breast she warms, 530
 Swells their bold hearts, & strings their nervous arms;
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the Combat burn.

As on some Mountain, thro' the lofty Grove
 The crackling flames ascend and blaze above, 535
 The fires expanding as the winds arise,
 Shoot their longs beams, and kindle half the skies;
 So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
 A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.
 Not less their number, than th' embody'd Cranes,
 Or milk-white Swans in *Asius'* watry plains, 541
 That o'er the windings of *Cayster's* springs,
 Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
 Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
 Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
 Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide, 546
 The Legions crowd *Scamander's* flow'ry side,
 With rushing Troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
 And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore:

Along the River's level meads they stand, 550
 Thick as in Spring the Flow'rs adorn the land,
 Or leaves the trees; or thick as Insects play,
 The wandering nation of a Summer's day,
 That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural Bow'rs; 555
 From pail to pail with busie murmur run
 The gilded Legions glitt'ring in the Sun.
 So throng'd, so close, the *Grecian* Squadrons stood
 In radiant Arms, and thirst for *Trojan* blood.
 Each Leader now his scatter'd Force conjoins 560
 In close array, and forms the deepning Lines.
 Noth with more ease, the skilful Shepherd Swain
 Collects his Flock from thousands on the plain.
 The King of Kings, majestically tall,
 Tow'rs o'er his Armies, and outshines them all: 565
 Like some proud Bull that round the pastures leads
 His subject-herds, the Monarch of the Meads.
 Great as the Gods th' exalted Chief was seen,
 His strength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread, 570
 And dawning Conquest play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, seated round the Throne Divine,
 All knowing *Goddesses*! immortal nine! [height,
 Since Earth's wide regions, Heav'n's unmeasur'd
 And Hell's abyfs hide nothing from your sight, 575
 (We, wretched Mortals! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)

Oh say what Heroes, fir'd by thirst of Fame,
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to *Troy's* destruction came?
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues, 580
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
 Daughters of *Jove* assist! inspir'd by you
 The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
 What crowd'd Armies, from what climes they bring,
 Their names, their numbers, & their Chiefs I sing. 585

T H E
 C A T A L O G U E
 O F T H E
 S H I P S.

TH E hardy Warriors whom *Bæotia* bred,
Penelopeus, *Leitus*, *Prothoënor* led:
 With these *Arcefilaus* and *Clonius* stand,
 Equal in Arms, and equal in command.
 These head the Troops that rocky *Aulis* yields, 590
 And *Eteon's* hills, and *Hyries* watry fields,
 And *Schænos*, *Scolos*, *Graa* near the main,
 And *Mycalestia's* ample piny plain.
 Those who in *Peteon* or *Ilesion* dwell,
 Or *Harma* where *Apollo's* Prophet fell; 595

Heleon and *Hyle*, which the springs o'erflow;

And *Medeon* lofty, and *Ocalea* low;

Or in the meads of *Haliartus* stray,

Or *Thespia* sacred to the God of day.

Onchestus, *Neptune's* celebrated Groves;

609

Copa, and *Thisbè*, fam'd for silver doves,

For flocks *Erythra*, *Gliffa* for the vine;

Platea green, and *Nisa* the divine.

And they whom *Thebè's* well-built walls inclose,

Where *Mydè*, *Eutresis*, *Coronè* rose;

605

And *Arnè* rich, with purple harvests crown'd;

And *Anthèdon*, *Bæotia's* utmost bound.

Full fifty Ships they send, and each conveys

Twice sixty Warriors thro' the foaming Seas.

To these succeed *Aspledon's* martial train,

610

Who plow the spacious *Orchomenian* plain.

Two valiant Brothers rule th' undaunted throng,

Ialmen and *Ascalaphus* the strong:

Sons of *Astyoche* the heav'nly Fair,

Whose virgin charms subdu'd the God of War: 615

(In *Actor's* Court as she retir'd to rest,

The strength of *Mars* the blushing Maid compress)

Their Troops in thirty sable Vessels sweep

With equal oars, the hoarse resounding deep.

The *Phocians* next in forty Barks repair,

620

Epistrophus and *Schedius* head the War.

From those rich Regions where *Cephisus* leads

His silver current thro' the flow'ry meads;

From

From *Panopæa*, *Chrysa* the divine,
 Where *Anemoria*'s stately turrets shine, 625
 Where *Pytho*, *Daulis*, *Cyparissus* stood,
 And fair *Lilæa* views the rising flood.
 These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
 Close, on the left, the bold *Bæotians* side.

Fierce *Ajax* led the *Lacrian* Squadrons on, 630
Ajax the less, *Oilæus*' valiant Son;
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
 Swift in pursuit, and active in the Fight.
 Him, as their Chief, the chosen Troops attend;
 Which *Bessa*, *Thronus*, and rich *Cynos* send: 635
Opus, *Calliarus*, and *Scharphe*'s Bands;
 And those who dwell where pleasing *Augia* stands, }
 And where *Boægrius* floats the lowly lands,
 Or in fair *Tarphe*'s sylvan seats reside;
 In forty Vessels cut the yielding tide. 640

Eubæa next her martial Sons prepares,
 And sends the brave *Abantes* to the Wars:
 Breathing revenge, in Arms they take their way
 From *Chalcis*' Walls, and strong *Eretria*;
 Th' *Isteian* fields for gen'rous Vines renown'd, 645
 The fair *Carystos*, and the *Stryrian* ground,
 Where *Dios* from her Tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,
 And high *Cerinthus* views the neighb'ring main.
 Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
 Their hands dismiss not the long Lance in air; 650

But with portended spears in fighting fields,
 Pierce the tough cors'lets and the brazen shields.
 Twice twenty Ships transport the warlike Bands,
 Which bold *Elphenor*, fierce in Arms, commands.

Full fifty more from *Athens* stem the Main, 655
 Led by *Menestheus* thro' the liquid plain,
 (*Athens* the fair, where great *Eretheus* sway'd,
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue ey'd Maid,
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
 The mighty Offspring of the foodful Earth. 660
 Him *Pallas* plac'd amidst her wealthy Fane,
 Ador'd with Sacrifice and Oxen slain;
 Where as the years revolve, her Altars blaze,
 And all the Tribes resound the Goddess' praise.)
 No Chief like thee, *Menestheus*! Greece could yield,
 To marshal Armies in the dusty field, 666
 Th'extended wings of Battel to display,
 Or close th'embodiy'd Host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise. 670

With these appear the *Salaminian* Bands,
 Whom the Gigantic *Telamon* commands;
 In twelve black Ships to Troy they steer their course,
 And with the great *Athenians* join their force. 674

Next move to war the gen'rous *Argive* train, }
 From high *Træzenè*, and *Mafeta's* plain, }
 And fair *Ægina* circled by the main: }
 Whom strong *Tyrinshe's* lofty walls surround,
 And *Epidaure* with yiny harvests crown'd; And

And where fair *Asinen* and *Hermion* show 680
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below,
 These by the brave *Euryalus* were led,
 Great *Sthenelus*, and greater *Diomed*,
 But chief *Tydidēs* bore the Sov'reign Sway;
 In fourscore Barks they plow the watry way. 685

The proud *Mycenē* arms her martial pow'rs,
Cleonē, *Corinth*, with Imperial tow'rs,
 Fair *Arethya*, *Ornia's* fruitful plain,
 And *Aegion*, and *Adrastus'* ancient reign;
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore, 690
 And where *Pellenē* yields her fleecy store,
 Where *Helicē* and *Hyperesia* lie,
 And *Gonoëssa's* spires salute the sky.

Great *Agamemnon* rules the num'rous band,
 A hundred Vessels in long order stand, } 695
 And crowded Nations wait his dread command.
 High on the deck the King of men appears,
 And his refulgent Arms in triumph wears,
 Proud of his Host, unrival'd in his reign,
 In silent pomp he moves along the main, 700

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
 The hardy *Spartans*, exercis'd in Arms:
Phares and *Brysia's* valiant troops, and those
 Whom *Lacedæmon's* lofty hills inclose:
 Or *Messe's* tow'rs for silver doves renown'd, 705
Amycla, *Laïs*, *Augia's* happy ground;
 And those whom *Oerulos'* low walls contain,
 And *Heles*, on the margin of the main. These.

These, o'er the bending Ocean, *Helen's* cause
In sixty Ships with *Menelaus* draws: 710

Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety Sail, from *Pylus'* sandy coast, 715
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen Host:
From *Amphigenia's* ever-fruitful land;
Where *Aepy* high, and little *Pteleon* stand;
Where beauteous *Arenè* her structures shows,
And *Thryon's* walls *Alphèus'* streams inclose: 720
And *Dorion*, fam'd for *Thamyris'* disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
'Till vain of mortal's empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Too daring Bard! whose unsuccessful pride 725
Th' Immortal *Muses* in their art defy'd.

Th' avenging *Muses*, of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing;
His hand no more awak'd the silver string. 730

Where under high *Cyllonè* crown'd with wood,
The shaded Tomb of old *Apytus* stood;
From *Ripè*, *Stratie*, *Tegæa's* bord'ring Towns,
The *Phænean* fields, and *Orchomenian* downs;
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove; 735
And *Stymphelus* with her surroundig grove;

Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
 And high *Enispe* shook by wintry wind,
 And fair *Mantineia*'s ever-pleasing site;
 In sixty sail th' *Arcadian* Bands unite. 740
 Bold *Agapenor* glorious at their head,
 (*Anceus*' Son) the mighty Squadron led.
 Their Ships, supply'd by *Agamemnon*'s care,
 Thro' roaring Seas the wond'ring Warriors bear;
 The first to battel on th' appointed plain, 745
 But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair *Elis* and *Buprasium* join;
 Whom *Hyrmin*, here, and *Myrsinus* confine,
 And bounded there, where o'er the vallies rose
 Th' *Olenian* rock; and where *Alisium* flows; 750
 Beneath four Chiefs (a num'rous Army) came:
 The strength and glory of th' *Epean* name.
 In sep'rate squadrons these their train divide,
 Each leads ten Vessels thro' the yielding tide.
 One was *Amphimachus*, and *Thalpius* one; 755
 (*Eurytus*' this, and that *Teatus*' Son)
Diores sprung from *Amarynceus*' Line;
 And great *Polyxenus*, of force divine.

But those who view fair *Elis* o'er the seas
 From the blest Islands of th' *Echinades*, 760
 In forty Vessels under *Meges* move,
 Begot by *Phyleus*, the belov'd of *Jove*.
 To strong *Dulichium* from his Sire he fled,
 And thence to *Troy* his hardy Warriors led.

Ulysses

Ulysses follow'd thro' the watry road, 764
 A Chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
 With those whom *Cephalenia's* Isle inclos'd,
 Or till'd their fields along the coast oppos'd;
 Or where fair *Ithaca* o'erlooks the floods,
 Where high *Neritos* shakes his waving woods, 770
 Where *Ægilipa's* rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and *Zazynthus* green.
 These in twelve Galleys with vermillion proes,
 Beneath his conduct fought the *Phrygian* shores.

Thoas came next, *Andramon's* valiant Son, 775
 From *Pleuron's* walls and chalky *Calydon*,
 And rough *Pylene*, and th' *Olenian* steep,
 And *Chalcis*, beaten by the rolling deep.
 He led the warriors from t' *Ætolian* shore,
 For now the Sons of *Oeneus* were no more! 780
 The glories of the mighty Race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and *Meleager* dead;
 To *Thoas'* care now trust the martial train,
 His forty Vessels follow thro' the main.

Next eighty barks the *Cretan* King commands,
 Of *Gnossus*, *Lyctus*, and *Gortyna's* Bands, 786
 And those who dwell where *Rhytion's* Domes arise,
 Or white *Lycastus* glitters to the skies,
 Or where by *Phœstus* silver *Jardan* runs;
Crete's hundred Cities pour forth all her Sons. 790
 These march'd, *Idomeneus*, beneath thy care,
 And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war,

Tlepolemus, the Son of *Hercules*,
 Led nine swift Vessels thro' the foamy Seas;
 From *Rhodes* with everlasting sunshine bright, 795
Galyffus, *Lindus*, and *Camirus* white.
 His captive Mother fierce *Alcides* bore
 From *Ephyr's* walls, and *Selle's* winding shore,
 Where mighty Towns in ruins spread the plain,
 And saw their blooming Warriors early slain. 800
 The Hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old *Lycimnius*, flew;
 For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
 And shun the vengeance of th' *Herculean* Race,
 A Fleet he built, and with a num'rous train 805
 Of willing Exiles wander'd o'er the main;
 Where many seas, and many suff'rings past,
 On happy *Rhodes* the Chief arriv'd at last:
 There in three Tribes divides his native band,
 And rules them peaceful in a foreign land: 810
 Encreas'd and prosper'd in their new Abodes,
 By mighty *Jove*, the Sire of men and Gods;
 With joy they saw the growing Empire rise,
 And show'rs of wealth descending from the skies:
 Three ships with *Nireus* fought the *Trojan* shore,
Nireus, whom *Aglæ* to *Charopus* bore, 816
Nireus, in faultless shape, and blooming grace,
 The loveliest youth of all the *Grecian* Race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms; 819
 But few his Troops, and small his strength in Arms
 Next

Next thirty Galleys cleave the liquid plain;
 Of those *Calydnæ's* sea-girt Isles contain;
 With them the youth of *Nisyros* repair,
Casus the strong, and *Crapathus* the fair;
Cos, where *Eurypylus* possessest the sway, 835
 'Till great *Alcides* made the Realms obey:
 These *Antiphus* and bold *Phidippus* bring,
 Sprung from the God, by *Thessalus* the King.

Now Muse recount *Pelasgic Argos'* Pow'rs,
 From *Alos*, *Alopè*, and *Trechin's* tow'rs; 830
 From *Pthia's* spacious vales; and *Hella*, blest
 With female beauty far beyond the rest.
 Full fifty Ships beneath *Achilles'* care
 Th' *Achaïans*, *Myrmidons*, *Helleneans* bear,
Thessalians all, tho' various in their name, 835
 The same their nation, and their Chief the same.
 But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
 They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
 No more the Foe they face in dire array;
 Close in his Fleet their angry Leader lay: 840
 Since fair *Briseïs* from his arms was torn,
 The noblest spoil from sack'd *Lyrnessus* born.
 Then, when the Chief the *Theban* walls o'erthrew,
 And the bold Sons of great *Evenus* flew.
 There mourn'd *Achilles*, plung'd in depth of care,
 But Yoon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war. 845
 To these the youth of *Phylacè* succeed.
Phona, famous for her fleecy breed,

And grassy *Pteleon* deck'd with chearful greens,
 The bow'rs of *Ceres*, and the Sylvan Scenes, 850
 Sweet *Pyrrhasus*, with blooming flourets crown'd,
 And *Antron's* watry dens and cavern'd ground.
 These ow'nd as Chief *Protesilas* the brave,
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore, 855
 And dy'd a *Phrygian* lance with *Grecian* gore;
 There lies, far distant from his native plain;
 Unfinish'd his proud Palaces remain,
 And his sad Consort beats her breast in vain. }
 His Troops in forty Ships *Podarces* led, 860
Iphiclus' Son, and Brother to the dead;
 Nor he unworthy to command the Host;
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient Leader lost.

The men who *Glaphyra's* fair soil partake,
 Where hills encircle *Bæbe's* lowly lake, 685
 Where *Phera* hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
 Or proud *Jölcus* lifts her airy wall:
 In ten black Ships embark'd for *Ilion's* shore,
 With bold *Eumelus*, whom *Alceste* bore.
 All *Pelias'* race *Alceste* far outshin'd, 870
 The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The Troops *Methone*, or *Tbaumacia* yields,
Olyzon's rocks, or *Malibaa's* fields,
 With *Philoctetes* sail'd, whose matchless art
 From the tough Bow directs the feather'd Dart. 875
 Sev'n were his Ships; each Vessel fifty row;
 Skill'd in his Science of the dart and bow. But

But he lay raging on the *Lemnian* ground,
 A poisonous *Hydra* gave the burning wound;
 There groan'd the Chief in agonizing pain; 880
 Whom *Greece* at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
 His forces *Medon* led from *Lemnos*' shore,
Oileus' Son whom beauteous *Rhena* bore.

Th' *Ochalian* race, in those high tow'rs contain'd;
 Where once *Eurytus* in proud triumph reign'd, 885
 Or where her humbler turrets *Trica* rears,
 Or where *Ithomè*, rough with rocks, appears;
 In thirty Sail the sparkling waves divide,
 Which *Podalirius* and *Machaon* guide.

* *Esculapius*. To these his skill their Parent God * imparts, 890
 Divine Professors of the healing arts.

The bold *Ormenian* and *Asterian* bands
 In forty Barks *Eurypilus* commands,
 Where *Titan* hides his hoary head in snow;
 And where *Hyperia*'s silver fountains flow. 895

Thy Troops, *Argissa*, *Polypætes* leads,
 And *Eleon*, shelter'd by *Olympus*' shades,
Girtonè's Warriors; and where *Orthè* lies,
 And *Oloösson*'s chalky cliffs arise.

Sprung from *Pirithoüs* of immortal race, 900
 The fruit of fair *Hippodamè*'s embrace,
 (That day, when hurl'd from *Pelion*'s cloudy head,
 To distant dens the shaggy *Centaurs* fled)
 With *Polypætes* join'd in equal sway
Leonteus leads, and forty Ships obey. 905

In twenty Sail the bold *Perrhabians* came
 From *Cyphus*, *Guneus* was their Leader's name.
 With these the *Ænians* join'd, and those who freeze
 Where cold *Dodona* lifts her holy trees;
 Or where the pleasing *Titaresius* glides, 910
 And into *Peneus* rolls his easy tides:

Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
 The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
 Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Syx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!

Last under *Prothous* the *Magnesiens* flood, 916
Prothous the swift, of old *Tenthredon's* blood;
 Who dwell where *Pelion* crown'd with piny boughs
 Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows,
 Or where thro' flow'ry *Tempè* *Peneus* stray'd, 920
 (The Region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)
 In forty fable Barks they stem'd the main;
 Such where the Chiefs, and such the *Grecian* Train.

Say next o Muse! of all *Achaïa* breeds,
 Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest Steeds? 925
Eumelus' Mares were foremost in the chace,
 As Eagles fleet, and of *Pheretian* race;
 Bred where *Pieria's* fruitful fountains flow,
 And train'd by him who bears the silver bow:
 Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,
 Their height, their colour, and their age the same; 931
 O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid Car,
 And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.

Ajax in Arms the first renown acquir'd,
 While stern *Achilles* in his wrath retir'd: 931
 (His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
 And his, th' unrival'd race of heav'nly Steeds)
 But *Thetis*' Son now shines in Arms no more;
 His Troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
 In empty air their sportive jav'lins throw, 941
 Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
 Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
 Th' immortal Coursers graze along the strand;
 But the brave Chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
 And wand'ring o'er the Camp, requir'd their Lord.

Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around, 946
 The skining Armies swept along the ground;
 Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
 Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
 Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry *Jove*
 Hurls down the forky light'ning from above, 951
 On *Arime* when he the thunder throws,
 And fires *Typhæus* with redoubled blows,
 Where *Typhon*, prest beneath the burning load,
 Still feels the fury of th' avenging God. 955

But various *Iris*, *Jove*'s commands to bear,
 Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air:
 In *Priam*'s porch the *Trojan* Chiefs she found,
 The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the Monarch's Son, she chose, 960
 Who from *Æetes*' tomb observ'd the Foes:

High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the Tents, the Navy, and the bay.

In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
Th' unwelcome message to the *Phrygian* King. 965

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid War, approaches to your walls!
Assembled Armies oft' have I beheld;
But ne'er 'till now such numbers charg'd a field.

Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand, 970
The moving Squadrons blacken all the strand.

Thou, Godlike *Hector*! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united Bands of *Troy*;

In just array let ev'ry Leader call
The foreign Troops: This day demands them all.

The voice divine the mighty Chief alarms; 976
The Council breaks, the Warriors rush to arms.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on Nations fill the dusky plain;

Men, Steeds, & Chariots shake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound. 981

Amidst the plain in sight of *Ilion* stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands,

(This for *Myrinnè's* tomb th' Immortals know,
Tho' call'd *Bateia* in the world below) 985

Beneath their Chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar Troops and *Trojan* Hosts appear.

The Godlike *Hector*, high above the rest;
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plamy crest:

In throngs around his native Bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

990

Divine *Æneas* brings the *Dardan* Race;
Anchises' Son, by *Venus*' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of *Ida*'s secret grove;
A mortal mixing with the Queen of love.
Archilochus and *Achamas* divide

995

The Warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair *Zeleeia*'s wealthy vallies till,
Fast by the foot of *Ida*'s sacred hill;
Or drink, *Æsepus*, of thy sable flood,
Were led by *Pandarus*, of royal blood.

1000

To whom his art *Apollo* deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich *Apasus* and *Adrestia*'s tow'rs,
High *Teree*'s summits, and *Pityea*'s bow'rs;
From these the congregated Troops obey
Young *Amphius* and *Adrastus*' equal sway;
Old *Merops* Sons; whom skill'd in fate to come
The Sire forewarn'd, and prophecy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the Sire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

1005

1010

From *Prælius*' stream, *Percotè*'s pasture lands,
And *Sestos* and *Abydos*' neighb'ring strands,
From great *Arisba*'s walls and *Selle*'s coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his Host:
High on his Car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery Coursers thunder o'er the plains.

1015

The

The fierce *Pelasgi* next, in war renown'd,
 March from *Larissa's* ever-fertile ground:
 In equal arms their brother-Leaders shine, 1020
Hippothous bold, and *Pyleus* the divine.

Next *Acamas* and *Pyrrous* lead their Hosts
 In dread array from *Thracia's* wintry coasts;
 Round the bleak Realms where *Hellepontus* roars,
 And *Boreas* beats the hoarse-resounding shores. 1025

With great *Euphemus* the *Ciconians* move,
 Sprung from *Trezenian Ceus*, lov'd by *Jove*.

Pyrechmos the *Pæonian* Troops attend;
 Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend;
 From *Axius'* ample bed he leads them on, 1030
Axius, that laves the distant *Amydon*,
Axius, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills,
 And wide around the floated region fills.

The *Paphlagonians Pylamenes* rules,
 Where rich *Henetia* breeds her savage Mules, 1035
 Where *Erythinus'* rising cliffs are seen,
 Thy groves of box, *Cytorus!* ever green;
 And where *Ægyalus* and *Cromna* lie,
 And lofty *Sesamus* invades the sky;
 And where *Parthenius*, roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,
 Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs. 1041

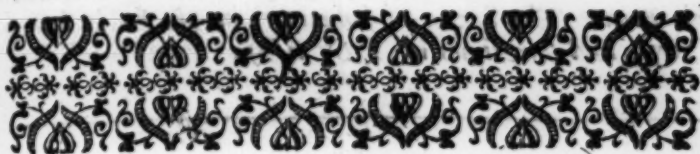
Here march'd in Arms the *Halizonian* Band,
 Whom *Odius* and *Epistrophus* command,
 From those far regions where the Sun refines
 The ripening silver in *Alybean* mines. 1045

There, mighty *Chromis* led the *Myſſian* Train,
 And Augur *Ennomus*, inspir'd in vain,
 For ſtern *Achilles* lopt his ſacred head,
 Roll'd down *Scamander* with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave *Ascanius* here unite 1050
 Th' *Ascanian Phrygians*, eager for the fight.
 Of thoſe who round *Mæonia's* realms reſide,
 Or whom the vales in ſhade of *Tmolus* hide,
Meſſes and *Antiphus* the charge partake;
 Born on the banks of *Gyges'* ſilent lake. 1055
 There, from the fields where wild *Meander* flows,
 High *Mycale*, and *Latmos'* ſhady brows,
 And proud *Miletus*, came the *Carian* throngs,
 With mingled clamors, and with barbarous tongues,
Amphimachus and *Naufes* guide the Train, 1060
Naufes the bold, *Amphimachus* the vain,
 Who trick'd with Gold, and glitt'ring on his Car,
 Rode like a woman to the field of War.
 Fool that he was! by fierce *Achilles* ſlain,
 The River ſwept him to the briny Main: 1065
 There whelm'd with waves the gawdy Warrior lies,
 The valiant Victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.

The Forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
 Which blameleſs *Glaucus* and *Sarpedon* lead;
 — The warlike Bands that diſtant *Lycia* yields, 1070
 Where gulphy *Xanthus* foams along the fields.





T H E
T H I R D B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

T H E A R G U M E N T .

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a single Combate is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris, by the intervention of Hector, for the determination of the War. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the Fight. She leads her to the Walls of Troy, where Priam sits with his Counsellors observing the Græcian Leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The Kings on either part take the solemn Oath for the conditions of the Combate. The Duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome is snatch'd away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the Walls, and brings the Lovers together. Agamemnon on the part of the Græcians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the Articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this Book. The Scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their Leaders care each martial Band
 Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
 With 'shouts the *Trojans* rushing from afar
 Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
 So when inclement winters vex the plain 5
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
 To warmer Seas the *Cranes* embody'd fly,
 With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;
 To *Pygmy Nations* wounds and death they bring,
 And all the war descends upon the wing. 10
 But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd, and skill'd
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
 Swift march the *Greeks*: the rapid dust around
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
 Thus from his flaggy wings when *Notus* sheds 15
 A night of vapors round the mountain-heads,
 Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
 While scarce the *Swains* their feeding flocks survey,
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day: 20
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the *Grecian Train*
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
 Now front to front the hostile Armies stand,
 Eager of fight, and only wait command:

When;

When, to the van, before the Sons of Fame 25
 Whom *Troy* sent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came;
 In form a God! the Panther's speckled hyde
 Flow'd o'er his Armour with an easy pride,
 His bended Bow a-cross his shoulders flung,
 His Sword beside him negligently hung, 30
 Two pointed Spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dar'd the bravest of the *Grecian* Race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
 Him *Menelaus*, lov'd of *Mars*, espies, 35
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
 So joys a Lion if the branching Deer,
 Or mountain Goat, his bulky prize, appear;
 In vain the Youths oppose, the mastives bay,
 The lordly savage rends the panting prey. 40
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
 In clanging Arms he leaps upon the ground
 From his high Chariot: Him, approaching near,
 The beauteous Champion views with marks of fear,
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
 And shuns the Fate he well deserv'd to find.
 As when some Shepherd from the rustling trees
 Shot forth to view, a scaly Serpent sees,
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
 And all confus'd, precipitates his flight. 50
 So from the King the shining Warrior flies,
 And plung'd amid the thickest *Trojans* lies.

As Godlike *Hector* sees the Prince retreat,
 He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.
 Unhappy *Paris*! but to Women brave, 55
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
 Oh had'st thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,
 Or dy'd at least before thy Nuptial rite!
 A better Fate, than vainly thus to boast,
 And fly, the scandal of the *Trojan* Host. 60
 Gods! how the scornful *Greeks* exult to see
 Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee,
 Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
 But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
 In former days, in all thy gallant pride, 65
 When thy tall Ships triumphant stem'd the tide,
 When *Greece* beheld thy painted canvas flow,
 And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show;
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
 You met th' approaches of the *Spartan* Queen? 70
 Thus from her Realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
 And both her warlike Lords outshin'd in *Helen's* eyes?
 This deed, thy Foes delight, thy own disgrace,
 Thy Father's grief, and ruin of thy Race;
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd Fight; 75
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
 Soon to thy cost the Field wou'd make thee know
 Thou keep'st the Consort of a braver Foe.
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver Lyre, 80

Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire Author of his Country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, *Paris* breaks; 85
'Tis just, my Brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of Fate?
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows, 90
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous Swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise, nor thou despise the charms
With which a Lover golden *Venus* arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show, 95
No wish can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow.
Yet, wou'd'st thou have the proffer'd Combate stand,
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our Hosts divide,
And, on that Stage of War, the cause be try'd.
By *Paris* there the *Spartan* King be fought, 100
For beauteous *Helen* and the wealth she brought:
And who his Rival can in Arms subdue,
His be the Fair, and his the Treasure too.
Thus with a lasting League your toils may cease,
And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace: 106
Thus may the *Greeks* review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.

He

He said. The Challenge *Hector* heard with joy;
 Then with his Spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*, 110
 Held by the midst, athwart; and near the Foe
 Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

While round his dauntless head the *Grecians* pour
 Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the Monarch great *Atrides* cry'd; 115
 Forbear ye Warriors! lay the darts aside;
 A Parley *Hector* asks, a Message bears;
 We know him by the various Plume he wears.
 Aw'd by his high command the *Greeks* attend,
 The tumult silence, and the Fight suspend. 120

While from the centre *Hector* rolls his eyes
 On either Host, and thus to both applies.
 Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* Bands!
 What *Paris*, author of the War, demands.
 Your shining Swords within the sheath restrain, 125
 And pitch your Lances in the yielding plain.
 Here, in the midst, in either Army's fight,
 He dares the *Spartan* King to single Fight;
 And wills, that *Helen* and the ravish'd spoil
 That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130
 Let these the brave triumphant Victor grace,
 And differing Nations part in Leagues of Peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
 Each Army stood: The *Spartan* Chief reply'd.

Me too ye Warriors hear, whose fatal right 135
 A world engages in the toils of fight.

To me the labour of the field resign;
 Me *Paris* injur'd; all the War be mine.
 Fall he that must beneath his Rival's Arms,
 And live the rest secure of future harms. 140
 Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
 To *Earth* a fable, to the *Sun* a white,
 Prepare ye *Trojans*! while a third we bring
 Select to *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Let rev'rend *Priam* in the Truce engage, 145
 And add the sanction of consid'rate Age;
 His Sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
 And Youth itself an empty wav'ring state:
 Cool Age advances venerably wise,
 Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes; 150
 Sees what befell, and what may yet befall;
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all:

The Nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
 And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.
 Within the Lines they drew their Steeds around;
 And from their Chariots issu'd on the ground: 156
 Next all unbuckling the rich Mail they wore,
 Laid their bright Arms along the fable shore.
 On either side the meeting Hosts are seen,
 With Lances fix'd, and close the space between. 160
 Two Heralds now dispatch'd to *Troy*, invite
 The *Phrygian* Monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talithybius hastens to the Fleet, to bring
 The lamb for *Jove* th' inviolable King.

Mean-

Meantime, to beauteous *Helen* from the skies 165
 The various Goddesses of the Rain-bow flies;
 (Like fair *Laodice* in form and face,
 The loveliest Nymph of *Priam's* Royal race)
 Her in the Palace, at her loom she found;
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd, 170
 The *Trojan* Wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
 To whom the Goddesses of the painted Bow;
 Approach, and view the wond'rous Scene below!
 Each hardy *Greek* and valiant *Trojan* Knight, 175
 So dreadful late, and furious for the Fight,
 Now rest their Spears, or lean upon their Shields;
 Ceas'd is the War, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and *Sparta's* King advance;
 In single Fight to toss the beamy Lance; 180
 Each met in Arms the Fate of combat tries,
 Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
 This said, the many colour'd Maid inspires
 Her Husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
 Her Country, Parents, all that once were dear, 185
 Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
 O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
 And softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
 Her Handmaids *Clymène* and *Æthra* wait
 Her silent footsteps to the *Scaan* gate. 190
 There sate the Seniors of the *Trojan* Race,
 (Old *Priam's* Chiefs, and most in *Priam's* grace)

The

The King the first; *Thymates* at his side;
Lampus and *Clytius*, long in Council try'd;
Panthus, and *Hicetion*, once the strong; 195
 And next the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage *Ucalegon*,
 Lean'd on the Walls, and bask'd before the Sun.
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, 200
 In Summer-days like Grasshoppers rejoice,
 A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
 These, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the Tow'r,
 In secret own'd resistless Beauty's pow'r:
 They cry'd, No wonder such Celestial Charms 205
 For nine long years have set the World in Arms;
 What winning graces! what majestick mien!
 She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen!
 Yet hence oh Heav'n! convey that fatal face, 210
 And from destruction save the *Trojan* Race.

The good old *Priam* welcom'd her, and cry'd,
 Approach my child, and grace thy Father's side.
 See on the plain thy *Grecian* Spouse appears,
 The Friends and Kindred of thy former years. 215
 No crime of thine our present sufferings draws;
 Not thou, but Heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
 The Gods these Armies and this Force employ.
 The hostile Gods conspire the Fate of *Troy*.
 But lift thy eyes, and say, what *Greek* is he 220
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)

Around

Around whose brow such martial graces shine;
So tall, so awful, and almost Divine?

Tho' some of larger stature tread the green;
None match his grandeur and exalted mien: 235
He seems a Monarch, and his Country's pride.
Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the Fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, Father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I dy'd, e're to these Walls I fled, 230
False to my Country and my nuptial bed,
My Brothers, Friends, and Daughter left behind,
False to them all, to *Paris* only kind!
For this I mourn, 'till Grief or dire Disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
The King of Kings *Atrides* you survey, 235
Great in the War, and great in Arts of sway.
My Brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a Brother's name!

With wonder *Priam* view'd the Godlike Man,
Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began. 240
O blest *Atrides*! born to prosp'rous Fate,
Successful Monarch of a mighty State!
How vast thy Empire! Of yon' matchless Train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
In *Phrygia* once were gallant Armies known, 245
In ancient time, when *Otreus*' fill'd the Throne,
When Godlike *Mygdon* led their Troops of Horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* Force:

Against

Against the manlike *Amazons* we stood;
And *Sangar's* stream ran purple with their blood. 250
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this *Grecian* Race.
This said, once more he view'd the martial Train:
What's he, whose Arms lie scatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255
Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately Ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the Flocks, surveys them round. 260

Then *Helen* thus. Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is *Ithacus* the wife:
A barren Island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious Earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began: 265
My self, o King! have seen that wondrous Man;
When trusting *Jove* and hospitable laws,
To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* cause;
(Great *Menelaus* urg'd the same request)
My House was honour'd with each Royal Guest: 270
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in Arms, and both approv'd in Arts.
Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our view,
Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
When *Atreus's* Son harangu'd the list'ning train, 275
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

HOMER'S ILLIAD,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
 But when *Ulysses* rose, in thought profound,
 His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, 280
 As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
 Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand;
 But, when he speaks, what Elocution flows!
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows
 The copious accents fall, with easy art, 285
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
 Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.
 The King then ask'd, as yet the Camp he view'd,
 What Chief is that with giant strength endu'd, 290
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
 And lofty stature far exceed the rest?
Ajax, the great, the beauteous Queen reply'd,
 Himself a Host; the *Grecian* strength and pride.
 See! bold *Idomeneus* superior tow'rs 295
 Amidst yon' circle of his *Cretan* Pow'rs,
 Great as a God! I saw him once before,
 With *Menelaus*, on the *Spartan* shore.
 The rest I know, and could in order name;
 All valiant Chiefs, and men of mighty Fame. 300
 Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain
Castor and *Pollux*, first in martial force,
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.

My

My Brothers these; the same our native shore, 305

One house contain'd us, as one Mother bore.

Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,

For distant *Troy* refus'd to sail the Seas:

Perhaps their Sword some nobler Quarrel draws,

Asham'd to combat in their Sister's cause. 310

So spoke the Fair, nor knew her Brothers doom,

Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;

Adorn'd with Honours in their native shore,

Silent they slept, and heard of Wars no more. 314

Meantime the Heralds, thro' the crowded Town,

Bring the rich Wine and destin'd Victims down.

Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,

Who thus the venerable King address.

Arise, o Father of the *Trojan* State!

The Nations call, thy joyful People wait, } 320

To seal the Truce and end the dire debate.

Paris thy Son, and *Sparta's* King advance,

In measur'd Lists to toss the weighty Lance;

And who his Rival shall in Arms subdue,

His be the Dame, and his the treasure too. 325

Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,

And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace;

So shall the *Greeks* review their native shore,

Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the Chiefs prepare

To join his milk-white Coursers to the Car: 331

He mounts the seat, *Antenor* at his side;
 The gentle Steeds thro' *Scaæ's* gates they guide:
 Next from the Car descending on the plain,
 Amid the *Grecian* Host and *Trojan* Train, 335
 Slow they proceed: The sage *Ulysses* then
 Arose, and with him rose the King of Men.
 On either side a sacred Herald stands,
 The wine they mix, and on each Monarch's hands
 Pour the full urn; then draws the *Grecian* Lord 340
 His Cutlace sheath'd beside his pondrous Sword;
 From the sign'd Victims crops the curling hair,
 The Heralds part it, and the Princes share;
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive Bands,
 He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345

O first and greatest Pow'r! whom all obey,
 Who high on *Ida's* holy mountain sway,
 Eternal *Jove*! and you bright Orb that roll
 From east to west! and view from pole to pole!
 Thou Mother *Earth*! and all ye living *Floods*! 350
 Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd Kings, and all who falsely swear!
 Hear, and be witness. If, by *Paris* slain,
 Great *Memelaus* press the fatal plain; 355
 The Dame and treasures let the *Trojan* keep,
 And *Greece* returning plow the watry deep.
 If by my Brother's Lance the *Trojan* bleed;
 Be his the wealth and beauteous Dame decreed:

Th' ap-

Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* justly pay, 360

And ev'ry Age record the signal day.

This if the *Phrygians* shall refuse to yield,

Arms must revenge, and *Mars* decide the field.

With that, the Chief the tender Victims slew,

And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: 365

The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,

And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.

From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,

And add Libations to the Pow'rs Divine.

While thus their Pray'rs united mount the Sky; 370

Hear mighty *Jove*! and hear ye Gods on high!

And may their blood who first the League confound,

Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;

May all their Consorts serve promiscuous lust,

And all their Race be scatter'd as the dust! 275

Thus either Host their imprecations join'd;

Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend *Priam* rose,

And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.

Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the Chiefs engage, 380

But spare the weakness of my feeble age;

In yonder walls that object let me shun,

Nor view the danger of so dear a son.

Whose Arms shall conquer, and what Prince shall fall

Heav'n only knows, for Heav'n disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary King no longer stay'd:

But on his Car the slaughter'd Victims laid,

Then seiz'd the reins his gentle Steeds to guide;
And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his side.

Bold *Hector* and *Ulysses* now dispose 390
The Lists of combat, and the ground inclose;
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launce his pointed Spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard thro' all the Bands: 395
Immortal *Jove*! high Heav'n's superior Lord,
On lofty *Ida*'s holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that Author of the War to Fate,
And Shades eternal! Let division cease, 400
And joyful Nations join in Leagues of Peace.

With eyes averted *Hector* hasts to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then *Paris*, thine leap'd forth, by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty Lance. 405
Both Armies fate, the Combate to survey,
Beside each Chief his azure Armour lay,
And round the List the gen'rous Coursers neigh. }
The beauteous Warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded Arms magnificently bright: 410
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's cors'let his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;

A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415
 Sustain'd the Sword that glitters at his side.
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head.
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. 420
 With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
 The *Spartan* Hero sheaths his limbs in Arms.

Now round the Lifts th' admiring Armies stand,
 With jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* Band.
 Amidst the dreadful vale the Chiefs advance, 425
 All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning Lance.
 The *Trojan* first his shining jav'lin threw;
 Full on *Atrides'* ringing shield it flew,
 Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
 Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground. 430
Atrides then his massy Lance prepares,
 In act to throw, but first prefers his Pray'rs.

Give me, great *Jove!* to punish lawless lust,
 And lay the *Trojan* gasping in the dust:
 Destroy th' Aggressor, aid my righteous cause, 435
 Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
 Let this example future times reclaim,
 And guard from wrong fair Friendship's holy name.

He said, and poiz'd in air the Jav'lin sent,
 Thro' *Paris'* shield the forceful weapon went, 440
 His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downward, near his flank descends.

The wary *Trojan*, bending from the blow,
 Eludes the death, and disappoints his Foe :
 But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his Sword and strook 445
 Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
 The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
 Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
 The raging Warrior to the spacious skies
 Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes: 450
 Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?
 And is it thus the Gods assist the just?
 When crimes provoke us, Heav'n success denies;
 The Dart falls harmless, and the Faulchion flies.
 Furious he said, and tow'rd the *Grecian* Crew 455
 (Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy Warrior drew;
 Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong
 That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the Chief along.
 Then had his ruin crown'd *Atrides'* joy,
 But *Venus* trembl'd for the Prince of *Troy*: 460
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
 And left an empty helmet in his hand.
 The casque, enrag'd, amidst the *Greeks* he threw;
 The *Greeks* with smiles the polish'd trophy view,
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465
 In thirst of vengeance, at his Rival's heart,
 The Queen of Love her favour'd Champion shrouds
 (For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
 Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
 And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470
 With

With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless *Helen* o'er the walls reclin'd:
To her, beset with *Trojan* Beauties, came 475
In borrow'd form, the * laughter-loving Dame, * *Venus*.
(She seem'd an ancient Maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowie fleece, and wind the twisted wool,)
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest
That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address. 480

Haste, happy Nymph! for thee thy *Paris* calls,
Safe from the Fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a Warrior parted from the Foe, 485
But some gay Dancer in the publick show.

She spoke, and *Helen's* secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the Champion, but the Man she lov'd.
Fair *Venus'* neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire. 490
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And Woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new Nations must I cross the Main, 495
Or carry Wars to some soft *Asian* plain?
For whom must *Helen* break her second Vow?
What other *Paris* is thy Darling now?

Left to *Atrides*, (Victor in the strife)
 An odious conquest and a captive Wife,
 Hence let me sail: And if thy *Paris* bear
 My absence ill, let *Venus* ease his care.
 A Hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
 Renounce the glories of thy Heav'nly state;
 Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* shore, 505
 His Spouse, or Slave, and mount the Skies no more.
 For me, to lawless love no longer led,
 I scorn the Coward, and detest his bed;
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,
 And keen reproach from ev'ry *Phrygian* Dame: 510
 Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
 Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus, incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen replies;
 Obey the Pow'r from whom thy glories rise:
 Should *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, 515
 Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
 Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
 The world's aversion, than their love before;
 Now the bright Prize for which mankind engage,
 Then, the sad Victim of the publick rage. 520

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
 And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
 Unseen, and silent, from the Train she moves,
 Led by the Goddess of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the Palace gate, 525
 The Maids officious round their Mistress wait;

Then

Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
 The Queen and Goddess to the Prince ascend,
 Full in her *Paris*' sight the Queen of Love
 Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of *Jove*; 530
 Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
 Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the Chief, who lost to sense of shame
 Late fled the Field, and yet survives his Fame?
 Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous Sword 535
 Of that brave Man whom once I call'd my Lord!
 The boaster *Paris* oft' desir'd the day
 With *Sparta*'s King to meet in single fray:
 Go now, once more thy Rival's rage excite,
 Provoke *Atrides* and renew the fight: 540
 Yet *Helen* bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
 Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The Prince replies; ah cease, divinely fair,
 Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
 This day the Foe prevail'd by *Pallas*' pow'r; 545
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
 There want not Gods to favour us above;
 But let the business of our life be love:
 These softer moments let delights employ,
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta*'s shore
 My forc'd, my willing heav'nly Prize I bore,
 When first entranc'd in *Cranaë*'s Isle I lay,
 Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away.

Thus

Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd *Phrygian* Boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.

Him *Helen* follow'd flow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming Hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yeild,
The stern *Atrides* rages round the field, 560
So some fell Lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the Troops of *Troy*;
Ev'n those had yielded to a Foe so brave 565
The recreant Warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus the King of Kings arose;
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous Foes!
Hear and attest! From Heav'n with Conquest crown'd,
Our Brother's Arms the just success have found: 570
Be therefore now the *Spartan* wealth restor'd,
Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful Lord,
Th' appointed Fine let *Ilion* justly pay,
And Age to Age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his Army's loud applauses rise, 575
And the long shout runs ecchoing thro' the skies.





T H E
F O U R T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Breach of the Truce, and the
first Battel.

THe Gods deliberate in Council concerning the Trojan War: They agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the Truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an Arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan Troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good General; he reviews the Troops and exhorts the Leaders, some by praises and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military Discipline. The Battel joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues thro' this, as thro' the last book (as it does also thro' the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The Scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

A N D

AND now *Olympus*' shining gates unfold;
 The Gods, with *Jove*, assume their Thrones of
 Immortal *Hebè*, fresh with bloom divine, [Gold:
 The golden goblets crowns with purple wine:
 While the full bowls flow round, the Pow'rs employ
 Their careful eyes on long-contended *Troy*. 6

When *Jove*, dispos'd to tempt *Saturnia*'s spleen,
 Thus wak'd the fury of his partial Queen.

Two Pow'rs divine the Son of *Atreus* aid,
 Imperial *Juno*, and the martial Maid; 10

But high in Heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
 The tame spectators of his deeds of war.

Not thus fair *Venus* helps her favour'd Knight,
 The Queen of pleasures shares the toils of Fight,
 Each danger wards, and constant in her care 15
 Saves in the moment of the last despair.

Her act has rescu'd *Paris*' forfeit life,
 Tho' great *Atrides* gain'd the glorious strife.

Then say ye Pow'rs! what signal issue waits
 To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates? 20
 Shall Heav'n by Peace the bleeding Kingdoms spare,
 Or rowze the Furies and awake the War?

Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous Bride,
 Still *Priam*'s walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
 And thro' his gates the crowding Nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heav'n enrag'd
 And Queen of War, in close consult engag'd.

Apart

Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
 And meditate the future woes of *Troy*. 30
 Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
 But *Juno*, impotent of passion, broke
 Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.

Shall then, o Tyrant of th' Æthereal Reign! 35
 My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
 Have I, for this, shook *Ilion* with alarms,
 Assembled Nations, set two Worlds in Arms?
 To spread the War, I flew from shore to shore;
 Th' immortal Coursers scarce the labour bore. 40
 At length, ripe Vengeance o'er their heads impends,
 But *Jove* himself the faithless Race defends:
 Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
 Not all the Gods are partial and unjust. 44

The Sire whose Thunder shakes the cloudy skies,
 Sighs from his immoist soul, and thus replies;
 Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
 To *Phrygia's* Monarch, and the *Phrygian* State!
 What high offence has fir'd the Wife of *Jove*?
 Can wretched Mortals harm the Pow'rs above? 50
 That *Troy* & *Troy's* whole race thou woud'st confound
 And yon' fair structures level with the ground?
 Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
 Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
 Let *Priam* bleed! If yet thou thirst for more, 55
 Bleed all his Sons, and *Ilion* float with gore;

To

To boundless Vengeance the wide Realm be giv'n;
 'Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!
 So let it be, and *Jove* his peace enjoy,
 When Heav'n no longer hears the name of *Troy*. 60
 But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
 On thy lov'd Realms whose guilt demands their Fate,
 Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
 Remember *Troy*, and give the Vengeance way.
 For know, of all the num'rous Towns that rise 65
 Beneath the rowling Sun, and starry skies,
 Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born Men enjoy;
 None stands so dear to *Jove* as sacred *Troy*.
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
 Than Godlike *Priam*, or than *Priam's* Race. 70
 Still to our name their Hecatombs expire,
 And Altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.
 At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
 Then on the Thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
 Three Towns are *Juno's* on the *Grecian* plains; 75
 More dear than all th' extended Earth contains,
Mycena, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* wall;
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
 'Tis not in me the Vengeance to remove;
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80
 Of pow'r superior why should I complain?
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
 Yet some distinction *Juno* might require,
 Sprung, with thy self, from one celestial Sire,

A Goddess born to share the Realms above ;
And styl'd the Consort of the thund'ring *Jove*.

Nor thou a Wife and Sister's right deny,
Let both consent, and both by turns comply :

So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,

And Heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90

See ready *Pallas* waits thy high commands,
To raise in Arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* Bands ;

Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,

And the proud *Trojans* first infringe the Peace.

The Sire of Men and Monarch of the Sky 95

Th' advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,

Dissolve the League, and all her arts employ

To make the breach the faithless act of *Troy*.

Fir'd with the charge, she head-long urg'd her flight,

And shot like light'ning from *Olympus'* height. 100

As the red Comet from *Saturnius* sent

To fright the nations with a dire portent,

(A fatal sign to Armies on the plain,

Or trembling Sailors on the wintry Main)

With sweeping glories glides along in air, 105

And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair :

Between both Armies thus, in open fight,

Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.

With eyes erect the gazing Hosts admire

The Pow'r descending, and the Heav'ns on fire : 110

The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,

And Fate now labours with some vast event :

Jove seals the League, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great Arbiter of Peace and Wars!

They said, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* throng 115
 (In shape a Mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
 Like bold *Laödocus*, her course she bent,
 Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high descent.
 Amidst the ranks *Lycaön's* Son she found,
 The warlike *Pandarus*, for strength renown'd; 120
 Whose Squadrons, led from black *Æsepus'* flood,
 With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: *Phrygian!* can'st thou hear
 A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
 What praise were thine, cou'd'st thou direct thy dart
 Amidst his triumph to the *Spartan's* heart? 126
 What gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* wou'd'st thou gain,
 Thy Country's foe, the *Grecian* glory slain?
 Then seize th'occasion, dare the mighty deed,
 Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130
 But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
 To *Lycian Phœbus* with the silver bow,
 And swear the firslings of thy flock to pay
 On *Zelia's* altars, to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135
 His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
 'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil;
 A mountain Goat resign'd the shining spoil,
 Who peirc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
 And sixteen palms his brows large honours spread: }

The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten Gold each taper point adorns.

This, by the *Greeks* unseen, the Warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends, 145

There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well strung bow.

One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.

Then offers vows with Hecatombs to crown 150
Apollo's Altars in his native Town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;

Close to his breast he strains the nerve below, 154

'Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;

Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,

Sounds the tough horn, & twangs the quiv'ring string.

But thee, *Atrides*! in that dang'rous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian Pow'r.

Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160

Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course.

So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,

The watchful Mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.

Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,

Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd, 165

She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,

Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove;

The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,

And raz'd the skin and drew the purple gore.

As when some stately trappings are decreed, 170
 To grace a Monarch on his bounding Steed,
 A Nymph in *Caria* or *Meönia* bred,
 Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
 With equal lustre various colours vie,
 The shining whiteness and the *Tyrian* dye. 175
 So, great *Atrides*! show'd thy sacred blood,
 As down thy snowie thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
 With horror seiz'd, the King of Men descry'd
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
 Nor less the *Sparjan* fear'd, before he found 180
 The shining barb appear above the wound.
 Then, with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,
 The Royal Brother thus his grief exprest,
 And grasp'd his hand; while all the *Greeks* around
 With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree 186
 The solemn Truce, a fatal Truce to thee!
 Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile Train,
 To fight for *Greece*, and conquer to be slain?
 The Race of *Trojans* in thy ruin join, 190
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
 Not thus our Vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
 Those hands we plighted, and those Oaths we swore,
 Shall all be vain: When Heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,
 Which *Troy's* proud glories in the dust shall lay,

When

When *Priam's* pow'rs and *Priam's* self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

I see the God, already, from the Pole 200

Bare his red arm, and bid the Thunder roll;

I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,

And shake his *Ægis* o'er their guilty head.

Such mighty woes on perjur'd Princes wait;

But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier Fate. 205

Still must I mourn, the period of thy days,

And only mourn, without my share of praise!

Depriv'd of thee, the heartless *Greeks* no more

Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore.

Troy seiz'd of *Helen*, and our glory lost, 210

Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:

While some proud *Trojan* thus insulting cries,

(And spurns the dust where *Menelaus* lies)

„ Such are the Trophies *Greece* from *Ilium* brings,

„ And such the conquests of her King of Kings! 215

„ Lo his proud Vessels scatter'd o'er the Main,

„ And unreveng'd his mighty Brother slain.

Oh! e're that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,

O'erwhelm me, Earth! and hide a Monarch's shame.

He said: A Leader's and a Brother's fears 220

Possess his soul, which thus the *Spartan* cheers:

Let not thy words the warmth of *Greece* abate;

The feeble dart is guiltless of my Fate:

Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,

My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound. 225

To whom the King. My Brother and my Friend,
 Thus, always thus, may Heav'n thy life defend!
 Now seek some skilful hand whose pow'rful art
 May stanch th' effusion and extract the dart;
 Herald be swift, and bid *Machaön* bring 230
 His speedy succour to the *Spartan* King;
 Pierc'd with a winged shaft (the deed of *Troy*)
 The *Grecian's* sorrow, and the *Dardan's* joy.

With hasty zeal the swift *Talthebius* flies;
 Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes, 235
 And finds *Machaön*, where sublime he stands
 In Arms encircled with his native Bands.
 Then thus: *Machaön*, to the King repair,
 His wounded Brother claims thy timely care;
 Pierc'd by some *Lycian* or *Dardanian* bow, 240
 A grief to us, a triumph to the Foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike Man;
 Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran:
 The dauntless King yet standing firm he found,
 And all the Chiefs in deep concern around. 245
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
 Strait the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd
 He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
 Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,
 Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æsculapius* us'd. 251

While round the Prince the *Greeks* employ their care;
 The *Trojans* rush tumultuous to the War;

Once more they glitter in refulgent Arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms. 255
Nor had you seen the King of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory, with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike Steeds he stay'd, 260
Or press'd the Car with polish'd brass inlay'd,
But left *Eurymedon* the reins to guide;
The fiery Couriers snorted at his side.
On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves
And these encourages, and those reproves. 265
Brave Men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift Steeds to face the coming War)
Your ancient valour on the Foes approve;
Jove is with *Greece*, and let us trust in *Jove*.
'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy* to dread, 270
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head;
Her Sons and Matrons *Greece* shall lead in chains,
And her dead Warriors strow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires,
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires. 275
Shame to your Country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the Fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting, thus the hunted deer 280
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the Foes, and still retire,
 'Till yon' tall Vessels blaze with *Trojan* fire?
 Or trust ye, *Jove* a valiant Foe shall chace,
 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard Race? 285

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
 To *Crete's* brave Monarch and his martial throng;
 High at their head he saw the Chief appear,
 And bold *Meriones* excite the rear.

At this the King his gen'rous joy exprest, 290
 And clasp'd the Warrior to his armed breast.

Divine *Idomeneus*! what thanks we owe
 To worth like thine, what praise shall we bestow?
 To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
 First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed. 295

For this, in Banquets when the gen'rous bowls
 Restore our blood, and raise the Warriors souls,
 Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
 Be still thy self, in Arms a mighty name; 300
 Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the *Cretan* thus his speech address;
 Secure of me, o King! exhort the rest:
 Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
 Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305
 But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
 To mix in fight is all I ask of Heav'n.
 The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
 And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd

Charm'd with this heat, the King his course pursues,
And next the Troops of either *Ajax* views: 311

In one firm orb the Bands were rang'd around,

A cloud of Heroes blacken'd all the ground.

Thus from the lofty promontory's brow

A Swain surveys the gath'ring storm below; 315

Slow from the Main the heavy vapours rise,

Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,

'Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,

The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:

He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock

To the close covert of an arching rock. 321

Such, and so thick, th' embattel'd Squadrons stood,

With spears erect, a moving iron wood;

A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,

And their brown Arms obscur'd the dusky fields. 325

O Heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,

Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,

(Exclaim'd the King) who raise your eager Bands

With great examples more than loud commands.

Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest 330

Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!

Soon should our Arms with just success be crown'd,

And *Troy's* proud Walls lie smoaking on the ground.

Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his course;

(His heart exults, and glories in his force) 335

There rev'rend *Nestor* ranks his *Pylian* Bands,

And with inspiring eloquence commands;

With strictest order sets his train in Arms,
 The Chiefs advises, and the Soldiers warms.
Alastor, *Chromius*, *Hamon* round him wait,
Bias the good, and *Pelagon* the great.
 The Horse and Chariots to the front assign'd,
 The Foot (the strength of War) he rang'd behind;
 The middle space suspected Troops supply,
 Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly. 345
 He gives command to curb the fiery Steed,
 Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
 Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
 No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
 The charge once made, no Warrior turn the rein,
 But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train. 351
 He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
 From forth his Chariot, mount the next in haste;
 Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the Car,
 Content with jav'lins to provoke the war. 355
 Our great Fore-fathers held this prudent course,
 Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
 By laws like these immortal conquests made,
 And Earth's proud Tyrants low in ashes laid.
 So spoke the Master of the martial art, 360
 And touch'd with transport great *Atrides'* heart.
 Oh! had'st thou strength to match thy brave desires,
 And nerves to second what thy Soul inspires!
 But wasting years that wither human race,
 Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365

What

What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any Chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd Prince *Atrides* cry'd:
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those:
The field of combat fits the young and bold, 376
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the Monarch march'd before,
And found *Menestheus* on the dusty shore, 381
With whom the firm *Athenian* Phalanx stands;
And next *Ulysses*, with his subject Bands.
Remote their Forces lay, nor knew so far
The Peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of War;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent 386
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The King, who saw their Squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the Chiefs reprov'd.

Can *Peteus*' Son forget a Warriors' part? 390
And fears *Ulysses*, skill'd in ev'ry art!
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which your selves neglect?

From

From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
 The shock of Armies, and commence the War. 395
 For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
 To share the pleasures of the genial feast;
 And can you, Chiefs, without a blush survey
 Whole Troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
 Say, is it thus those honours you requite? 400
 The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard; The Hero's warmth o'erspread
 His cheek with blushes; and severe, he said.
 Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
 Sheath'd in bright Arms, and but expect command,
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight, 405
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
 Then give thy Warrior-Chief a Warrior's due,
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the King replies;
 Oh great in action, and in council wise! 410
 With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
 Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
 Sage as thou art, and learn'd in humankind,
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415
 Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
 The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great *Tydidēs* lay,
 His Steeds and Chariots wedg'd in firm array:
 (The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his side) 420
 To whom with stern reproach the Monarch cry'd.

Oh

Oh Son of *Tydeus*! (he whose strength could tame
The bounding Steed, in Arms a mighty name)
Can'st thou, remote, the mingling Hosts descry
With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425

Not thus thy Sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless Prince appear'd.
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs, 430
A peaceful guest, he sought *Mycena's* tow'rs;
Armies he ask'd, and Armies had been giv'n,
Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbade from Heav'n;
While dreadful Comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the *Theban* War. 435

Next, sent by *Greece* from where *Asopus* flows,
A fearless Envoy he approach'd the foes;
Thebes' hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the Throne.
The Tyrant feasting with his Chiefs he found, 440
And dar'd to combat all those Chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty Lord;
For *Pallas* strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty Warriors lay; 455

Two Heroes led the secret Squadron on,
Maon the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon*;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.

Such

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Such *Tydeus* was, and such his martial fire; 430
Gods! how the Son degen'rates from the Sire?

No words the godlike *Diomed* return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce *Capaneus*' undaunted Son,
Stern as his Sire, the boaster thus begun. 435

What needs, o Monarch, this invidious praise,
Our selves to lessen, while our Sires you raise?
Dare to be just, *Atrides*! and confess
Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
With fewer Troops we storm'd the *Theban* Wall,
And happier, saw the sev'nfold City fall. 440
In impious acts the guilty Fathers dy'd;
The Sons subdu'd, for Heav'n was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parent's Fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 445

To him *Tydidēs* thus. My Friend forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the King revere:
His high concern may well excuse his rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose War we wage;
His the first praise were *Ilion's* Tow'rs o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own. 450
Let him the *Greeks* to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his Car; his ringing Arms resound. 455
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd *Tydidēs* rushing to the war.

As

As

As when the Winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the Seas,
The billows float in order to the shore, 480
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick *Battalions* throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands; 486
No sound, no whisper, but their Chiefs commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the *Trojans*; from their Host ascends 490
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the Milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills. 495
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each Host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires.
Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terror* reign; 500
And *Discord* raging bathes the purple plain:
Discord, dire Sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on Earth, & shakes the World around; 505
The

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The Nations bleed, where-e'er her steps she turns;
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew; 511
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515

As Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their ecchoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thousand chanel's to the Main;
The distant Shepherd trembling hears the sound: 520
So mix both Hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold *Antilochus* the slaughter led,
The first who strook a valiant *Trojan* dead:
At great *Echepolus* the lance arrives,
Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives,
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, 526
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

So sinks a Tow'r, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood.

* *Elphenor*. Him, the bold * Leader of th' *Abantian* throng 530
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corps along:
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the Hero's heart.

His flank, unguarded by his ample shield; 534
 Admits the lance: He falls, and spurns the field;
 The nerves unbrac'd support his limbs no more,
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and *Greeks* now gather round the slain;
 The War renews, the Warriors bleed again;
 As o'er their prey rapacious Wolves engage, 540
 Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair *Simoisus* fell,
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of Hell;
 Fair *Simoisus*, whom his Mother bore
 Amid the flocks on silver *Simois'* shore: 545

The Nymph descending from the hills of *Ide*,
 To seek her Parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy;
 And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date! by dreadful *Ajax* slain 550
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain.

So falls a poplar, that in watry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd;
 (Fell'd by some Artift with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel) 555

Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head;
 There left a subject to the wind and rain
 And scorch'd by Suns, it withers on the plain.

Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoisus* lies 560
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At *Ajax*, *Antiphos* his jav'lin threw;
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
 And *Leucus*, lov'd by wife *Ulysses*, flew:
 He drops the corps of *Simoisius* slain, 565
 And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.
 This saw *Ulysses*, and with grief enrag'd,
 Strode where the foremost of the Foes engag'd;
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
 In act to throw, but cautious, look'd around. 570
 Struck at his sight the *Trojans* backward drew,
 And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
 A Chief stood nigh who from *Abydos* came,
 Old *Priam's* Son, *Democoon* was his name;
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575
 Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of Death;
 Pond'rous he falls; his clanging Arms resound,
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580
 Seiz'd with affright the boldest Foes appear;
 Ev'n Godlike *Hector* seems himself to fear;
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
 The *Greeks* with shouts press on, and spoil the dead.
 But *Phæbus* now from *Ilion's* tow'ring height 585
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans be bold, and force with force oppose;
 Your foaming Steeds urge headlong on the Foes.

Not are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
 The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.

Apollo thus from *Ilium's* lofty Tow'rs
 Array'd in terrors, rowz'd the *Trojan* Pow'rs:
 While War's fierce Goddess fires the *Grecian* Foe, 595
 And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then great *Diores* fell, by doom divine;
 In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
 A broken rock the force of *Pirus* threw,
 (Who from cold *Aenus* led the *Thracian* crew) 600
 Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
 Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd sands,
 Before his helpless friends, and native Bands, }
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands; } 605
 The Foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
 And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
 His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground,
 And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold *Thoas* at the Conqu'ror sent, 610
 Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
 Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
 And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
 'Till from the dying Chief, approaching near,
 Th' *Aetolean* Warrior tugg'd his weighty spear: 615

Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round;
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound.
 The corps now breathless on the bloody plain;
 To spoil his Arms the Victor strove in vain;
 The *Thracian* Bands against the Victor prest, 610
 A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
 Stern *Thos*, glaring with revengeful eyes,
 In fullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two Heroes; one the pride of *Thrace*,
 And one the Leader of th' *Epeian* Race; 615
 Death's sable shade at once o'ercaft their eyes,
 In dust the Vanquish'd and the Victor lies.
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave Chief this martial scene beheld
 By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful field, 620
 Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
 And swords around him innocently play,
 The War's whole art with wonder had he seen,
 And counted Heroes where he counted Men. 625

So fought each Host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
 And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.



that as Sr. H. Savil observes we now begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because they have been least corrected. The prevailing passion of others is to discover new meanings in an Author, whom they will cause to appear mysterious purely for the vanity of being thought to unravel him. These account it a disgrace to be of the opinion of those that preceded them; and it is generally the fate of such people who will never say what was said before, to say what will never be said after them. If they can but find a word that has once been strain'd by some dark writer to signify any thing different from its usual acceptation, it is frequent with them to apply it constantly to that uncommon meaning, whenever they meet it in a clear writer: For reading is so much dearer to them than sense, that they will discard it at any time to make way for a criticism. In other places where they cannot contest the truth of the common interpretation, they get themselves room for dissertation by imaginary *Amphibologies*, which they will have to be design'd by the Author. This disposition of finding out different significations in one thing, may be the effect of either too much, or too little wit: for men of a right understanding generally see at once all that an Author can reasonably mean, but others are apt to fancy two meanings for want of knowing one. Not to add, that there is a vast deal of difference between the learning of a Critick, and the puzzling of a Grammarian.

It is no easy task to make something out of a hundred Pedants, that is not pedantical; yet this he must do, who would give a tolerable abstract of the former Expositors of *Homer*. The Commentaries of *Eustathius* are indeed an immense treasury of the *Greek* learning; but as he seems to have amassed the substance of whatever others had written upon the Author, so he is not free from some of the

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the foregoing censures. There are those who have said, that a judicious abstract of him alone might furnish out sufficient illustrations upon *Homer*. It was resolv'd to take the trouble of reading thro' that voluminous work; and the Reader may be assur'd, these remarks that any way concern the Poetry or art of the Poet, are much fewer than is imagin'd. The greater part of these is already plunder'd by succeeding Commentators, who have very little but what they owe to him: and I am oblig'd to say even of *Madam Dacier*, that she is either more beholden to him than she has confessed, or has read him less than she is willing to own. She has made a farther attempt than her Predecessors to discover the beauties of the Poet; tho' we have often only her general praises and exclamations instead of reasons. But her Remarks all together are the most judicious collection extant of the scatter'd observations of the Ancients and Moderns, as her Preface is excellent, and her Translation equally careful and elegant.

The chief design of the following Notes is to comment upon *Homer* as a Poet: whatever in them is extracted from others is constantly own'd; the remarks of the Ancients are generally set at length, and the places cited: all those of *Eustathius* are collected which fall under this scheme: many which were not acknowledg'd by other Commentators, are restor'd to the true owner; and the same justice is shewn to those who refus'd it to others.

I.

THE Plan of this Poem is form'd upon Anger and its ill effects; the Plan of *Virgil's* upon pious Resignation and its rewards: and thus every Passion or Virtue may be the foundation of the scheme of an Epic Poem. This distinction between two Authors who have been so successful, seem'd necessary to be taken notice of, that they who would

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imitate either may not stumble at the very entrance, or so curb their imaginations as to deprive us of noble morals told in a new variety of accidents. Imitation does nor hinder Invention : We may observe the rules of Nature , and write in the spirit of those who have best hit upon them , without taking the same track , beginning in the same manner , and following the main of their story almost step by step ; as most of the modern Writers of Epic Poetry have done after one of these great Poets.

I I.

VERSE 1.] *Quintilian* has told us , that from the beginning of *Homer's* two Poems the Rules of all *Exordiums* were deriv'd. , *In paucissimis versibus* , „ *utriusque operis ingressu , legem Proœmiorum non* „ *dico servavit , sed constituit.* „ Yet *Rapin* has been very free with this Invocation , in his *Comparison between Homer and Virgil* ; which is by no means the most judicious of his works. He cavils first at the Poet's insisting so much upon the effects of *Achilles's* anger ; that it was „ the cause of the woes of the *Greeks* , that it sent so many Heroes to the Shades , „ that their bodies were left a prey to birds and beasts , the first of which he thinks had been sufficient. One may answer , that the woes of *Greece* might consist in several other things than in the death of her Heroes , which was therefore needful to be specify'd : As to the bodies , he might have reflected how great a curse the want of burial was accounted by the Ancients , and how prejudicial it was esteem'd even to the Souls of the deceas'd. We have a most particular example of the strength of this opinion from the conduct of *Sophocles* in his *Ajax* ; who thought this very point sufficient to make the distress of the last Act of that Tragedy after the death of his Heroe , purely to satisfy the Audience that he obtain'd the rites of sepulture. Next he objects it as preposterous in *Homer* to desire the

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the Muse to tell him the whole story, and at the same time to inform her solemnly in his own person that it was the *Will of Jove* which brought it about. But is a Poet then to be imagin'd intirely ignorant of his subject, tho' he invokes the Muse to relate the particulars? May not *Homer* be allow'd the knowledge of so plain a truth, as that the Will of God is fulfill'd in all things? Nor does his manner of saying this infer that he *informs* the Muse of it, but only corresponds with the usual way of desiring information from another concerning any thing, and at the same time mentioning that little we know of it in general. What is there more in this passage? „ Sing, O Goddess, that wrath of „ *Achilles*, which prov'd so pernicious to the *Greeks*: „ We only know the effects of it, that it sent in- „ numerable brave Men to the Shades; and that it „ was *Jove's* will it should be so. But tell me, O „ Muse, what was the source of this destructive „ Anger? „ I can't apprehend what *Rapin* means by saying, it is hard to know where this Invocation ends, and that it is confounded with the narration, which so manifestly begins at *Ἀντὶς καὶ Διὸς βίης*. But upon the whole, methinks the *French* Criticks play double with us, when they sometimes represent the Rules of Poetry to be form'd upon the practice of *Homer*, and at other times arraign their Master as if he transgress'd them. *Horace* has said the *Exordium* of an Epic Poem ought to be plain and modest, and instances *Homer's* as such; and *Rapin* from this very rule will be trying *Homer* and judging it otherwise (for he criticises also upon the beginning of the *Odyssy*) But for a full answer we may bring the words of *Quintilian* (whom *Rapin* himself allows to be the best of Criticks) concerning these Propositions and Invocations of our Author. „ *Benevolum auditorem invocatione Dearum,* „ *quas praesidere Vatibus creditum est, intentum pro-*
posit.

6 OBSERVATIONS on

„ *positâ rerum magnitudine, & docilem summâ celebriter comprehensâ, facit.*

III.

VERSE I.] Μην αὖτε Θιὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆϊ.
Plutarch observes there is a defect in the measure of this first line (I suppose he means in the *Eta* of the Patronymick.) This he thinks the fiery vein of *Homer* making haste to his subject, past over with a bold neglect, being conscious of his own power and perfection in the greater parts; as some (says he) who make virtue their sole aim, pass by censure in smaller matters. But perhaps we may find no occasion to suppose this a neglect in him, if we consider that the word *Pelides*, had he made use of it without so many alterations as he has put it to in Πηληϊάδεω, would still have been true to the rules of measure. Make but a diphthong of the second *Eta* and the *Iota*, instead of their being two syllables (perhaps by the fault of transcribers) and the objection is gone. Or perhaps it might be design'd that the verse in which he professes to sing of violent anger should run off in the rapidity of Dactyles. This Art he is allow'd to have us'd in other places; and *Virgil* has been particularly celebrated for it.

I V.

VERSE 8. *Will of Jove.*] Plutarch in his Treatise of reading Poets, interprets Δίῳ in this place to signify *Fate*, not imagining it consistent with the goodness of the supreme being, or *Jupiter*, to contrive or practise any evil against Men. *Euseb. Stathius* makes (*Will*) here to refer to the promise which *Jupiter* gave to *Thetis*, that he would honour her Son by siding with *Troy* while he should be absent. But to reconcile these two opinions, perhaps the meaning may be that when *Fate* had decreed the destruction of *Troy*, *Jupiter* having the power

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power of incidents to bring it to pass, fulfill'd that decree by providing means for it. So that the words may thus specify the time of action, from the beginning of the Poem, in which those incidents work'd, 'till the promise to *Thetis* was fulfill'd, and the destruction of *Troy* ascertain'd to the *Greeks* by the death of *Hector*. However it is certain that this Poet was not an absolute *Fatalist*, but still suppos'd the power of *Jove* superior: For in the sixteenth *Iliad* we see him designing to save *Sarpedon* tho' the Fates had decreed his death, if *Juno* had not interposed. Neither does he exclude *free will* in Men; for as he attributes the destruction of the Heroes to the *Will* of *Jove* in the beginning of the *Iliad*, so he attributes the destruction of *Ulysses's* Friends to their own folly in the beginning of the *Odyssey*.

Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετίεσσιν ἀποσταλήσιν ἔλονται.

V.

VERSE 9. *Declare, O Muse.*] It may be question'd whether the first period ends at Διὸς δ' ἐπιλαίετο βεβλή, and the interrogation to the Muse begins with Εἰ δὲ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα---Or whether the period does not end 'till the words, Διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς, with only a single interrogation at Τίς τ' ἄρ σφάξει αὐτῶν---. I should be inclin'd to favour the former, and think it a double interrogative, as *Milton* seems to have done in his imitation of this place at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

--- Say first what cause

Mov'd our grand Parents? &c. And just after,

Who first seduc'd them to that soul revolt?

Besides that I think the Proposition concludes more nobly with the sentence *Such was the Will of Jove*. But the latter being follow'd by most editions, and

8 OBSERVATIONS on

by all the Translations I have seen in any language, the general acceptation is here comply'd with, only transposing the line to keep the sentence last; And the next verses are so turn'd as to include the double interrogation, & at the same time do justice to another interpretation of the words Εξ ἧς ἡρῆται *Ex quo tempore*; which marks the date of the quarrel from whence the Poem takes its rise. *Chapman* would have *Ex quo* understood of *Jupiter*, from whom the debate was suggested; but this clashes with the line immediately following, where he asks what God inspir'd the contention, and answers, it was *Apollo*.

V I.

VERSE 11. *Latona's Son.*] Here the Author who first invok'd the Muse as the Goddess of memory, vanishes from the Reader's view, and leaves her to relate the whole affair through the Poem, whose presence from this time diffuses an air of majesty over the relation. And lest this should be lost to our thoughts in the continuation of the story, he sometimes refreshes them with a new Invocation at proper intervals. *Eustathius*.

V I I.

VERSE 20. *The Sceptre and the laurel Crown.*] There is something exceedingly venerable in this appearance of the Priest. He comes with the Ensigns of the God he belong'd to; the laurel Crown, now carry'd in his hand to show he was a suppliant; and a golden Sceptre which the Ancients gave in particular to *Apollo*, as they did a silver one to the Moon, and other sorts to other Planets. *Eustathius*.

V I I I.

VERSE 23. *Ye Kings and Warriors.*] The art of this speech is remarkable. *Chryses* considers the constitution of the *Greeks* before *Troy*, as made up

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of troops partly from Kingdoms and partly from Democracies : wherefore he begins with a distinction which comprehends all. After this, as *Apollo's* Priest, he prays that they may obtain the two blessings they had most in view ; the conquest of *Troy*, and a safe return. Then as he names his petition, he offers an extraordinary ransom, and concludes with bidding them fear the God if they refuse it; like one who from his office seems to foresee their misery and exhorts them to shun it. Thus he endeavours to work by the art of a general application, by Religion, by interest, and the insinuation of danger. This is the substance of what *Eustathius* remarks on this place ; and in pursuance to his last observation, the epithet *avenging* is added to this version, that it may appear the Priest foretells the anger of this God,

I X.

VERSE 33. *He with pride repuls'd.*] It has been remark'd in honour of *Homer's* judgment, and the care he took of his Reader's morals, that where he speaks of evil actions committed, or hard words given, he generally characterises them as such by a previous expression. This passage is given as one instance of it, where he says the repulse of *Cbryses* was a proud injurious action on *Agamemnon* : And it may be remark'd that before his Heroes fall on one another with hard language, in this book, he still takes care to let us know they were under a distraction of anger. *Plutarch of reading Poets.*

X.

VERSE 41. 'Till Time shall rifle ev'ry youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd ;
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.]

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The Greek is *ἀντιόχου*, which signifies either making the bed, or partaking it. *Eustathius* and *Madam Dacier* insist very much upon its being taken in the former sense only, for fear of presenting a loose idea to the Reader; and of offending against the modesty of the *Muse* who is suppos'd to relate the Poem. This observation may very well become a Bishop and a Lady: But that *Agamemnon* was not studying here for civility of expression, appears from the whole tenour of his speech; and that he design'd *Chryseis* for more than a Servant-maid may be seen from some other things he says of her, as that he prefer'd her to his Queen *Clytemnestra*, &c. The impudence of which confession *Madam Dacier* herself has elsewhere animadverted upon. *Mr. Dryden* in his translation of this book, has been juster to the Royal passion of *Agamemnon*; tho' he has carry'd the point so much on the other side, as to make him promise a greater fondness for her in her old age than in her youth, which indeed is hardly credible.

*Mine she shall be, 'till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd and destroy'd her prime;
'Till then my nuptial bed she shall attend,
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend.
This for the night; by day the web and loom,
And homely household-tasks shall be her doom.*

Nothing could have made *Mr. Dryden* capable of this mistake but extreme haste in writing; which never ought to be imputed as a fault to him, but to those who suffer'd so noble a Genius to lie under the necessity of it.

X I.

VERSE 47. *The trembling Priest.*] We may take notice here, once for all, that *Horner* is frequently eloquent in his very silence. *Chryses* says not a word in answer to the insults of *Agamemnon*, but walks

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walks pensive along the shore, and the melancholy flowing of the verse admirably expresses the condition of the mournful and deserted Father.

Βῆ δ' ἀκίω' παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

X I I.

VERSE 61. *The fav'ring God attends.*] Upon this first prayer in the Poem *Eustathius* takes occasion to observe, that the Poet is careful throughout his whole work to let no prayer ever fall entirely which has justice on its side; but he who prays either kills his enemy, or has signs given him that he has been heard, or his friends return, or his undertaking succeeds, or some other visible good happens. So far instructive and useful to life has *Homer* made his Fable.

X I I I.

VERSE. 67. *He bent his deadly bow.*] In the tenth year of the Siege of *Troy* a Plague happen'd in the *Grecian* Camp, occasion'd perhaps by immoderate heats and gross exhalations. At the introduction of this accident *Homer* begins his Poem, and takes occasion from it to open the scene of action with a most beautiful Allegory. He supposes that such afflictions are sent from Heaven for the punishment of our evil actions, and because the Sun was a principal instrument of it, he says it was sent to punish *Agrmemnon* for despising that God and injuring his Priest. *Eustathius*.

X I V.

VERSE 69. *Mules and dogs.*] *Hippocrates* observes two things of plagues; that their cause is in the air, and that different animals are differently touch'd by them according to their nature or nourishment. This philosophy *Spondanus* refers to the plague here mention'd. First, the cause is in the air, by reason of the darts or beams of *Apollo*.
Sc-

Secondly, the mules and dogs are said to die sooner than the Men; partly because they have by nature a quickness of smell which makes the infection sooner perceivable; and partly by the nourishment they take, their feeding on the earth with prone heads making the exhalation more easy to be suck'd in with it. Thus has *Hippocrates* so long after *Homer* writ, subscrib'd to his knowledge in the rise and progress of this distemper. There have been some who have refer'd this passage to a religious sense, making the death of the Mules and Dogs before the Men, to point out a kind method of Providence in punishing, whereby it sends some previous afflictions to warn Mankind so as to make them shun the greater evils by repentance. This Monsieur *Dacier* in his notes on *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry calls a remark perfectly fine, & agreeable to God's method of sending plagues on the *Ægyptians*, where first horses, asses, &c. were smitten, and afterwards the Men themselves.

X V.

VERSE 74. *Thetis' God-like Son Convenes a Council.*] On the tenth day a Council is held to enquire why the Gods were angry. *Plutarch* observes, how justly he applies the characters of his persons to the incidents; not making *Agamemnon* but *Achilles* call this Council, who of all the Kings was most capable of making observations upon the Plague, and of foreseeing its duration, as having been bred by *Chiron* to the study of Physick. One may mention also a remark of *Eustathius* in pursuance to this, that *Juno's* advising him in this case, might allude to his knowledge of an evil temperament in the Air, of which she was Goddess.

X V I.

VERSE 79. *Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore*

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[*shore*, &c.] The artifice of this speech (according to *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* in his second discourse, *περὶ ἰσχυροποιήσεως*) is admirably carry'd on to open an accusation against *Agamemnon* whom *Achilles* suspects to be the cause of all their miseries. He directs himself not to the Assembly, but to *Agamemnon*; he names not only the plague but the War too, as having exhausted them all, which was evidently due to his family. He leads the *Augurs* he would consult, by pointing at something lately done with respect to *Apollo*. And while he continues within the guard of civil expression, scattering his insinuations, he encourages those who may have more knowledge to speak out boldly, by letting them see there is a party made for their safety; which has its effect immediately in the following speech of *Chalcas*, whose demand of protection shows upon whom the offence is to be plac'd.

X V I I.

VERSE 86. *By mystic dreams.*] It does not seem that by the word *ὀνείροπολος* an Interpreter of dreams is meant, for we have no hint of any preceding dream which wants to be interpreted. We may therefore more probably refer it to such who us'd (after performing proper rites) to lie down at some sacred place, and expect a dream from the Gods upon any particular subject which they desir'd. That this was a practice amongst them, appears from the Temples of *Amythia* in *Bœotia*, and *Podalirius* in *Apulia*; where the enquirer was oblig'd to sleep at the Altar, upon the skin of the beast he had sacrific'd, in order to obtain an answer. It is in this manner that *Latinus* in *Virgil's* seventh book goes to dream in the Temple of *Faunus*, where we have a particular description of the whole custom. *Strabo*, *Lib. 16.* has spoken
con-

concerning the Temple of *Jerusalem* as a place of this nature; „ where (says he) the people either „ dream'd for themselves, or procur'd some good „ dreamer to do it:“ By which it should seem he had read something concerning the visions of their Prophets, as that which *Samuel* had when he was order'd to sleep a third time before the Ark, and upon doing so had an account of the destruction of *Eli's* house: or that which happen'd to *Solomon* after having sacrific'd before the Ark at *Gibeon*. The same Author also has mention'd the Temple of *Serapis* in his seventeenth book as a place for receiving Oracles by dreams.

X V I I I.

VERSE 97. *Belov'd of Jove, Achilles!*] These appellations of praise and honour with which the Heroes in *Homer* so frequently salute each other, were agreeable to the style of the ancient times, as appears from several of the like nature in the Scripture. *Milton* has not been wanting to give his Poem this cast of Antiquity, throughout which our first Parents almost always accost each other with some title that expresses a respect to the dignity of human-nature.

Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve.

Adam, Earth's hallow'd mould of God inspir'd.

Offspring of Heav'n & Earth, & all Earth's Lord &c.

X I X.

VERSE 115. *Not even the Chief.*] After *Achilles* had brought in *Chalcas* by his dark doubts concerning *Agamemnon*, *Chalcas* who perceiv'd them, and was unwilling to be the first that nam'd the King, artfully demands a protection in such a manner, as confirms those doubts, and extorts from *Achilles* this warm and particular expression „ that he would „ protect him even against *Agamemnon*, „ who, as he says, is now the greatest Man of Greece, to
hint

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hint that at the expiration of the War he should be again reduc'd to be barely King of *Mycena*. This place *Plutarch* takes notice of as the first in which *Achilles* shews his contempt of sovereign authority.

XX.

VERSE 117. *The blameless Priest.*] The epithet ἀνύμω or *blameless*, is frequent in *Homer*, but not always us'd with so much propriety as here. The Reader may observe that care has not been wanting thro' this Translation to preserve those epithets which are peculiar to the Author, whenever they receive any beauty from the circumstances about them: as this of *blameless* manifestly does in the present passage. It is not only apply'd to a Priest, but to one who being conscious of the truth, prepares with an honest boldness to discover it.

XXI.

VERSE 131. *Augur-accurst.*] This expression is not merely thrown out by chance, but proves what *Chalcas* said of the King when he ask'd protection, that he harbour'd anger in his heart. For it aims at the prediction *Chalcas* had given at *Aulis* nine years before, for the sacrificing his Daughter *Iphigenia*. *Spondanus*.

This, and the two following lines are in a manner repetitions of the same thing thrice over. It is left to the Reader to consider how far it may be allow'd, or rather praised for a beauty, when we consider with *Eustrathius* that it is a most natural effect of anger to be full of words and insisting on that which galls us. We may add, that these reiterated expressions might be suppos'd to be thrown out one after another, as *Agamemnon* is struck in the confusion of his passion, first by the remembrance of one prophecy, and then of another, which the same Man had utter'd against him.

XXII.

X X I I.

VERSE 143. *Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's Charms.*] Agamemnon having heard the charge which *Chalcas* drew up against him in two particulars, that he had affronted the Priest, & refus'd to restore his Daughter; he offers one answer which gives softening colours to both, that he lov'd her as well as his Queen *Clytemnestra* for her pfections. Thus he would seem to satisfy the Father by kindness to his Daughter, to excuse himself before the *Greeks* for what is past, and to make a merit of yielding her, and sacrificing his passion for their safety.

X X I I I.

VERSE 155. *Insatiate King.*] Here, where this passion of Anger grows loud, it seems proper to prepare the Reader, and prevent his mistake in the character of *Achilles*, which might shock him in several particulars following. We should know that the Poet rather study'd Nature than perfection in the laying down his characters. He resolv'd to sing the consequences of Anger; he consider'd what virtues and vices would conduce most to bring his moral out of the Fable, & artfully dispos'd them in his chief Persons after the manner in which we generally find them; making the fault which most peculiarly attends any good quality, to reside with it. Thus he has plac'd pride with magnanimity in *Agamemnon*, and craft with prudence in *Ulysses*. And thus we must take his *Achilles*, not as a meer heroick dispassion'd character, but as compounded of courage and anger; one who finds himself almost invincible, and assumes an uncontroll'd carriage upon the self consciousness of his worth; whose high strain of honour will not suffer him to betray his Friends or fight against them, even when he thinks they have affronted him; but whose inexorable resentment will not let him hearken to any terms

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terms of accommodation. These are the lights and shades of his character, which *Homer* has heighten'd and darkned in extreams; because on the one side Valour is the darling quality of Epic Poetry; and on the other, Anger the particular subject of this Poem. When characters thus mix'd are well conducted; tho' they be not morally beautiful quite through, they conduce more to the end, and are still poetically perfect.

Plutarch takes occasion from the observation of this conduct in *Homer*, to applaud his just imitation of Nature and truth, in representing virtues and vices intermixed in his Heroes: contrary to the paradoxes and strange positions of the Stoicks, who held that no vice could consist with virtue, nor the least virtue with vice. *Plut. de aud. Poetis.*

X X I V.

VERSE 169. *Great as thou art, and like a God in fight.*] The words in the original are *Σεισικον* 'Αγιάμω. *Ulysses* is soon after call'd *Διος*, and others in other places. The phrase of *Divine* or *God-like* is not used by the Poet to signify perfection in Men; but apply'd to considerable persons upon account of some particular qualification or advantage which they were possess'd of far above the common standard of mankind. Thus it is ascrib'd to *Achilles* on account of his great valour, to *Ulysses* for his preheminance in wisdom, even to *Paris* for his exceeding beauty, and to *Clytemnestra* for several fair endowments.

X X V.

VERSE 172. *First let the just equivalent.*] The reasoning in point of right between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* seems to be this. *Achilles* pleads that *Agamemnon* could not seize upon any other man's Captive without a new distribution; it being an invasion of private property. On the other hand,

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as *Agamemnon's* power was limited, how came it that all the *Grecian* Captains would submit to an illegal and arbitrary action? I think the legal pretence for his seizing *Briseis* must have been founded upon that law, whereby the Commander in chief had the power of taking what part of the prey he pleas'd for his own use: And he being obliged to restore what he had taken, it seem'd but just that he should have a second choice.

XXVI.

VERSE 213.

*And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?]*

The anger of these two Princes was equally upon the account of Women, but yet it is observable that they are conducted with a different air. *Agamemnon* appears as a Lover, *Achilles* as a Warrior: The one speaks of *Cbryseis* as a Beauty whom he valu'd equal to his Wife, and whose merit was too considerable to be easily resign'd; the other treats *Briseis* as a Slave, whom he is concern'd to preserve in point of honour, and as a testimony of his glory. Hence it is that we never hear him mention her but as his *spoils*, the *reward of War*, the *gift the Græcians gave him*, or the like expressions: and accordingly he yields her up, not in grief for a Mistress whom he loses, but in fullness for an injury that is done him. This observation is *Madam Dacier's*, and will often appear just as we proceed farther. Nothing is finer than the Moral shown us in this quarrel, of the blindness and partiality of mankind to their own faults; The *Gracians* make a War to recover a Woman that was ravish'd, and are in danger to fail in the attempt by a dispute about another. *Agamemnon* while he is revenging a Rape, commits one; and *Achilles* while he is in the utmost fury

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fury himself, reproaches *Agamemnon* for his passionate temper.

XXVII.

VERSE 225 *Fly, mighty Warriour.*] *Achilles* having threaten'd to leave them in the former speech, & spoken of his warlike actions; the Poet here puts an artful piece of spite in the mouth of *Agamemnon*, making him opprobriously brand his retreat as a flight, and lessen the appearance of his courage by calling it the love of contention and slaughter.

XXVIII.

VERSE 229. *Kings, the Gods distinguish'd care.*] In the original it is *Διοτρεφίς*, or *nurs'd by Jove*. *Homer* often uses to call his Kings by such epithets as *Διογενής*, *born of the Gods*, or *Διοτρεφίς*, *bred by the Gods*; by which he points out to themselves, the offices they were ordain'd for; and to their people, the reverence that should be pay'd them. These expressions are perfectly in the exalted style of the eastern Nations, and correspondent to those places of holy Scripture where they are call'd *Gods*, and *the Sons of the most High*.

XXIX.

VERSE 261. *Minerva swift descended from above.*] *Homer* having by degrees rais'd *Achilles* to such a pitch of fury as to make him capable of attempting *Agamemnon's* life in the Council, *Pallas* the Goddess of wisdom descends, and being seen only by him, pulls him back in the very instant of execution. He parlies with her a while, as imagining she would advise him to proceed; but upon the promise of such a time wherein there should be a full reparation of his honour, he sheaths his Sword in obedience to her. She ascends to Heaven, and he being left to himself, falls again upon his General with bitter expressions. The allegory here may be

allow'd by every Reader to be unforc'd: the prudence of *Achilles* checks him in the rathest moment of his anger, it works upon him unseen to others, but does not entirely prevail upon him to desist, 'till he remembers his own importance, & depends upon it that there will be a necessity of their courting him at any expence into the alliance again. Having perswaded himself by such reflections, he forbears to attack his General, but thinking that he sacrifices enough to Prudence by this forbearance, lets the thought of it vanish from him, & no sooner is Wisdom gone but he falls into more violent reproaches for the gratification of his passion. All this is a most beautiful passage, whose Moral is evident, and generally agreed on by the Commentators.

X X X.

VERSE 268 *Known by the flames that sparkled from her eyes.*] They who carry on this Allegory after the most minute manner, refer this to the eyes of *Achilles*, as indeed we must, if we entirely destroy the bodily appearance of *Minerva*. But what Poet designing to have his Moral so open, would take pains to form it into a Fable? In the proper mythological sense, this passage should be referr'd to *Minerva*; according to an opinion of the Ancients, who suppos'd that the Gods had a peculiar light in their eyes. That *Homer* was not ignorant of this opinion appears from his use of it in other places, as when in the third *Iliad* *Hekuba* by this means discover *Venus*: and that he meant it here is particularly asserted by *Heliodorus* in the third Book of his *Æthiopick History*. „ The Gods, „ says he, are known in their apparitions to Men „ by the fix'd glare of their eyes, or their gliding „ passage through the air without moving their feet; „ these marks *Homer* has us'd from his knowledge „ of the *Ægyptian* learning, applying one to *Pallas* „ and

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„and the other to *Neptune*. “ *Madam Dacier* has gone into the contrary opinion, and blames *Euthyphrus* and others, without overthrowing these authorities, or assigning any other reason but that it was not proper for *Minerva's* eyes to sparkle, when her speech was mild.

X X X I.

VERSE 298. *Thou dog in forehead.*] It has been one of the objections against the Manners of *Homer's* Heroes, that they are abusive. *Monfieur de la Motte* affirms in his Discourse upon the *Iliad*, that great Men differ from the vulgar in their manner of expressing their passion; but certainly in violent passions (such as those of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*) the great are as subject as any others to these sallies; of which we have frequent examples both from history and experience. *Plutarch*, taking notice of this line, gives it as a particular commendation of *Homer*, that „ he constantly affords „ as a fine lecture of Morality in his reprehensions „ and praises, by referring them not to the goods „ of fortune or the body, but those of the mind, „ which are in our power, and for which we are „ blameable or praise-worthy. Thus, says he, „ *Agamemnon* is reproach'd for impudence & fear, „ *Ajax* for vain bragging, *Idomeneus* for the love „ of contention, and *Ulysses* does not reprove even „ *Thersites* but as a Babblers, tho' he had so many „ personal deformities to object to him. In like „ manner also the appellations and epithets with „ which they accost one another, are generally „ founded on some distinguishing qualification of „ merit, as *Wise Ulysses*, *Hector equal to Jove in* „ *Wisdom*, *Achilles chief glory of the Greeks*, “ and the like. *Plutarch of reading Poets*.

X X X I I.

VERSE 299. *In ambush'd fights to dare.*] *Homer* has magnify'd the ambush as the boldest manner of fight.

fight. They went upon those parties with a few men only, and generally the most daring of the Army, on occasions of the greatest hazard, where they were therefore more expos'd than in a regular Battel. Thus *Idomeneus* in the thirteenth book expressly tells *Meriones* that the greatest courage appears in this way of service, each man being in a manner singled out to the proof of it. *Eustathius*.

XXXIII.

VERSE 309. *Now by this sacred Sceptre.*] *Spondanus* in this place blames *Eustathius*, for saying that *Homer* makes *Achilles* in his passion swear by the first thing he meets with; and then assigns (as from himself) two causes which the other had mention'd so plainly before, that it is a wonder they could be over-look'd. The substance of the whole passage in *Eustathius* is, that if we consider the Sceptre simply as wood, *Achilles* after the manner of the Ancients takes in his transport the first thing to swear by, but that *Homer* himself has in the process of the description assign'd reasons why it is proper for the occasion, which may be seen by considering it symbolically. First, that as the wood being cut from the tree will never re-unite and flourish, so neither should their amity ever flourish again, after they were divided by this contention. Secondly, that a Sceptre being the mark of power and symbol of justice, to swear by it might in effect be construed swearing by the God of power, and by Justice itself; and accordingly it is spoken of by *Aristotle*, 3. l. *Polit* as a usual solemn oath of Kings.

I cannot leave this passage without showing in opposition to some Moderns, who have criticiz'd upon it as tedious, that it has been esteem'd a beauty by the Ancients and engaged them in its imitation. *Virgil* has almost transcrib'd it in his 12. *Æn.* for the Sceptre of *Latinus*.

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK I. 23

*Ut sceptrum hoc, sceptrum dextrâ nam fortè gerebat,
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras;
Cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum,
Matre caret, posuitque comas & brachia ferro;
Olim arbor, nunc artificis manus are decoro
Inclusit. Patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.*

But I cannot think this comes up to the spirit or propriety of *Homer*, notwithstanding the judgment of *Scaliger* who decides for *Virgil* upon a trivial comparison of the wording in each, *l. 5. cap. 3. Poet.* It fails in a greater point than any he has mention'd, which is that being there us'd on occasion of a Peace, it has no emblematical reference to division, and yet describes the cutting of the wood and its incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as *Homer*. It is borrow'd by *Valerius Flaccus* in his third book, where he makes *Jason* swear as a Warriour by his Spear,

*Hanc ego magnanimi spoliûm Didymaonis hastam,
Ut semel est avulsa jugis à matre perempta,
Qua neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
Fida ministeria & duras obit horrida pugnas,
Testor. -----*

And indeed, however he may here borrow some expressions from *Virgil*, or fall below him in others, he has nevertheless kept to *Homer* in the Emblem, by introducing the oath upon *Jason's* grief for failing to *Colchis* without *Hercules*, when he had separated himself from the body of the *Argonauts* to search after *Hylas*. To render the beauty of this passage more manifest, the allusion is inserted (but with the fewest words possible) in this translation.

X X X I V.

VERSE 324. *Thy rashness made the bravest Greek thy Foe.*] If self-praise had not been agreeable to the haughty nature of *Achilles*, yet *Plutarch* has mention'd a case, and with respect to

him, wherein it is allowable. He says that *Achilles* has at other times ascrib'd his success to *Jupiter*, but it is permitted to a Man of merit and figure who is injuriously dealt with, to speak frankly of himself to those who are forgetful and unthankful.

X X X V.

VERSE 333. *Two Generations.*] The Commentators make not *Nestor* to have liv'd three-hundred years, according to *Ovid's* opinion; they take the word *γῆνα* not to signify a Century or Age of the world, but a Generation, or compass of time in which one set of Men flourish, which in the common computation is thirty years, and accordingly it is here translated as much the more probable.

From what *Nestor* says in this speech, *Madam Dacier* computes the age he was of, at the end of the *Trojan War*. The Fight of the *Lapithæ* and *Centaurs* fell out fifty five or fifty six years before the War of *Troy*: The quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* happen'd in the tenth and last year of that War. It was then sixty five or sixty six years since *Nestor* fought against the *Centaurs*. He was capable at that time of giving counsel, so that one cannot imagine him to have been under twenty: From whence it will appear that he was now almost arriv'd to the conclusion of his third Age, and about fourscore and five, or fourscore and six years of age.

X X X V I.

VERSE 339. *What shame.*] The quarrel having risen to its highest extravagance, *Nestor* the wisest and most aged Greek is rais'd to quiet the Princes, whose speech is therefore fram'd entirely with an opposite air to all which has been hitherto said, sedate and inoffensive. He begins with a soft
affecti-

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK. I 25

affectionate complaint which he opposes to their threats and haughty language; he reconciles their attention in an awful manner, by putting them in mind that they hear one whom their Fathers and the greatest Heroes have heard with deference. He sides with neither, that he might not anger any one, while he advises them to the proper methods of reconciliation; and he appears to side with both while he praises each, that they may be induc'd by the recollection of one another's worth to return to that amity which would bring success to the cause. It was not however consistent with the plan of the Poem that they should entirely be appeased, for then the Anger would be at an end which was propos'd as the subject of the Poem. *Homer* has not therefore made this speech to have its full success; and yet that the eloquence of his *Nestor* might not be thrown out of character by its proving unavailable, he takes care that the violence with which the dispute was manag'd should abate immediately upon his speaking; *Agamemnon* confesses that all he spoke was right, *Achilles* promises not to fight for *Briseis* if she should be sent for, and the Council dissolves.

It is to be observ'd that this character of authority and wisdom in *Nestor*, is every where admirably used by *Homer*, and made to exert itself thro' all the great emergencies of the Poem. As he quiets the Princes here; he proposes that expedient which reduces the Army into their order after the Sedition in the second book. When the *Greeks* are in the utmost distresses, 'tis he who advises the building the Fortification before the Fleet, which is the chief means of preserving them. And it is by his persuasion that *Patroclus* puts on the armour of *Achilles*, which occasions the return of that Heroe, and the conquest of *Troy*.

X X X V I I.

VERSE 394.-----No more Achilles draws
His conqu'ring sword in any Woman's cause.]

When *Achilles* promises not to contest for *Briseis*, he expresses it in a sharp despising air, *I will not fight for the sake of a Woman*: by which he glances at *Helena*, and casts an oblique reflection upon those Commanders whom he is about to leave at the Siege for her cause. One may observe how well it is fancy'd of the Poet, to make one Woman the ground of a quarrel which breaks an Alliance that was only form'd upon account of another: and how much the circumstance thus consider'd contributes to keep up the anger of *Achilles*, for carrying on the Poem beyond this dissolution of the Council. For (as he himself argues with *Ulysses* in the IXth *Iliad*) it is as reasonable for him to retain his anger upon the account of *Briseis*, as for the Brothers with all *Greece* to carry on a War upon the score of *Helena*. I do not know that any Commentator has taken notice of this sarcasm of *Achilles*, which I think a very obvious one.

X X X V I I I.

VERSE 413. *The ablutions.*] All our former English Translations seem to have err'd in the sense of this line; the word *λύματα* being differently render'd by them, *offals*, or *entrails*, or *purgaments*, or *ordures*, a gross set of ideas of which *Homer* is not guilty. The word comes from *λῦω*, *eluo*, the same verb from whence *ἰπιλουμαίνων* which precedes in the line, is deriv'd. So that the sense appears to be as it is render'd here [*They wash'd, and threw away their washings*] Perhaps this lustration might be used as a physical remedy in cleansing them from the infection of the Plague: as *Pausanias* tells us it was by the *Arcadians*, from whence

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK I. 27

whence he says the Plague was called *λόμῃ* by the Greeks.

X X X I X.

VERSE 430. *At awful distance silent.*] There was requir'd a very remarkable managment to preserve all the characters which are concern'd in this nice conjuncture, wherein the Heralds were to obey at their peril. *Agamemnon* was to be gratify'd by an insult on *Achilles*, and *Achilles* was to suffer so as might become his pride, and not have his violent temper provok'd. From all this the Poet has found the secret to extricate himself, by only taking care to make his Heralds stand in sight, and silent. Thus they neither make *Agamemnon's* Majesty suffer by uttering their message submissively, nor occasion a rough treatment from *Achilles* by demanding *Briseis* in the peremptory air he order'd, and at the same time *Achilles* is gratify'd with the opportunity of giving her up, as if he rather sent her than was forc'd to relinquish her. The art of this has been taken notice of by *Eustathius*.

X L.

VERSE 451. *She in soft sorrows.*] The behaviour of *Briseis* in her departure is no less beautifully imagin'd than the former. A French or Italian Poet had lavish'd all his wit and passion in two long speeches on this occasion, which the *Heralds* must have wept to hear; instead of which *Homer* gives us a fine picture of Nature. We see *Briseis* passing unwillingly along, with a dejected air, melted in tenderness, and not able to utter a word: And in the lines immediately following, we have a *contraste* to this in the gloomy resentment of *Achilles*, who suddenly retires to the shore and vents his rage aloud to the Seas. The variation of the numbers just in this place adds a great beauty
to

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to it, which has been endeavour'd at in the Translation.

X L I.

VERSE 458 *There bath'd in tears.*] *Eustathius* observes on this place that it is no weakness in Heroes to weep, but the very effect of humanity and proof of a generous temper; for which he offers several instances; and takes notice that if *Spohocles* would not let *Ajax* weep, it is because he is drawn rather as a Madman than a Heroe. But this general observation is not all we can offer in excuse for the tears of *Achilles*: his are tears of anger and disdain (as I have ventur'd to call them in the translation) of which a great fiery temper is more susceptible than any other; and even in this case *Hammer* has taken care to preserve the high character, by making him retire to vent his tears out of sight. And we may add to these an observation of which *Madam Dacier* is fond, the reason why *Agamemnon* parts not in tears from *Chryseis* and *Achilles* does from *Briseis*: The one parts willingly from his Mistress, and because he does it for his People's safety it becomes an honour to him: the other is parted unwillingly, & because his General takes her by force the action reflects a dishonour upon him.

X L I I.

VERSE 464. *The Thund'rer ow'd*] This alludes to a story which *Achilles* tells the Embassadors of *Agamemnon*, Il 9. That he had the choice of two fates; one less glorious at home, but blessed with a very long life; the other full of glory at *Troy*, but then he was never to return. The alternative being thus propos'd to him (not from *Jupiter*, but *Thetis* who reveal'd the decree) he chose the latter, which he looks upon as his due; since he gives away length of life for it: and accordingly when he complains to his Mother of the disgrace he lies under,

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It is in this manner he makes a demand of honour.

Mr. *de la Motte* very judiciously observes, that but for this fore-knowledge of the certainty of his death at *Troy*; *Achilles's* character could have drawn but little esteem from the Reader. A Heroe of a vicious mind, blest only with a superiority of strength, and invulnerable into the bargain, was not very proper to excite admiration; but *Homer* by this exquisite piece of Art has made him the greatest of Heroes, who is still pursuing Glory in contempt of death, and even under that certainty generously devoting himself in every action.

X L I I I.

VERSE 478. *From Thebè.*] *Homer* who open'd his Poem with the action which immediately brought on *Achilles's* anger, being now to give an account of the same thing again, takes his rise more backward in the story. Thus the Reader is inform'd in what he should know, without having been delay'd from entering upon the promis'd subject. This is the first attempt which we see made towards the poetical method of narration, which differs from the historical in that it does not proceed always directly in the line of time, but sometimes relates things which have gone before, when a more proper opportunity demands it, to make the narration more informing or beautiful.

The foregoing remark is in regard only to the first six lines of this speech. What follows is a rehearsal of the preceding action of the Poem, almost in the same words he had used in the opening it; and is one of those faults which has with most justice been objected to our Author. It is not to be deny'd but the account must be tedious, of what the Reader had been just before inform'd: and especially when we are given to understand it was no way necessary, by what *Achilles* says at the beginning, that *Thetis* knew the whole story already.

As to repeating the same lines, a practice usual with *Horner*, it is not so excusable in this place as in those where Messages are deliver'd in the words they were receiv'd, or the like; it being unnatural to imagine, that the person whom the Poet introduces as actually speaking, should fall into the self-same words that are us'd in the narration by the Poet himself. Yet *Milton* was so great an admirer and imitator of our Author, as not to have scrupled even this kind of repetition. The passage is at the end of his tenth book, where *Adam* having declar'd he would prostrate himself before God in certain particular acts of humiliation, those acts are immediately after describ'd by the Poet in the same words.

VERSE 514. *Oft hast thou triumph'd.*] The persuasive which *Achilles* is here made to put into the mouth of *Thetis*, is most artfully contriv'd to suit the present exigency. You, says he, must intreat *Jupiter* to bring miseries on the *Greeks*, who are protected by *Juno*, *Neptune*, and *Minerva*: Put him therefore in mind that those Deities were once his Enemies, and adjure him by that service you did him when those very Powers would have bound him, that he will now in his turn assist you against the endeavours they will oppose to my wishes. *Eustathius*.

As for the story itself, some have thought (with whom is *Madam Dacier*) that there was some imperfect tradition of the fall of the Angels for their rebellion, which the *Greeks* had receiv'd by commerce with *Aegypt*: and thus they account the Rebellion of the Gods, the precipitation of *Vulcan* from Heaven; and *Jove's* threatening the inferior Gods with *Tartarus*, in *Il.* 8. but as so many hints of Scripture faintly imitated. But it seems not improbable that the wars of the Gods, described by the Poets, allude to the confusion of the Elements before

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before they were brought into their natural order. It is almost generally agreed that by *Jupiter* is meant the *Æther*, and by *Juno* the *Air*. The ancient Philosophers suppos'd the *Æther* to be igneous, and by its kind influence upon the *Air* to be the cause of all vegetation: Therefore *Homer* says in the 14th *Iliad*, v. 346. that upon *Jupiter's* embracing his Wife, the Earth put forth its plants. Perhaps by *Thetis's* assisting *Jupiter*, may be meant that the watry Element subsiding and taking its natural place, put an end to this combat of the Elements.

X L V.

VERSE 523. *Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name.*] This manner of making the Gods speak a language different from Men (which is frequent in *Homer*) is a circumstance that as far as it widens the distinction between divine and human natures, so far might tend to heighten the reverence paid the Gods. But besides this, as the difference is thus told in poetry, it is of use to the Poets themselves: For it appears like a kind of testimony of their inspiration, or their converse with the Gods, and thereby gives a majesty to their works.

X L V I.

VERSE 554. *The Sire of Gods, & all the Ætherial Train,
On the warm limits of the farthest Main,
Now mix with Mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race.*]

The *Æthiopians*, says *Diodorus*, l. 3. are said to be the Inventors of Poems, Sacrifices, solemn meetings, and other honours paid to the Gods. From hence arose their character of piety, which is here celebrated by *Homer*. Among these there was an annual Feast at *Diospolis*, which *Eusebius* mentions, wherein they carry'd about the Statues of *Jupiter* and the other Gods, for twelve days according to their number: to which if we add the ancient cus-

tom

tom of setting meat before Statues, it will appear a Rite from which this fable might easily arise. But it would be a great mistake to imagine from this place, that *Homer* represents the Gods as eating and drinking upon earth: a gross notion he was never guilty of, as appears from these verses in the fifth Book, *ŷ. 340.*

Ἰχῶρ οἷον πίπτε ῥέσι μακάρεσσιν θεοῖσιν;
 Οὐ γὰρ σῖτος ἰδρύει πίνυς αἰδοῖται σῖτος,
 Τῆνικ' ἀναιμόνεις ἵπτι, καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλεῖνται.
 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins)

Macrobius would have it, that by *Jupiter* here is meant the *Sun*, and that the number twelve hints at the twelve Signs; but whatever may be said in a critical defence of this opinion, I believe the Reader will be satisfied that *Homer* consider'd as a Poet would have his machinery understood upon that system of the Gods which is properly *Gracian*.

One may take notice here, that it were to be wish'd some passage were found in any authentick Author that might tell us the time of the year when the *Æthiopians* kept this Festival at *Diospolis*: For from thence one might determine the precise season of the year wherein the actions of the *Iliad* are represented to have happen'd; and perhaps by that means farther explain'd the beauty & propriety of many passages in the Poem.

X L V I I.

VERSE 600. *The sacrifice.*] If we consider this passage, it is not made to shine in Poetry: All that can be done is to give it numbers. and endeavour to set the particulars in a distinct view. But if we take it in another light, and as a piece of learning, it is valuable for being the most exact account of the ancient Sacrifices any where left us. There is first the purification, by washing of hands. Second-

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Secondly the offering up of prayers. Thirdly the *mola*, or barley cakes thrown upon the victim. Fourthly the manner of killing it with the head turn'd upwards to the celestial Gods; as they turn'd it downwards when they offer'd to the Infernals. Fifthly their selecting the thighs and fat for their Gods as the best of the sacrifice, and the disposing about them pieces cut from every part for a representation of the whole (Hence the thighs, or *μῆσα*, are frequently us'd in *Homer* and the *Greek* Poets for the whole victim.) Sixthly the libation of wine. Seventhly consuming the thighs in the fire of the altar. Eighthly the Sacrificers dressing and feasting on the rest, with joy and hymns to the Gods. Thus punctually have the ancient Poets, and in particular *Homer*, written with a care and respect to Religion. One may question whether any country, as much a stranger to Christianity as we are to Heathenism, might be so well inform'd by our Poets in the worship belonging to any profession of Religion at present.

I am obliged to take notice how intirely Mr. *Dryden* has mistaken the sense of this passage, and the custom of Antiquity; for in his translation, the cakes are thrown into the fire, instead of being cast on the victim; the Sacrificers are made to eat the thighs and whatever belong'd to the Gods; and no part of the victim is consum'd for a burnt-offering; so that in effect there is no sacrifice at all. Some of the mistakes (particularly that of turning the roast-meat on the spits, which was not known in *Homer's* days) he was led into by *Chapman's* translation.

X L V I I I.

VERSE 681. *The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable* [sign.] There are among men three things by which the efficacy of a promise may be made void; the

design not to perform it, the want of power to bring it to pass, & the instability of our tempers; from all which *Homer* saw that the Divinity must be exempted, and therefore he describes the *Nod*, or ratification of *Jupiter's* word, as *faithful*, in opposition to *fraud*; *sure* of being perform'd, in opposition to *weakness*; and *irrevocable*, in opposition to our *repenting* of a promise. *Eustathius*.

X L I X.

VERSE 683. *He spoke, and awful bends.*] This description of the majesty of *Jupiter* has something exceedingly grand & venerable. *Macrobius* reports, that *Phidias* having made his *Olympian Jupiter*, which pass'd for one of the greatest miracles of art, he was ask'd from what pattern he fram'd so divine a figure; and answer'd, it was from that archetype which he found in these lines of *Homer*. The same Author has also taken notice of *Virgil's* imitating it, l. 10.

*Dixerat, idque ratum Stygii per flumina Fratris,
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas,
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Qlympum.*

Here indeed he has preserv'd the *Nod* with its stupendous effect, the making the Heavens tremble. But he has neglected the description of the eyebrows and the hair, those chief pieces of imagery from whence the Artist took the idea of a countenance proper for the King of Gods & Men.

Thus far *Macrobius*, whom *Scaliger* answers in this manner: *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut nos ludis Phidias: Etiam sine Homero puto illum scisse, Jovem non carere superciliis & casaric.*

L.

VERSE 694. *Jove assumes the Throne.*] As *Homer* makes the first Council of his Men to be one continued scene of anger, whereby the *Gracian* Chiefs became divided, so he makes the first meeting of the Gods to be spent in the same passion; whereby

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whereby *Jupiter* is more fix'd to assist the *Trojans* and *Juno* more incens'd against them. Thus the design of the Poem goes on: the anger which began the book, overspreads all existent beings by the latter end of it: Heaven and Earth become engag'd in the subject, by which it rises to a great importance in the Reader's eyes, & is hasten'd forward into the briskest scenes of action that can be fram'd upon that violent passion:

L I.

VERSE 698. *Say, artful manager.*] The Gods and Goddesses being describ'd with all the desires and pleasures, the passions and humours of mankind, the Commentators have taken a licence from thence to draw not only moral observations, but also satyrical reflections out of this part of the Poet. These I am sorry to see fall so hard upon womankind, & all by *Juno's* means. Sometimes she procures them a lesson for their curiosity and unquietness, and at other times for their loud and vexatious tempers. *Juno* deserves them on the one hand, *Jupiter* thunders them out on the other, and the learned Gentlemen are very particular in enlarging with remarks on both sides. In her first speech they make the Poet describe the inquisitive temper of womankind in general, and their restlessness if they are not admitted into every secret. In his answer to this, they trace those methods of grave remonstrance, by which it is proper for Husbands to calm them: In her reply, they find it is the nature of Women to be more obstinate, for being yielded to: and in his second return to her, they see the last method to be used with them upon failure of the first, which is the exercise of sovereign authority.

Mr. *Dryden* has translated all this with the utmost severity upon the Ladies, and spirited the whole with satyrical additions of his own. But Madam

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Dacier (who has alsewhere animadverted upon the good Bishop of *Theſſalonica*, for his ſage admonitions againſt the fair Sex) has not taken the leaſt notice of this general defection from complaiſance in all the Commentators. She ſeems willing to give the whole paſſage a more important turn, and incline us to think that *Homer* deſign'd to repreſent the folly & danger of prying into the ſecrets of Providence. 'Tis thrown into that air in this Tranſlation, not only as it is more noble and inſtructive in general; but as it is more reſpectful to the Ladies in particular: nor ſhould we (any more than *Madam Dacier*) have mention'd what thoſe old fellows have ſaid, but to deſire their protection againſt ſome modern Criticks their diſciples, who may arraign this proceeding.

L I I.

VERSE 713. Roll'd the large orbs.] This Greek is Βούτις πόρεια "Hen, which is commonly tranſlated the venerable Ox-ey'd Juno. *Madam Dacier* very well obſerves that Βού is only an augmentative particle, and ſignifies no more than *valde*. It may be added, that the imagination that oxen have larger eyes than ordinary is ill grounded, and has no foundation in truth; their eyes are no larger in proportion than thoſe of Men, or of moſt other animals. But be it as it will, the deſign of the Poet which is only to expreſs the largeneſs of her eyes, is answer'd in the paraphraſe.

L I I I.

VERSE 741. Thus interpos'd the Architect divine.] This quarrel of the Gods being come to its height, the Poet makes *Vulcan* interpoſe, who freely puts them in mind of pleaſure, inoffenſively adviſes *Juno*, illuſtrates his advice by an example of his own miſfortune, turning the jeſt on himſelf to enliven the banquet; and concludes the part he

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is to support with serving *Nectar* about. *Homer* had here his *Minerva* or *Wisdom* to interpose again, and every other quality of the mind resided in Heaven under the appearance of some Deity: So that his introducing *Vulcan*, proceeded not from a want of choice, but an insight into nature. He knew that a friend to mirth often diverts or stops quarrels; especially when he contrives to submit himself to the laugh, and prevails on the angry to part in good humour or in a disposition to friendship; when grave representations are sometimes reproaches, sometimes lengthen the debate by occasioning defences, and sometimes introduce new parties into the consequences of it.

L I V.

VERSE 760. *Once in your cause I felt his matchless might.*] They who search another vein of allegory for hidden knowledges in natural philosophy, have consider'd *Jupiter* and *Juno* as *Heaven* and the *Air*, whose alliance is interrupted when the air is troubled above, but restor'd again when it is clear'd by *heat*, or *Vulcan* the God of heat. Him they call a divine Artificer, from the activity or general use of fire in working. They suppose him to be born in Heaven, where Philosophers say that element has its proper place, and is thence deriv'd to the Earth, which is signify'd by the fall of *Vulcan*; that he fell in *Lemnos*, because that Island abounds with subterranean fires; and that he contracted a lameness or imperfection by the fall; the fire not being so pure and active below, but mix'd and terrestrial. *Eustathius*.

L V.

VERSE 767. *Which with a smile the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.*] The epithet λευκάρινος, or *white-arm'd*, is used by *Homer* several times before in this book. This was the first passage where it could be introduced with any ease or grace, be-
cause

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cause the action she is here describ'd in, of extending her arm to the cup, gives it an occasion of displaying its beauties, and in a manner demands the epithet.

L V I.

VERSE 771. *Laughter shakes the skies.*] *Vulcan* design'd to move laughter by taking upon him the office of *Hebe* and *Ganymede*, with his awkward limping carriage. But tho' he prevail'd, and *Homer* tells you the Gods did laugh, yet he takes care not to mention a word of his lameness. It would have been cruel in him and wit out of season, to have enlarg'd with derision upon an imperfection which is out of one's power to remedy.

According to this good-natur'd opinion of *Eustathius*, Mr. *Dryden* has treated *Vulcan* a little barbarously. He makes his character perfectly comical, he is the jest of the board, & the Gods are very merry upon the imperfections of his figure. *Chapman* led him into this error in general, as well as into some indecencies of expression in particular, which will be seen upon comparing them.

For what concerns the laughter attributed here to the Gods, see the Notes on B. V. v. 517.

L V I I.

VERSE 778. *Then to their starry domes.*] The Astrologers assign twelve houses to the Planets wherein they are said to have dominion. Now because *Homer* tells us *Vulcan* built a mansion for every God, the Ancients write that he first gave occasion for this doctrine.

L V I I I.

VERSE 780. *Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head.*] *Eustathius* makes a distinction between *κατάκειμαι* and *ὑπνῶσκω*; the words which are used at the end of this book and the beginning of the next, with regard to *Jupiter's* sleeping. He says *κατάκειμαι* only means lying down in a disposition to

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to sleep; which salves the contradiction that else would follow in the next book, where it is said *Jupiter* did not sleep. I only mention this to vindicate the translation which differs from *M. Dryden's*.

It has been remark'd by the Scholiasts, that this is the only book of the twenty four without any *Simile*, a figure in which *Homer* abounds every where else. The like remark is made by *Madam Dacier* upon the first of the *Odyssey*; and because the Poet has observ'd the same conduct in both works, it is concluded he thought a simplicity of style, without the great figures, was proper during the first information of the Reader. This observation may be true, and admits of refin'd reasonings; but for my part I cannot think the book had been the worse, tho' he had thrown in as many *Similes* as *Virgil* has in the first *Aeneid*.





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE SECOND BOOK,

O F

HOMER'S ILIAD.

I.

VERSE I. **N**OW *pleasing Sleep, &c.*] *Aristotle* tells us in the twenty sixth chapter of his *Art of Poetry*, that this place had been objected to by some Criticks in those times. They thought it gave a very ill idea of the military discipline of the *Greeks*, to represent a whole Army unguarded, and all the Leaders asleep: They also pretended it was ridiculous to describe all the Gods sleeping besides *Jupiter*. To both these *Aristotle* answers, that nothing is more usual or allowable than that figure which puts *all* for the *greater part*. One may add with respect to the latter criticism, that nothing could give a better image of the superiority of *Jupiter* to the other Gods (or of the supreme Being to all second causes) than the vigilancy here ascribed to him, over all things divine and human.

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I I.

VERSE 9. *Fly hence, deluding Dream.*] It appears from *Aristotle, Poet. cap. 26.* that *Homer* was accus'd of impiety, for making *Jupiter* the Author of a lye in this passage. It seems there were anciently these words in his speech to the Dream; *Δίδου δὲ οἱ ἔυχ' ἀρίθαι*, *Let us give him great glory.* (instead of which we have in the present copies, *Τρώας δὲ κῆδ' ἐφ' ἔπειτα*) but *Hippias* found a way to bring off *Homer*, only by placing the accent on the last syllable but one, *Διδόμεν*, for *Διδόμεναι*, the Infinitive for the Imperative: which amounts to no more than that he bade the Dream to *promise* him great glory. But *Macrobius de somnio Scip. l. 1. c. 7.* takes off this imputation entirely, and will not allow there was any lye in the case. „ *Agamemnon* (says he) „ was order'd by the Dream to lead out *all* the Forces of the *Greeks* (*Παιρύν* is the word) and promised the victory on that condition: Now *Achilles* and his Forces not being summon'd to the Assembly with the rest, that neglect absolv'd *Jupiter* from his promise. „ This remark *Madam Dacier* has inserted without mentioning its Author. Mr. *Dacier* takes notice of a passage in the Scripture exactly parallel to this, where God is represented making use of the malignity of his creatures to accomplish his judgments. 'Tis in 2. *Chron.* ch. 18. v. 19. 20. 21. *And the Lord said, Who will persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And there came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying Spirit in the mouth of all his Prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him and prevail also: Go forth and do so.* Vide *Dacier* upon *Aristotle*; cap. 26.

VERSE 20. *Descends and hovers o'er Atrides' head.*] The whole action of the *Dream* is beautifully natural, and agreeable to Philosophy. It perches on his head, to intimate that part to be the seat of the Soul: It is circumfused about him, to express that total possession of the senses which *Fancy* has during our sleep. It takes the figure of the person who was dearest to *Agamemnon*; as whatever we think of most when awake, is the common object of our dreams. And just at the instant of its vanishing, it leaves such an impression that the voice seems still to sound in his ear. No description can be more exact or lively, *Eustathius. Dacier.*

VERSE 33. *Draw forth th' embattel'd train, &c.*] The *Dream* here repeats the message of *Jupiter* in the same terms that he receiv'd it. It is no less than the Father of Gods and Men who gives the order, and to alter a word were presumption. *Homer* constantly makes his Envoys observe this practice as a mark of decency and respect. *Madam Dacier* and others have applauded this in general, and ask'd by what authority an Ambassador could alter the terms of his Commission; since he is not greater or wiser than the person who gave the charge? But this is not always the case in our Author, who not only makes use of this conduct with respect to the orders of a higher power, but in regard to equals also; as when one Goddess desires another to represent such an affair, and she immediately takes the words from her mouth and repeats them, of which we have an instance in this Book. Some objection too may be rais'd to this manner, when Commissions are given in the utmost haste (in a Battel or the like) upon sudden emergencies; where it seems not very natural to suppose a Man has time to get so many words by heart.

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heart as he is made to repeat exactly. In the present instance, the repetition is certainly graceful, tho' *Zenodotus* thought it not so the third time, when *Agamemnon* tells his dream to the Council, I do not pretend to decide upon the point: For tho' the reverence of the repetition seem'd less needful in that place than when it was deliver'd immediately from *Jupiter*; yet, as *Eustathius* observes, it was necessary for the Assembly to know the circumstances of this dream, that the truth of the relation might be unsuspected.

V.

VERSE 93. *Now valiant Chiefs, &c.*] The best Commentary extant upon the first part of this Book is in *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, who has gives us an admirable explication of this whole conduct of *Agamemnon* in his second Treatise *Περὶ ἱστορίας*. He says, „ This Prince had „ nothing so much at heart as to draw the *Greeks* „ to a Battel, yet knew not how to proceed with- „ out *Achilles*, who had just retir'd from the „ Army; and he was apprehensive that the *Greeks* „ who were displeas'd at the departure of *Achilles*, „ might refuse obedience to his orders, should he „ absolutely command it. In this circumstance he „ proposes to the Princes in Council to make a „ tryal of arming the *Grecians*, and offers an expedient himself, which was that he should sound „ their dispositions by exhorting them to set sail for „ *Greece*; but that then the other Princes should be „ ready to dissuade and detain them. If any object „ to this stratagem that *Agamemnon's* whole scheme „ would be ruin'd if the Army should take him at „ his word (which was very probable) it is to be „ answer'd, that his design lay deeper than they „ imagine, nor did he depend upon his Speech „ only for detaining them. He had some cause to „ fear

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„fear the *Greeks* had a pique against him which
 „they had conceal'd , and whatever it was, he
 „judg'd it absolutely necessary to know it before
 „he proceeded to a Battel. He therefore furnishes
 „them with an occasion to manifest it , and at
 „the same time provides against any ill effects it
 „might have by his secret orders to the Princes.
 „It succeeds accordingly , and when the Troops
 „are running to embark , they are stop'd by
 „*Ulysses* and *Nestor*. “-----One may farther ob-
 serve that this whole stratagem is concerted in
Nestor's Ship , as one whose wisdom and secrecy
 was most confided in. The story of the Vision's
 appearing in his shape , could not but engage him
 in some degree : It look'd as if *Jupiter* himself added
 weight to his counsels by making use of that vene-
 rable appearance , and knew this to be the most
 powerful method of recommending them to *Agamemnon*. It was therefore but natural for *Nestor* to
 second the motion of the King , and by the help
 of his authority it prevail'd on the other Princes.

V I.

VERSE III. *As from some rocky cleft.*] This is
 the first Simile in *Homer* , and we may observe in
 general that he excels all Mankind in the number,
 variety , and beauty of his Comparisons. There
 are scarce any in *Virgil* which are not translated
 from him , and therefore when he succeeds best in
 them he is to be commended but as an improver.
Scaliger seems not to have thought of this when he
 compares the Similes of these two Authors (as
 indeed they are the places most obvious to
 comparison.) The present passage is an instance
 of it , to which he opposes the following verses
 in the first *Aeneid*. v. 434.

- *Qualis apes aestate novâ per florea rura
 Exercet sub sole labor , cum gentis adultos
 Educunt factus , aut cum liquentia mella*

Sibant,

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Stripant, & dulci distendunt nectare cellas:

Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto

Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent;

Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

This he very much prefers to *Homer's*, and in particular extols the harmony and sweetness of the versification above that of our Author, against which censure we need only appeal to the ears of the Reader.

Ἦντα ἔστι μλισσάων ἀδιάνων,

Πίττης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ ῥέον ἐρχομέναων,

Βοτρυδὲν δὲ πίτταιται ἐπ' ἀνδρῶν ἱερνοῖσιν,

Αἱ μὲν τ' ἔνθα ἄλῃς πιποτήσεται αἱ δὲ τι ἔνθα.

But *Scaliger* was unlucky in his choice of this particular comparison: There is a very fine one in the sixth *Æneid*, v. 707. that better agrees with *Homer's*: And nothing is more evident than that the design of these two is very different: *Homer* intended to describe the multitude of Greeks pouring out of the ships, *Virgil* the diligence and labour of the builders at *Carthage*. And *Macrobius* who observes this difference *Sat. l. 5. c. 11.* should also have found, that therefore the similes ought not to be compar'd together. The beauty of *Homer's* is not inferior to *Virgil's*, if we consider with what exactness it answers to its end. It consists of three particulars; the vast number of the Troops is express'd in the swarms, their tumultuous manner of issuing out of the ships, and the perpetual egression which seem'd without end, are imaged in the Bees pouring out of the rock; and lastly their dispersion over all the shore, in their descending on the flowers in the vales. *Spondanus* was therefore mistaken when he thought the whole application of this comparison lay in the single word ἱερνοῖσιν, *cateruatim*, as *Chapman* has justly observ'd.

V I I.

VERSE 121. *Fame flies before.*] This assembling of the Army is full of beauties: The lively description of their overspreading the field, the noble boldness of the figure when Fame is represented in person shining at their head, the universal tumult succeeded by a solemn silence; and lastly the graceful rising of *Agamemnon*, all contribute to cast a majesty on this part. In the passage of the *Sceptre*, *Homer* has found an artful and poetical manner of acquainting us with the high descent of *Agamemnon*, and celebrating the *Hereditary right* of his family; as well as finely hinted the original of his power to be deriv'd from Heaven, in saying the *Sceptre* was first the gift of *Jupiter*. It is with reference to this that in the line where he first mentions it, he calls it "*Ἀφ' Ἰδίου αἰσὶ*", and accordingly it is translated in that place.

V I I I.

VERSE 138. *And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd.*] The remarks of *Dionysius* upon this Speech I shall give the Reader altogether, tho they lie scatter'd in his two discourses *περὶ ἱστορίας*, the second of which is in a great degree but a repetition of the precepts & examples of the first. This happen'd, I believe, from his having compos'd them at distinct times and upon different occasions.

„ It is an exquisite piece of art, when you
 „ seem to aim at persuading one thing, and at the
 „ same time inforce the contrary. This kind of
 „ Rhetorick is of great use in all occasions of dan-
 „ ger; and of this *Homer* has afforded a most
 „ powerful example in the Oration of *Agamen-
 „ non*. 'Tis a method perfectly wonderful, and
 „ even carries in it an appearance of absurdity; for
 „ all that we generally esteem the faults of Oratory,
 „ by

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„by this means become the virtues of it. Nothing
 „is look'd upon as a greater error in a Rhetori-
 „cian than to alledge such arguments as either are
 „easily answer'd, or may be retorted upon him-
 „self; the former is a weak part, the latter a
 „dangerous one; and *Agamemnon* here designedly
 „deals in both. For it is plain that if a Man must
 „not use weak arguments, or such as may make
 „against him, when he intends to persuade the
 „thing he says; then on the other side, when
 „he does not intend it, he must observe the con-
 „trary proceeding, and make what are the faults
 „of Oratory in general, the excellencies of that
 „Oration in particular, or otherwise he will con-
 „tradict his own intention and persuade the con-
 „trary to what he means. *Agamemnon* begins
 „with an argument easily answer'd, by telling
 „them that *Jupiter* had promis'd to crown their
 „Arms with Victory. For if *Jupiter* had pro-
 „mis'd this, it was a reason for their stay in the
 „Camp. But now (says he) *Jove* has deceiv'd us,
 „and we must return with ignominy. This is ano-
 „ther of the same kind, for it shews what a dis-
 „grace it is to return. What follows is of the
 „second sort and may be turn'd against him. *Jove*
 „will have it so: For which they have only *Ag-*
 „*memnon's* word, but *Jove's* own promise for the
 „contrary. That God has overthrown many Cities,
 „and will yet overturn many others. This was a
 „strong reason to stay, and put their confidence
 „in him. It is shameful to have it told to all pos-
 „terity that so many thousand Greeks, after a
 „War of so long continuance, at last return'd home
 „baffled and unsuccessful. All this might have been
 „said by a profess'd adversary to the cause he pleads,
 „and indeed is the same thing *Ulysses* says elsewhere
 „in reproach of their flight. The conclusion
 „evidently shews the intent of the Speaker. *Haste*
 „then,

„then, let us fly; *φύγαντι*, the word which of
 „all others was most likely to prevail upon them
 „to stay; the most open term of disgrace he could
 „possibly have us'd; 'Tis the same which *Juno*
 „makes use of to *Minerva*, *Minerva* to *Ulysses*,
 „and *Ulysses* again to the Troops, to dissuade their
 „return; the same which *Agamemnon* himself had
 „used to insult *Achilles*, and which *Homer* never
 „employs but with the mark of cowardice and
 „infamy.

This same Author farther observes, „ that this
 „whole Oration has the air of being spoken in a
 „passion. It begins with a stroke of the greatest
 „rashness and impatience. *Jupiter has been unjust*,
 „*Heaven has deceiv'd us*. This renders all he shall
 „say of the less authority, at the same time that
 „it conceals his own artifice; for his anger seems
 „to account for the incongruities he utters. “ I
 could not suppress so fine a remark, tho' it falls out
 of the order of those which precede it.

Before I leave this article, I must take notice
 that this speech of *Agamemnon* is again put into
 his mouth in the ninth *Iliad*, and (according to
Dionysius) for the same purpose, to detain the
 Army at the Siege after a defeat; tho' it seems
 unartful to put the same trick twice upon the *Greeks*
 by the same person, and in the same words too.
 We may indeed suppose the first feint to have
 remain'd undiscover'd; but at best it is a manage-
 ment in the Poet not very entertaining to the Read-
 ers.

I X.

VERSE 155. *So small their number, &c.*] This
 part has a low air in comparison with the rest of
 the speech. *Scaliger* calls it *tabernariam orationem*:
 But it is well observ'd by *Madam Dacier*, that the
 image *Agamemnon* here gives of the *Trojans*, does
 not

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not only render their number contemptible in comparison of the *Greeks*, but their persons too. For it makes them appear but as a few vile Slaves fit only to serve them with wine: To which we may add that it affords a prospect to his Soldiers of their future state and triumph after the conquest of their Enemies.

This passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a computation of the number of the *Trojans*, which the learned *Angelus Politian* has offer'd at in his preface to Homer. He thinks they were fifty thousand without the Auxiliaries, from the conclusion of the eighth *Iliad*, where it is said there were a thousand funeral piles of *Trojans*, and fifty men attending each of them. But that the Auxiliaries are to be admitted into that number appears plainly from this place: *Agamemnon* expressly distinguishes the native *Trojans* from the Aids, and reckons but one to ten *Gracians*, at which estimate there could not be above ten thousand *Trojans*. See the Notes on the Catalogue.

X.

VERSE 163. ———— Decay'd our Vessels lie,
And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.

This, and some other passages, are here translated correspondent to the general air and sense of this speech, rather than just to the letter. The telling them in this place how much their shipping was decay'd, was a hint of their danger in returning, as *Madam Dacier* has remark'd.

X I.

VERSE 175. *So roll the billows, &c.*] One may take notice that *Homer* in these two similitudes has judiciously made choice of the two most wavering and inconstant things in Nature, to compare with the multitude; the waves, and ears of corn. The first alludes to the noise and tumult of the people, in the breaking and rolling of the billows;

the second to their taking the same course, like corn bending one way; and both to the easiness with which they are mov'd by every breath.

X I I.

VERSE 243. *To one sole Monarch.*] Those persons are under a mistake who would make this sentence a praise of absolute Monarchy. *Homer* speaks it only with regard to a General of an Army during the time of his commission. Nor is *Agamemnon* styl'd King of Kings in any other sense, than as the rest of the Princes had given him the supreme authority over them in the Siege. *Aristotle* defines a King Στρατήγος γὰρ ἢ δὴ δικάσῃς ὁ βασιλεὺς, καὶ τῶν πρὸς τοὺς Κύριος; Leader of the War, Judge of controversies, and President of the ceremonies of the Gods. That he had the principal care of religious rites appears from many places in *Homer*; and that his power was no where absolute but in War: for we find *Agamemnon* insulted in the Council, but in the Army threatening deserters with death. He was under an obligation to preserve the privileges of his Country, pursuant to which Kings are called by our Author Δικασπῶλος, and Θμισπῶλος, the dispensers or managers of justice. And *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* acquaints us, that the old Grecian Kings, whether hereditary or elective, had a Council of their chief Men, as *Homer* and the most ancient Poets testify; nor was it (he adds) in those times as in ours, when Kings have a full liberty to do whatever they please. *Dion. Hal. lib. 2. Hist.*

X I I I.

VERSE 255. *Thersites only.*] The Ancients have ascrib'd to *Homer* the first sketch of *Satyrical* or *Comic* Poetry, of which sort was his Poem call'd *Margites*, as *Aristotle* reports. Tho' that piece be lost, this Character of *Thersites* may give us a taste

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of his vein in that kind. But whether ludicrous descriptions ought to have place in the *Epic Poem*, has been justly question'd: Neither *Virgil* nor any of the most approv'd Ancients have thought fit to admit them into their compositions of that nature; nor any of the best Moderns except *Milton*, whose fondness for *Homer* might be the reason of it. However this is in its kind a very masterly part, and our Author has shewn great judgment in the particulars he has chosen to compose the picture of a pernicious creature of wit; the chief of which are a desire of promoting laughter at any rate, and a contempt of his Superiors. And he sums up the whole very strongly, by saying that *Thersites* hated *Achilles* and *Ulysses*; in which, as *Plutarch* has remark'd in his Treatise of Envy and Hatred, he makes it the utmost completion of an ill character to bear a malevolence to the best men. What is farther observable is, that *Thersites* is never heard of after this his first appearance: Such a scandalous character is to be taken no more notice of, than just to shew that 'tis despised. *Homer* has observ'd the same conduct with regard to the most deform'd and most beautiful person of his Poem: for *Nireus* is thus mention'd once and no more throughout the *Iliad*. He places a worthless *Beauty* and an ill-natur'd *Wit* upon the same foot, and shews that the gifts of the body without those of the mind, are not more despicable, than those of the mind itself without virtue.

X I V.

VERSE 275. *Amidst the glories.*] 'Tis remark'd by *Dionysius Halicar.* in his Treatise of the examination of Writers, that there could not be a better artifice thought on to recal the Army to their obedience, than this of our Author. When they were offended at their General in favour of *Achilles*, nothing could more weaken *Achilles's* interest than to

make such a fellow as *Thersites* appear of his party; whose impertinence would give them a disgust of thinking or acting like him. There is no surer method to reduce generous Spirits, than to make them see they are pursuing the same views with people of no merit, and such whom they cannot forbear despising themselves. Otherwise there is nothing in this speech but what might become the mouth of *Nestor* himself, if you except a word or two. And had *Nestor* spoken it, the Army had certainly set sail for Greece; but because it was utter'd by a ridiculous fellow whom they are ashamed to follow, they are reduc'd, and satisfy'd to continue the Siege.

X V.

VERSE 284. *The Greeks and I.*] These boasts of himself are the few words which *Dionysius* objects to in the foregoing passage. I cannot but think the grave Commentators here very much mistaken, who imagine *Thersites* in earnest in these vaunts, and seriously reprove his insolence. They seem to me manifest strokes of irony, which had render'd them so much the more improper in the mouth of *Nestor*, who was otherwise none of the least boasters himself. And consider'd as such they are equal to the rest of the speech, which has an infinite deal of spirit, humour, and satyr.

X V I.

VERSE 326. *He said, and cow'ring.*] The vile figure *Thersites* makes here is a good piece of grotesque; the pleasure express'd by the Soldiers at this action of *Ulysses* (notwithstanding they are disappointed by him of their hopes of returning) is agreeable to that generous temper, at once honest and thoughtless, which is commonly found in military men; to whom nothing is so odious as a dastard, and who have not naturally the greatest kindness for a Wit.

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X V I I.

VERSE 348. *Unhappy Monarch! &c.*] *Quintilian* speaking of the various kinds of Oratory which may be learn'd from *Homer*, mentions among the greatest instances the speeches in this Book. *Nonne vel unus liber quo missa ad Achillem legatio continetur, vel in primo inter duces illa contentio, vel dicta in secundo sententia, omnes litium ac consiliorum explicat artes? Affectus quidem vel illos mites, vel hos concitados, nemo erit tam indoctus, qui non sua in potestate hunc autorem habuisse fateatur.* It is indeed hardly possible to find any where more refin'd turns of policy, or more artful touches of oratory. We have no sooner seen *Agamemnon* excel in one sort, but *Ulysses* is to shine no less in another directly opposite to it. When the stratagem of pretending to set sail had met with too ready a consent from the People, his eloquence appears in all the forms of art. In his first speech he had persuaded the Captains with mildness, telling them the People's glory depended upon them, & readily giving a turn to the first design, which had like to have been so dangerous, by representing it only as a project of *Agamemnon* to discover the cowardly. In his second, he had commanded the Soldiers with bravery, and made them know what part they sustain'd in the War. In his third, he had rebuk'd the seditious in the person of *Thersites*, by reproofs, threats, and actual chastisements. And now in this fourth, when all are gather'd together, he applies to them in topics which equally affect them all: He raises their hearts by putting them in mind of the promises of Heaven, & those prophecies of which as they had seen the truth in the nine years delay, they might now expect the accomplishment in the tenth year's success: which is a full answer to what *Agamemnon* had said of *Jupiter's* deceiving them.

Dionysius observes one singular piece of art, in *Ulysses's* manner of applying himself to the people when he would insinuate any thing to the Princes, and addressing to the Princes when he would blame the people. He tells the Soldiers, they must not all pretend to be rulers there; let there be one King, one Lord; which is manifestly a precept design'd for the Leaders to take to themselves. In the same manner *Tiberius Rhetor* remarks the beginning of his last Oration to be a fine *Ethopopeia* or oblique representation of the people, upon whom the severity of the reproach is made to fall, while he seems to render the King an object of their pity.

*Unhappy Monarch! whom the Græcian Race
With shame deserting, &c.*

XVIII.

VERSE 402. *Then Nestor thus.*] Nothing is more observable than *Homer's* conduct of this whole incident; by what judicious and well-imagined degrees the Army is restrain'd, and wrought up to the desires of the General. We have given the detail of all the methods *Ulysses* proceeded in: The activity of his character is now to be contrasted with the gravity of *Nestor's*, who covers & strengthens the other's arguments, and constantly appears thro' the Poem a weighty closer of debates. The *Greeks* had already seen their General give way to his authority, in the dispute with *Achilles* in the former Book, and could expect no less than that their stay should be concluded on by *Agamemnon* as soon as *Nestor* undertook that cause. For this was all they imagin'd his discourse aim'd at; but we shall find it had a farther design, from *Dionysius of Halicarnassus.* „ There are two things (says „ that excellent Critick) worthy of admiration in „ the speeches of *Ulysses* and *Nestor*, which are the „ different designs they speak with, and the different „ applause they receive. *Ulysses* has the „ acclama-

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„acclamations of the Army, and *Nestor* the praise
 „of *Agamemnon*. One may enquire the reason
 „why he extols the latter preferably to the former,
 „when all that *Nestor* alledges seems only a repe-
 „tition of the same arguments which *Ulysses* had
 „given before him? It might be done in encoura-
 „gement to the old Man, in whom it might raise
 „a concern to find his speech not follow'd with so
 „general an applause as the other's. But we are
 „to refer the speech of *Nestor* to that part or ora-
 „tory which seems only to confirm what another
 „has said, and yet superinduces and carries a far-
 „ther point. *Ulysses* and *Nestor* both compare the
 „Greeks to children for their unmanly desire to re-
 „turn home; they both reproach them with the
 „engagements and vows they had past, and were
 „now about to break; they both alledge the prof-
 „perous signs and omens receiv'd from Heaven.
 „Notwithstanding this, the end of their Orations
 „is very different. *Ulysses*'s business was to detain
 „the *Græcians* when they were upon the point of
 „flying; *Nestor* finding that work done to his
 „hands, design'd to draw them instantly to battel.
 „This was the utmost *Agamemnon* had aim'd at,
 „which *Nestor*'s artifice brings to pass; for while
 „they imagine by all he says that he is only per-
 „suading them to stay, they find themselves una-
 „wares put into order of battel, and led under
 „their Princes to fight. *Dion. Hal. περί ἰσχυρὰ-*
 „*τιμίας. Part. 1. and. 2.*

We may next take notice of some particulars of
 this Speech: where he says they lose their time in
 empty words: he hints at the dispute between *Agamemnon*
 and *Achilles*: where he speaks of those
 who deserted the *Græcian cause*, he glances at *Achil-*
les in particular. When he represents *Helen* in af-
 fliction and tears, he removes the odium from the

person in whose cause they were to fight; and when he moves *Agamemnon* to advise with his Council, artfully prepares for a reception of his own advice by that modest way of proposing it. As for the advice itself, to divide the Army into bodies, each of which should be compos'd entirely of men of the same Country; nothing could be better judg'd both in regard to the present circumstance, and with an eye to the future carrying on of the War. For the first, its immediate effect was to take the whole Army out of its tumult, break whatever cabals they might have form'd together, by separating them into a new division, and cause every single Mutineer to come instantly under the view of his own proper Officer for correction. For the second, it was to be thought the Army would be much strengthen'd by this union: Those of different Nations who had different aims, interests and friendships, could not assist each other with so much zeal, or so well concur to the same end, as when Friends aided Friends, Kinsmen their Kinsmen, &c. when each Commander had the glory of his own Nation in view, and a greater emulation was excited between Body and Body; as not only warring for the honour of *Greece* in general, but for that of every distinct State in particular.

X I X.

VERSE 440. *How much thy years excel*] Every one has observ'd how glorious an elogium of wisdom *Homer* has here given, where *Agamemnon* so far prefers it to Valour, as to wish not for ten *Ajax's* or *Achilles's* but only for ten *Nestors*. For the rest of this Speech, *Dionysius* has summ'd it up as follows. „ *Agamemnon* being now convinc'd „ the *Greeks* were offended at him on account of „ the departure of *Achilles*, pacifies them by a „ generous confession of his fault, but then asserts „ the

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the character of a supreme Ruler, and with the air of command threatens the disobedient. "I cannot conclude this part of the speeches without remarking how beautifully they rise above one another, and how they more and more awaken the spirit of war in the *Gracians*. In this last there is a wonderful fire and vivacity, when he prepares them for the glorious toils they were to undergo, by a warm & lively description of them. The repetition of the words in that part has a beauty, which (as well as many others of the same kind) has been lost by most Translators.

Εὖ μὲν τις δόρυ θηξάτω, εὖ δ' ἀντιδὰ θίχτω,
 Εὖ δὲ τις ἵπποισι δέϊπνον δότω ἀκυπέδαστον,
 Εὖ δὲ τις ἄρματ' ἀμφὶς ἰδῶν-----.

I cannot but believe *Milton* had this passage in his eye in that of his sixth book.

-----Let each

His adamant coat gird well; and each

Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield, &c.

X X.

VERSE 485. *And Menelaus came unbid.*] The Criticks have enter'd into a warm dispute, whether *Menelaus* was in the right or in the wrong, in coming uninvited: some maintaining it the part of an impertinent or a fool to intrude upon another man's table; and others insisting upon the privilege a Brother or a Kinsman may claim in this case. The *English* Reader had not been troubled with the translation of this word ἀντόματ', but that *Plato* and *Plutarch* have taken notice of the passage. The verse following this in most Editions, Ἦδ' οὐ γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν &c. being rejected as spurious by *Demetrius Phalereus*, is omitted here upon his Authority.

X X I.

VERSE 526. *The dreadful Ægis, Jove's immortal Shield.*] *Homer* does not expressly call it a Shield in this place, but it is plain from several other passages that it was so. In the fifth *Iliad* this *Ægis* is describ'd with a sublimity that is inexpressible. The figure of the *Gorgon's* head upon it is there specify'd, which will justify the mention of the Serpents in the translation here: The verses are remarkably sonorous in the original. The image of the Goddess of battels blazing with her immortal Shield before the Army, inspiring every Heroe, and assisting to range the Troops, is agreeable to the bold painting of our Author. And the encouragement of a divine Power seem'd no more than was requisite to change so totally the dispositions of the *Gracians*, as to make them now more ardent for the combat than they were before desirous of a return. This finishes the conquest of their inclinations, in a manner at once wonderfully poetical, & correspondent to the moral which is every where spread through *Homer*, that nothing is entirely brought about but by the divine assistance.

X X I I.

VERSE 534. *As on some mountain, &c.*] The imagination of *Homer* was so vast and so lively, that whatsoever objects presented themselves before him impress'd their images so forcibly, that he pour'd them forth in comparisons equally simple & noble; without forgetting any circumstance which could instruct the Reader, and make him see those objects in the same strong light wherein he saw them himself. And in this one of the principal beauties of Poetry consists. *Homer*, on the sight of the march of this numerous Army, gives us five similes in a breath, but all entirely different. The first regards the splendor of their armour, as a Fire &c. The second the various movements of so many thousands before they can range themselves in bat-
tel,

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tel array, *like the Swans, &c.* The third respects their number, *as the leaves or flowers, &c.* The fourth the ardour with which they run to the combat, *like the legions of insects, &c.* And the fifth the obedience and exact discipline of the Troops, ranged without confusion under their Leaders, *as Flocks under their Shepherds.* This fecundity and variety can never be enough admired. *Dacier.*

X X I I I.

VERSE 541. *Or milk white Swans on Asius' watry plains.*] *Scaliger*, who is seldom just to our Author, yet confesses these verses to be *plenissima nectaris*. But he is greatly mistaken when he accuses this Simile of impropriety, on the supposition that a number of birds flying without order are here compar'd to an Army ranged in array of battel. On the contrary, *Homer* in this expresses the stir and tumult the Troops were in, before they got into order, running together from the Ships and Tents: Νῆες ἄνω, καὶ κλισιάων. But when they are plac'd in their ranks, he compares them to the Flocks under their Shepherds. This distinction will plainly appear from the detail of the five similes in the foregoing Note.

Virgil has imitated this with great happiness in his seventh *Æneid*.

*Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cygni
Cum sese e pastu referunt, & longa canoros
Dant per colla modos, sonat amnis & Asia longè
Pulsa palus-----.*

Like a long team of snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their wings & cleave the liquid sky,
When homeward from their watry pastures born,
They sing, and *Asia's* lakes their notes return.

Mr. *Dryden* in this place has mistaken *Asius* for *Asia*, which *Virgil* took care to distinguish by making the first syllable of *Asius* long, as of *Asia* short. Tho' (if we believe *Madam Dacier*) he

was

was himself in an error, both here and in the first *Georgic*.

-----*Que Asia circum*

Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri.

For she will not allow that *'Asia* can be a Patronymic adjective, but the genitive of a proper Name, *'Asia*, which being turn'd into *Ionic* is *'Aria*, and by a *Syncope* makes *'Aria*. This puts me in mind of another criticism upon the 290th verse of this book: 'Tis observ'd that *Virgil* uses *Ina-rime* for *Arime*, as if he had read *Eiv'ap'iois*, instead of *Eiv'Ap'iois*. *Scaliger* ridicules this trivial remark, and asks if it can be imagin'd that *Virgil* was ignorant of the name of a place so near him as *Baia*? It is indeed unlucky for good Writers, that Men who have learning should lay a stress upon such trifles, and that those who have none should think it learning to do so.

XXIV.

VERSE 552. *Or thick as Insects play.*] This Simile translated literally runs thus; *As the numerous troops of flies about a Shepherd's cottage in the Spring, when the milk moistens the pails; such numbers of Greeks stood in the field against the Trojans, desiring their destruction.* The lowness of this image in comparison with those which precede it, will naturally shock a modern Critick, & would scarce be forgiven in a Poet of these times. The utmost a Translator can do is to heighten the expression, so as to render the disparity less observable: which is endeavour'd here, and in other places. If this be done successfully the Reader is so far from being offended at a low idea, that it raises his surprize to find it grown great in the Poet's hands, of which we have frequent instances in *Virgil's Georgicks*. Here follows another of the same kind, in the Simile of *Agamemnon* to a Bull just after he has been

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been compar'd to *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Neptune*. This, *Eustathius* tells us, was blam'd by some Criticks, and Mr. *Hobbes* has left it out in his translation. The liberty has been taken here to place the humbler Simile first, reserving the noble one as a more magnificent close of the description: The bare turning the sentence removes the objection. *Milton* who was a close imitator of our Author, has often copy'd him in these humble comparisons. He has not scrupled to insert one in the midst of that pompous description of the rout of the Rebel Angels in the sixth book, where the Son of God in all his dreadful Majesty is represented pouring his vengeance upon them:

-----As a herd
Of Goats, or tim'rous flocks together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder struck-----.

X X V.

VERSE 568. *Great as the Gods.*] *Homer* here describes the figure and port of *Agamemnon* with all imaginable grandeur, in making him appear cloath'd with the Majesty of the greatest of the Gods; and when *Plutarch* (in his second Oration of the fortune of *Alexander*) blamed the comparison of a Man to three Deities at once, that censure was not pass'd upon *Homer* as a Poet, but by *Plutarch* as a Priest. This character of Majesty in which *Agamemnon* excels all the other Heroes, is preserv'd in the different views of him throughout the *Iliad*. It is thus he appears on his ship in the catalogue, thus he shines in the eyes of *Priam* in the third book, thus again in the beginning of the eleventh, and so in the rest.

X X V I.

VERSE 572. *Say Virgins.*] It is is hard to conceive any address more solemn, any opening to a subject more noble and magnificent, than this Invocation
of

of *Homer* before his Catalogue. That omnipresence he gives to the Muses, their post in the highest Heaven, their comprehensive survey thro' the whole extent of the creation, are circumstances greatly imagined. Nor is any thing more perfectly fine or exquisitely moral, than the opposition of the extensive knowledge of the Divinities on the one side, to the blindness & ignorance of Mankind on the other. The greatness and importance of his subject is highly rais'd by his exalted manner of declaring the difficulty of it, *Not tho' my lungs were brass*, &c. and by the air he gives as if what follows were immediately inspir'd, and no less than the joint labour of all the Muses.

X X V I I.

VERSE 586. *The hardy Warriors.*] The Catalogue begins in this place, which I forbear to treat of at present: only I must acknowledge here that the Translation has not been exactly punctual to the order in which *Homer* places his Towns. However it has not trespass'd against Geography, the transpositions I mention being no other than such minute ones, as *Strabo* confesses the Author himself is not free from: 'Ο δὲ Ποιητὴς γίνετα μὲν χώρος λίγυι συνελθὼς, ὥσπερ καὶ κίτται. Οἷδ' ὑγίηνιμίμωτο, καὶ Αὐλίδᾳ, &c. Ἄλλο τί δ' οὐχὼς ἔστι τῇ τάξει, Σκοιοῖν τὲ Σκολοῖν τὲ Θίσπιαι Γραϊάδᾳ π. *Lib. 8.* There is not to my remembrance any place throughout this Catalogue omitted; a liberty which *M. Dryden* has made no difficulty to take and to confess, in his *Virgil*. But a more scrupulous care was owing to *Homer*, on account of that wonderful exactness and unequal'd diligence, which he has particularly shewn in this part of his work.

X X V I I I.

VERSE 649. *Down their broad shoulders, &c.*] The Greek has it ἐπὶ τοῖς κομοῦσι, à tergo comantes

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mantes. It was the custom of these People to shave the fore-part of their heads, which they did that their Enemies might not take the advantage of seizing them by the hair: the hinder part they let grow, as a valiant race that would never turn their backs. Their manner of fighting was hand to hand, without quitting their Javelins (in the way of our Pike men.) *Plutarch* tells us this in the Life of *Theseus*, and cites to strengthen the authority of *Homer*, some verses of *Archilochus* to the same effect. *Eobanus Hessus* who translated *Homer* into *Latine* verse was therefore mistaken in his version of this passage;

*Præcipue Jaculatores, hastamque periti
Vibrare, & longis contingere pectora telis.*

X X I X.

VERSE 711. *Eager and loud from Man to Man he flies.*] The Figure *Menelaus* makes in this place is remarkably distinguish'd from the rest, & sufficient to shew his concern in the War was personal, while the others acted only for interest or glory in general. No Leader in all the List is represented thus eager and passionate; he is louder than them all in his exhortations; more active in running among the Troops; and inspirited with the thoughts of revenge, which he still encreases with the secret imagination of *Helen's* repentance. This behaviour is finely imagined.

The Epithet *βόη ἀγυῖος* which is apply'd in this and other places to *Menelaus*, and which literally signifies *loud voiced*, is made by the Commentators to mean *valiant*, & translated *bello strenuus*. The reason given by *Eustathius* is, that a loud voice is a mark of strength, the usual effect of fear being to cut short the respiration. I own this seems to be forc'd, and rather believe it was one of those kind of Sir-names given from some distinguishing qua-

64 OBSERVATIONS on

quality of the persons (as that of a loud voice might belong to *Menelaus*) which *Monf. Boileau* mentions in his ninth Reflection upon *Longinus*; in the same manner as some of our Kings were called *Edward Long-shanks*, *William Rufus*, &c. But however it be, the Epithet taken in the literal sense has a beauty in this verse from the circumstance *Menelaus* is described in, which determined the Translator to use it.

X X X.

VERSE 746. *New to all the dangers of the Main.*] The *Arcadians* being an inland people were unskill'd in Navigation, for which reason *Agamemnon* furnish'd them with Shipping. From hence, and from the last line of the description of the Sceptre, where he is said to preside over many Islands, *Thucydides* takes occasion to observe that the power of *Agamemnon* was superior to the rest of the Princes of Greece, on account of his Naval Forces, which had render'd him Master of the Sea. *Thucyd. lib. I.*

X X X I.

VERSE 815. *Three Ships with Nireus.*] This Leader is no where mention'd but in these lines, and is an exception to the observation of *Macrobius*, that all the persons of the Catalogue make their appearance afterwards in the Poem. *Homer* himself gives us the reason, because *Nireus* had but a small share of worth and valour; his quality only gave him a privilege to be nam'd among Men. The Poet has caused him to be remember'd no less than *Achilles* or *Ulysses*, but yet in no better manner than he deserv'd, whose only qualification was his beauty: 'Tis by a bare repetition of his name three times, which just leaves some impression of him on the mind of the Reader. Many others, of as trivial memory as *Nireus*, have been preserv'd by Poets

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Poets from oblivion; but few Poets have ever done this favour to want of merit with so much judgment. *Demetrius Phalereus* *πρὸ ἰσχυρίας*, *Seft.* 61. takes notice of this beautiful repetition, which in a just deference to so delicate a Critick is here preserv'd in the Translation.

X X X I I.

VERSE 871. *The grace and glory of the beauteous Kind.*] He gives *Alceſtis* this elogy of the glory of her Sex, for her conjugal piety, who dy'd to preserve the life of her Husband *Admetus*. *Euripides* has a Tragedy on this subject, which abounds in the most masterly strokes of tenderness: In particular the first Act, which contains the description of her preparation for death, and of her behaviour in it, can never be enough admired.

X X X I I I.

VERSE 906. *In twenty ships the bold Perrhæbians came.*] I cannot tell whether it be worth observing that, except *Ogilby*, I have not met with one Translator who has exactly preserv'd the number of the Ships. *Chapman* puts eighteen under *Eumelus* instead of eleven. *Hobbes* but twenty under *Ascalaphus* and *Ialmen* instead of thirty, and but thirty under *Menelaus* instead of sixty. *Valerie* (the former French Translator) has given *Agapenor* forty for sixty, and *Nestor* forty for ninety. *Madam Dacier* gives *Nestor* but eighty. I must confess this Translation not to have been quite so exact as *Ogilby's*, having cut off one from the number of *Eumelus's* Ships, and two from those of *Guneus*: *Eleven* and *twenty* would sound but oddly in English Verse, and a Poem contracts a littleness by insinuating on such trivial niceties.

X X X I V.

VERSE 925. *Or rein'd the nobleſt Steeds.*] This coupling together the Men and Horses seems odd

VOL. I. E enough,

enough; but *Homer* every where treats these noble animals with remarkable regard. We need not wonder at this enquiry, *which were the best Horses?* from him, who makes his Horses of heavenly extraction as well as his Heroes; who makes his Warriours address them with Speeches, and excite them by all those motives which affect a human breast, who describes them shedding tears of sorrow, and even capable of voice and Prophecy: In most of which points *Virgil* has not scrupled to imitate him.

X X X V.

VERSE 939. *His Troops, &c.*] The image in these lines of the amusements of the *Myrmidons*, while *Achilles* detain'd them from the fight, has an exquisite propriety in it. Tho' they are not in action, their very diversions are military, and a kind of exercise of Arms. The cover'd Chariot and feeding Horses, make a natural part of the picture, and nothing is finer than the manly concern of the Captains, who as they are suppos'd more sensible of glory than the Soldiers, take no share in their diversions, but wander sorrowfully round the Camp, and lament their being kept from the Battel. This difference betwixt the Soldiers and the Leaders (as *Dacier* observes) is a decorum of the highest beauty. *Milton* has admirably imitated this, in the description he gives in his second Book of the diversions of the Angels during the absence of *Lucifer*:

*Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend;
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigades form.*

But how nobly and judiciously has he raised the image, in proportion to the nature of those more exalted beings, in that which follows.

*Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*

X X X V I.

VERSE 950. *As when angry Jove.*] The comparison preceding this, of a fire which runs thro' the corn and blazes to Heaven, had express'd at once the dazzling of thier Arms and the swiftness of their march. After which *Homer* having mention'd the sound of their feet, superadds another simile, which comprehends both the ideas of the brightness and the noise: for here (says *Eustathius*) the Earth appears to *burn* and *groan* at the same time. Indeed the first of these similes is so full and so noble, that it scarce seem'd possible to be exceeded by any image drawn from Nature. But *Homer* to raise it yet higher, has gone into the *marvellous*, given a prodigious and supernatural prospect, and brought down *Jupiter* himself, array'd in all his terrors, to discharge his Lightnings and Thunders on *Typhœus*. The Poet breaks out into this description with an air of enthusiasm, which greatly heightens the image in general, while it seems to transport him beyond the limits of an exact comparison. And this daring manner is particular to our Author above all the Ancients, and to *Milton* above all the Moderns.

X X X V I I.

VERSE 1012. *From Prætiūs's stream, Percote's pasture lands.*] *Homer* does not expressly mention *Prætiūs* as a River; but *Strabo*, lib. 13. tells us it is to be understood so in this passage. The appellative of pasture lands to *Percote* is justify'd in the 15th *Iliad*, v 646, where *Hicetaon* is said to feed his Oxen in that place.

X X X V I I I.

VERSE 1032. *Axiūs, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills.*] According to the common reading

ing this verse should be translated, *Axius that diffuses his beautiful waters over the land*. But we are assured by *Strabo* that *Axius* was a muddy River, and that the Ancients understood it thus, *Axius that receives into it several beautiful Rivers*. The Criticism lies in the last word of the verse, *αἴη*, which *Strabo* reads *αἴης*, and interprets of the River *Æa*, whose waters were pour'd into *Axius*. However *Homer* describes this River agreeable to the vulgar reading in *Il. 21. v 158*. Ἀξίῳ δὲ κάλλιπον ὑδάτινι γαῖαν ἵκον. This version takes in both.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CATALOGUE.

IF we look upon this piece with an eye to ancient learning, it may be observ'd that however fabulous the other parts of *Homer's Poem* may be according to the nature of Epic Poetry, this account of the People, Princes, and Countries is purely historical, founded on the real transactions of those times, and by far the most valuable piece of History and Geography left us concerning the state of *Greece* in that early period. *Greece* was then divided into several Dynasties, which our Author has enumerated under their respective Princes; and his division was look'd upon so exact, that we are told of many controversies concerning the boundaries of *Græcian Cities* which have been decided upon the authority of this piece.

Eu.

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Eustathius has collected together the following instances. The City of *Calydon* was adjudg'd to the *Ætolians*, notwithstanding the pretensions of *Æolia*, because *Homer* had rank'd it among the Towns belonging to the former. *Sestos* was given to those of *Abydos*, upon the plea that he had said, the *Abydonians*, were possessors of *Sestos*, *Abydos*, and *Arisbe*. When the *Milefians* and people of *Priene* disputed their claim to *Mycale*, a verse of *Homer* carry'd it in favour of the *Milefians*. And the *Athenians* were put in possession of *Salamis* by another which was cited by *Solon*, or (as some think) interpolated by him for that purpose. Nay in so high estimation has this Catalogue been held, that (as *Porphyry* has written) there have been Laws in some Nations for the Youth to learn it by heart; and particularly *Cerdias* (whom *Cuperus de Apoth. Homer.* takes to be *Cercydas* a Law-giver of the *Megalopolitans*) made it to one his Countrymen.

But if we consider the Catalogue purely as poetical, it will not want its beauties in that light. *Rapin* who was none of the most superstitious admirers of our Author, reckons it among those parts which had particularly charm'd him. We may observe first, what an air of probability is spread over the whole Poem by the particularizing of every Nation and People concern'd in this War. Secondly, what an entertaining scene he presents to us, of so many Countries drawn in their liveliest and most natural colours, while we wander along with him amidst a beautiful variety of Towns, Havens, Forests, Vineyards, Groves, Mountains, and Rivers, and are perpetually amus'd with his Observations on the different soils, products, situations, or prospects. Thirdly, what a noble review he passes before us of so mighty an Army, drawn out in order troop by troop; which had the number only been told in the gross, had

never fill'd the Reader with so great a notion of the importance of the Action. Fourthly, the description of the differing Arms and manner of fighting of the Soldiers, and the various attitudes he has given to the Commanders: Of these Leaders, the greatest part are either the immediate Sons of Gods, or the descendants of Gods; and how great an idea must we have of a war, to the waging of which so many Demi-Gods and Heroes are assembled. Fifthly, the several artful compliments he paid by this means to his own country in general, and many of his contemporaries in particular, by a celebration of the Genealogies, ancient Seats, & Dominions of the great Men of this time. Sixthly, the agreeable mixture of narrations from passages of History or Fables, with which he amuses and relieves us at proper intervals. And lastly, the admirable judgment wherewith he introduces this whole Catalogue, just at a time when the posture of affairs in the Army render'd such a review of absolute necessity to the *Greeks*; and in a pause of action, while each was refreshing himself to prepare for the ensuing Battels.

Macrobius in his *Saturnalia*, lib. 5. cap. 15. has given us a judicious piece of criticism, in the comparison betwixt the Catalogues of *Homer* and of *Virgil*, in which he justly allows the preference to our Author for the following reasons. *Homer*, (says he,) has begun his description from the most noted Promontory of *Greece*. (he means that of *Aulis*, where was the narrowest passage to *Eubœa*.) From thence with a regular progress he describes either the maritime or mediterranean Towns as their situations are contiguous; he never passes with sudden leaps from place to place, omitting those which lie between; but proceeding like a Traveler in the way he has begun, constantly returns to the place from whence he digress'd, till he finish-

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hes the whole circle he design'd. *Virgil* on the contrary has observ'd no order in the Regions describ'd in his Catalogue, l. 10. but is perpetually breaking from the course of the country in a loose and desultory manner. You have *Clusium* and *Cosa* at the beginning, next *Populonia* and *Ilva*, then *Pisa*, which lie at a vast distance in *Etruria*; and immediately after *Cere'e*, *Pyrgi*, and *Gravisca*, places adjacent to *Rome*: From hence he is snatch'd to *Liguria*, then to *Mantua*. The same negligence is observable in his enumeration of the Aids that follow'd *Turnus* in l. 7. *Macrobius* next remarks, that all the persons who are nam'd by *Homer* in his Catalogue, are afterwards introduc'd in his Battels; and whenever any others are kill'd, he mentions only a multitude in general. Whereas *Virgil* (he continues) has spar'd himself the labour of that exactness; for not only several whom he mentions in the List are never heard of in the War, but others make a figure in the War of whom we had no notice in the List. For example, he specifies a thousand Men under *Massicus* who came from *Clusium*, l. 10. V. 167. *Turnus* soon afterwards is in the Ship which had carry'd King *Osinus* from the same place, l. 10. V. 655. This *Osinus* was never nam'd before, nor is it probable a King should serve under *Massicus*. Nor indeed does either *Massicus* or *Osinus* ever make their appearance in the Battels.-----He proceeds to instance several others, who tho' celebrated for Heroes in the Catalogue, have no farther notice taken of them throughout the Poem. In the third place he animadvert upon the confusion of the same names in *Virgil*. As where *Corinaus* in the ninth Book is kill'd by *Afyllas*, V. 571. and *Corinaus* in the twelfth kills *Ebusus*, V. 298. *Numa* is slain by *Nisus*, l. 9. V. 554. and *Aeneas* is afterwards in pursuit of *Numa*, l. 10. V. 562. *Aeneas* kills *Camertes* in the

tenth Book, V. 562. and *Juturna* assumes his shape in the twelfth, V. 224. He observes the same obscurity in his *Patronymics*. There is *Palinurus lasides*, and *Iapix lasides*, *Hippocoon Hyrtacides*, and *Asylas Hyrtacides*. On the contrary the caution of *Homer* is remarkable, who having two of the Name of *Ajax*, is constantly careful to distinguish them by *Oileus* or *Telamonius*, the *lesser* or the *greater Ajax*.

I know nothing to be alledg'd in defence of *Virgil*, in answer to this Author, but the common excuse that his *Æneis* was left unfinished. And upon the whole, these are such trivial slips as great Wits may pass over, and little Criticks rejoice at.

But *Macrobius* has another remark which one may accuse of evident partiality on the side of *Homer*. He blames *Virgil* for having vary'd the expression in his Catalogue to avoid the repetition of the same words, and prefers the bare and unadorn'd reiterations of *Homer*; who begins almost every article the same way, and ends perpetually, *μήλαιαι νηῖς ἔποιτο*, &c. Perhaps the best reason to be given for this, had been the artless manner of the first times; when such repetitions were not thought ungraceful. This may appear from several of the like nature in the Scripture; as in the twenty sixth Chapter of *Numbers*, where the Tribes of *Israel* are enumerated in the Plains of *Moab*, and each division recounted in the same words. So in the seventh Chapter of the *Revelation*: *Of the Tribe of Gad were sealed twelve thousand*, &c. But the words of *Macrobius* are, *Has copias fortasse putat aliquis divina illi simplicitati preferendas. Sed nescio quo modo Homerum repetitio illa unice decet, & est genio antiqui Poëta digna.* This is exactly in the spirit, and almost in the

cant

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cant of a true modern Critick. The *Simplicitas*, the *Nescio quo modo*, the *Genio antiqui Poëta digna*, are excellent general phrases for those who have no reasons. *Simplicity* is our word of disguise for a shameful unpoetical neglect of expression: The term of the *je ne sçay quoy* is the very support of all ignorant preenders to delicacy; and to lift up our eyes, and talk of the *genius of an Ancient*, is at once the cheapest way of shewing our own taste, and the shortest way of criticizing the wit of others our contemporaries.

One may add to the foregoing comparison of these two Authors, some reasons for the length of *Homer's*, and the shortness of *Virgil's* Catalogues. As, that *Homer* might have a design to settle the Geography of his Country, there being no Description of *Greece* before his days; which was not the case with *Virgil*. *Homer's* concern was to compliment *Greece* at a time when it was divided into many distinct States, each of which might expect a place in his Catalogue: But when all *Italy* was swallow'd up in the sole dominion of *Rome*, *Virgil* had only *Rome* to celebrate. *Homer* had a numerous Army, and was to describe an important War with great and various events; whereas *Virgil's* sphere was much more confined. The Ships of the *Greeks* were computed at about one thousand two hundred, those of *Æneas* and his Aids but at two and forty; and as the time of the action of both Poems is the same, we may suppose the built of their Ships, and the number of Men they contain'd, to be much alike. So that if the Army of *Homer* amounts to about a hundred thousand Men, that of *Virgil* cannot be above four thousand. If any one be farther curious to know upon what this computation is founded, he may see it in the following passage of *Thucydides*, lib. 1.

⁂ *Homer's* Fleet (says he) consisted of one thou-

„ sand two hundred vessels : those of the *Bæotians*
 „ carry'd one hundred and twenty Men in each ,
 „ and those of *Philoctetes* fifty. By these I suppose
 „ *Homer* exprest the largest and the smallest size
 „ of ships, and therefore mentions no other sort.
 „ But he tells us of those who sail'd with *Philoctetes* ,
 „ that they serv'd both as Mariners and Soldiers ,
 „ in saying the Rowers were all of them Archers.
 „ From hence the whole numb're will be seen, if
 „ we estimate the Ships at a medium between the
 „ greatest and the least. “ That is to say , at
 eighty five men to each Vessel (which is the
 mean between fifty and a hundred and twenty)
 the Total comes to a hundred and two thousand
 Men. *Plutarch* was therefore in a mistake when
 he computed the Men at a hundred and twenty
 thousand, which proceeded from his supposing a
 hundred and twenty in every Ship ; the contrary
 to which appears from the above-mention'd Ships
 of *Philoctetes* , as well as from those of *Achilles* ,
 which are said to carry but fifty men a-piece , in the
 sixteenth *Iliad* , V. 207.

Besides *Virgil's* imitation of this Catalogue, there
 has scarce been any Epic Writer but has copy'd
 after it ; which is at least a proof how beautiful
 this part has been ever esteem'd by the finest Ge-
 nius's in all ages. The Catalogues in the ancient
 Poets are generally known, only I must take notice
 that the *Phocian* and *Bæotian* Towns in the fourth
Thebaid of *Statius* are translated from hence. Of the
 Moderns, those who most excel, owe their beauty
 to the imitation of some single particular only of
Homer. Thus the chief grace of *Tasso's* Catalogue
 consists in the description of the Heroes, without
 any thing remarkable on the side of the countries:
 Of the pieces of story he has interwoven, that of
Tancred's amour to *Clorinda* is ill placed, and evi-
 dently too long for the rest. *Spencer's* enumeration
 of

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of the *British* and *Irish Rivers* in the eleventh Canto of his fourth book, is one of the noblest in the world; if we consider his subject was more confined, and can excuse his not observing the order or course of the country; but his variety of description, and fruitfulness of imagination are no where more admirable than in that part. *Milton's* List of the fallen Angels in his first Book is an exact imitation of *Homer*, as far as regards the digressions of History and Antiquities, and his manner of inserting them: In all else I believe it must be allow'd inferior. And indeed what *Macrobius* has said to cast *Virgil* below *Homer*, will fall much more strongly upon all the rest.

I had some cause to fear that this Catalogue which contributed so much to the success of the Author, should ruin that of the Translator. A meer heap of proper Names, tho' but for a few lines together, could afford little entertainment to an *English* Reader, who probably could not be appriz'd either of the necessity or beauty of this part of the Poem. There were but two things to give it a chance to please him; to render the versification very flowing and musical, & to make the whole appear as much a *Landscap* or *piece of Painting* as possible. For both of these I had the example of *Homer* in general; and *Virgil*, who found the necessity in another age to give more into description, seem'd to authorise the latter in particular. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* in his discourse of the *structure and disposition of words*, professes to admire nothing more than that harmonious exactness with which *Homer* has placed these words, and soften'd the syllables into each other, so as to derive Musick from a croud of names which have in themselves no beauty or dignity. I would flatter my self that I have practis'd this not unsuccessfully in our language, which is more susceptible of all the variety and power of numbers than any of the modern, and second to none but the *Greek* and *Roman*.

For

For the latter point, I have ventured to open the prospect a little, by the addition of a few epithets or short hints of Description to some of the places mention'd; tho' seldom exceeding the compass of half a verse (the space to which my Author himself generally confines these Pictures in miniature.) But this has never been done without the best authorities from the Ancients, which may be seen under the respective names in the Geographical Table following.

The Table it self I thought but necessary to annex to the Map, as my warrant for the situation assign'd in it to several of the Towns. For in whatever Maps I have seen to this purpose, many of the places are omitted, or else set down at random. *Sophianus* and *Gerbilius* have labour'd to settle the Geography of old Greece, many of whose mistakes were rectify'd by *Laurenbergius*. These however deserv'd a greater commendation than those who succeeded them; and particularly *Sanson's* Map prefix'd to *Du Pin's Bibliotheque Historique* is miserably defective both in omissions and false placings; which I am obliged to mention, as it pretends to be design'd expressly for this Catalogue of *Homer*. I am persuaded the greater part of my Readers will have no curiosity this way, however they may allow me the endeavour of gratifying those few who have: The rest are at liberty to pass the five following leaves unread.



A GEOGRAPHICAL TABLE of the Towns
&c. in HOMER's Catalogue of Greece,
with the Authorities for their Situation, as
placed in this Map.

BOEOTIA, under five Captains, Peneleus, &c.
containing.

AULIS, a haven on the Eubæan sea opposite to Chalcis
where the passage to Eubæa is narrowest. *Strabo lib. 9.*

Eteon, Homer describes it a hilly country, and Statius after
him — *densamque jugis Eteonem iniquis. Theb. 7.*

Hyrie, a Town and Lake of the same name, belonging to
the territory of Tanagra or Graa. *Strab. l. 9.*

Schanus, it lay in the road between Thebes and Anthedon,
50 stadia from Thebes. *Strab. ibid.*

Scolos, a Town under mount Cytharon. *Ibid.*

Thespia, near Haliartus under mount Helicon. *Paus. Bæot.*
near the Corinthian bay. *Strab. l. 9.*

Graa, the same with Tanagra, 30. stadia from Aulis,
on the Eubæan Sea; by this place the River Asopus falls into
that Sea. *Ibid.*

Mycalæssus, between Thebes and Chalcis. *Paus. Bæot.* near
Tanagra or Graa. *Strab. l. 9.* famous for its Pine-trees.

— *Pinigeris Mycalæssus in agris. Statius, l. 7.*

Harma, close by Mycalæssus. *Strab. l. 9.* This Town as well
as the former lay near the road from Thebes to Chalcis. *Paus.*
Bæot. It was here that Amphiaraus was swallow'd by the
Earth in his chariot, from whence it receiv'd its name,
Strab. ibid.

Ilesion, it was situate in the fens near Heleon and Hyle,
not far from Tanagra. These three places took their name
from being so seated (ἐλαῖον, palus.) *Strab. l. 9.*

Erythra, in the confines of Attica near Plataa. *Thueyd.*
l. 3. — *dites pecorum comitantur Erythra. Stat. Theb. 7.*

Pæton, in the way from Thebes to Anthedon. *Strab. l. 9.*

Oalea, in the mid-way betwixt Haliartus and Alalco-

mes. *Ibid.*

Medeon, near Onchestus. *Ibid.*

Copa,

Copa, a Town on the Lake *Copais*, by the River *Cephissus* next *Orchomenus*. *Ibid.*

Entresis, a small Town of the *Thespians* near *Thisbe*. *Ibid.*

Thisbe, under mount *Helicon*. *Paus.* *Bæot.*

Coronea, seated on the *Cephissus* where it falls into the Lake *Copais*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Haliartus, on the same Lake, *Strab.* *ibid.* bordering on *Coronea* and *Plataea*. *Paus.* *Bæot.*

Plataea, between *Citharon* and *Thebes*, divided from the latter by the River *Asopus*. *Strab.* l. 9. *Viridesque Plataea*. *Stat.* Th. 7.

Glissa, in the territory of *Thebes*, abounding with Vines *Baccho Glisanta colentes*. *Stat.* Th. 7.

Thebe, situate between the Rivers *Ismenus* and *Asopus*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Onchestus, on the Lake *Copais*: The grove consecrated to *Neptune* in this place, and celebrated by *Homer*, together with a Temple and Statue of that God, were shewn in the time of *Pausanias*. *Vide Bæot.*

Arne, seated on the same Lake, famous for Vines. *Strab.* *Hom.*

Midea, on the same Lake. *Ibid.*

Nissa, or *Nyssa* (*apud Statium*) or according to *Strabo* l. 9. *Isa*; near *Anthedon*.

Anthedon, a City on the Sea-side opposite to *Eubæa*, the utmost on the shore towards *Locris*. *Strab.* l. 9. *Teque ultima tractu Anthedon*. *Statius*, l. 7.

Aspledon, 20 *Stadia* from *Orchomenus*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Orchomenus, and the plains about it, being the most spacious of all in *Bæotia*. (*Plutarch in vit. Sylla*, *circumdatum*.)

Homer distinguishes these two last from the rest of *Bæotia*. They were commanded by *Ascalaphus* and *Ialmen*.

PHOCIS, under *Schedius* and *Epistrophus* containing.

Cyparissus, the same with *Anticyrrha* according to *Pausanias*, on the bay of *Corinth*.

Pytho, adjoining to *Parnassus*: some think it the same with *Delphi*. *Pausan.* *Phocic.*

Crissa, a Sea-Town on the Bay of *Corinth*. near *Cyrrha*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Daulis, upon the *Cephissus* at the foot of *Parnassus*. *Ibid.*

Panopea, upon the same River, adjoining to *Orchomenus*, just by *Hyampolis*, or *Ancmeria*. *Ibid.*

Hyampolis,

Hyampolis, both the same according to Strabo; *Ibid.* confining upon Locris. *Paus. Phoc.*
Lila, at the head of the River *Cephus*, just on the edge of *Phocis*. *Ibid.* — *propellentemque Lilaam Cephis glaciæ can-*
ni. *Statius*, l. 7.

LOCRIS, under Ajax Oileus, containing,
Cynus, a maritime Town towards *Eubæa*. *Strab.* l. 9.
Opus, a Locrian City, 15 Stadia from the Sea; adjacent
to *Panopea* in *Phocis*. *Ibid.*

Calliarus.
Bessa, so called from being cover'd with shrubs. *Strab.*
l. 9.

Scarphe seated between *Thronium* and *Thermopyla*, ten
Stadia from the Sea. *Ibid.*

Augia.
Tarphe.
Thronius, on the *Melian* bay, *Strab.* l. 9.
Boagrus a River that passes by *Thronius*, and runs into the
bay at *OËta*, between *Cynus* and *Scarphe*, *Ibid.*
All these opposite to the Isle of *Eubæa*.

EUBOEIA, under Elephenor, containing,
Chalcis, the City nearest to the Continent of Greece, just
opposite to *Aulis* in *Bæotia*. *Strab.* l. 10.

Eretria, between *Chalcis* and *Gereſtus*. *Ibid.*
Histiæa, a Town with Vineyards over against *Theſſaly*.
Herod. l. 7.

Cerinthus, on the Sea-shore. *Hom.* near the River *Budorus*.
Strab. l. 10

Dios, seated high. *Hom.* near *Histiæa*. *Strab.* *ibid.*
Caryſtos, a City at the foot of the Mountain *Ocha*. *Strab.*
ibid. between *Eretria* and *Gereſtus*. *Ptolem.* l. 3.
Styra, a Town near *Caryſtos*. *Strab.* *ibid.*

ATHENS, under Menestheus:

The Isle of SALAMIS, under Ajax Telamon.

PELOPONNESUS, the east part divided into
Argia and *Mycenæ*, under Agamemnon,
contains,

Argos, 40 Stadia from the Sea. *Paus.* *Corin.*

Tyrinthe, between *Argos* and *Epidaurus*. *Ibid.*

Three Cities lying in this order on the bay
of *Hermione*. *Strab.* l. 8. *Paus.* *Corinth.* *Træ-*
zene was seated high, and *Asine* a rocky
Træzene, coast. — *Altaque Træzene.* *Ovid.* *Fast.* 2.
— *Quas Asina cantes,* *Lucan.* l. 8.

Eione

Eione was on the sea-side, for *Strabo* tells, us the people of *Mycena* made it a Station for their Ships. *Lib. 8.*

Epidaurus, a Town and little Island adjoining in the inner part of the *Saronic* bay. *Strab. l. 8.* It was fruitful in Vines in *Homer's* time:

The Isle of *Ægina*, over against *Epidaurus*.

Mafeta belongs to the *Argolic* thore according to *Strabo*, who observes that *Homer* names it not in the exact order, placing it with *Ægina*. *Strab. l. 8.*

MYCENE, between *Cleone* and *Argos*. *Str. Pausan. Corinth*, near the *Isthmus*.

Cleone, between *Argos* and *Corinth*. *Paus. Corinth.*

Ornia, on the borders of *Sicyonia*. *Ibid.*

Arethyría, the same with *Phliasia*, at the source of the *Achaian Asopus*. *Strab. l. 8.*

Sicyon, (anciently the Kingdom of *Adraſtus*) betwixt *Corinth* and *Achaia*. *Paus. Corinth.*

Hyperesia, the same with *Ægira*, says *Pausan.* *Achaia* seated betwixt *Pellene* and *Helice*. *Strab. l. 8.* opposite to *Parvaſſus*. *Polyb. l. 4.*

Gonoessa, *Homer* describes it situate very high, and *Seneca* *Tras. cares nunquam Gonoessa vento.*

Pellene, bordering on *Sicyon* and *Pheneus*, 60 Stadia from the Sea, *Paus. Arcad.* celebrated anciently for its wool. *Strab. l. 8. Jui. Poll.*

Next *Sicyon* lies *Pellene*, &c. then *Helice*, and *Ægium*, { next to *Helice*, *Ægium*. *Strab. l. 8.* *Helice*, { lies on the Sea-side, 40 Stadia from *Ægium*. *Paus. Ach.*

The west part of **PELOPONNESUS**, divided into *Laconia*, *Messenia*, *Arcadia*, and *Elis*.

LACONIA, under *Menelaus*, containing,

Sparta, the capital City, on the River *Eurotas*.

Phares, on the bay of *Messenia*. *Strab. l. 8.*

Messa, *Strabo* thinks this a contraction of *Messena*, and *Satius* in his Imitation of this Catalogue *lib. 4.* calls it so.

Bryſia, under Mount *Taygetus*. *Paus. Lacon.*

Augia, the same with *Ægia* in the opinion of *Pausanias* { *Laconicis* } 30 Stadia from *Cythium*.

Amycla, 20 Stadia from *Sparta* toward the Sea. *Ptol. l. 4.* under the mountain *Taygetus*. *Strab. l. 8.*

Helos, on the sea-side. *Hom.* upon the River *Eurotas*. *Strab. ibid.*

Laas.

OEtyles, near the promontory of *Tanarus*. *Paus. Lac.*

MESSENA, under Nestor, containing,

Pylus, the City of Nestor on the Sea-shore.

Arene, seated near the River *Minyeus*. Hom. Il. 11. Strab. l. 8.

Tbryon, on the River *Alpheus*; the same which Homer elsewhere calls *Tbryoëssa*. Strab. *ibid*.

Epy, the ancient Geographers differ about the situation of this Town, but agree to place it near the Sea. Vide Strab. l. 3.

— *Summis ingestum montibus Epy*. Stat. l. 4.

Cyparisie, on the borders of *Messenia*, and upon the bay called from it *Cyparissæus*. Paus. *Messen*.

Amphigenia, — *Fertilis Amphigenia*. Stat. Th. 4. near the former. So also, *Itelon*, which was built by a Colony from *Preleon* in *Thessaly*. Strab. l. 3.

Helos, near the River *Alpheus*. *Ibid*.

Dorion, a Field or Mountain near the Sea. *Ibid*.

ARCADIA, under Agapenor, containing,

The Mountain *Cyllene*, the highest of *Peloponnesus*, on the borders of *Achaia* and *Arcadia*, near *Pheneus*. Paus. *Arcad*. Under this stood the Tomb of *Epytus*. That Monument (the same Author tells us) was remaining in his time, it was only a heap of earth inclos'd with a wall of rough stone.

Pheneus, confining on *Pellene* and *Strymhelus*. *Ibid*.

Orchomenus, confining on *Pheneus* and *Mantina*. *Ibid*.

These three, Strabo tells us, are not to be found, nor their situation assign'd. Lib. 8. Strab. } *prope fin*. *Enispe* stood high, as appears from *Enispe*, } Homer, and Statius l. 4. *Ventosaque donæ Enispe*.

Tegea, between *Argos* and *Sparta*. Polyb. l. 4.

Mantina, bordering upon *Tegea*, *Argia*, and *Orchomenus*. Paus. *Arcad*.

Strymhelus, confining on *Phliasia* or *Arethyria*. Strab. l. 3.

Parthasia, adjoining to *Laconia*. Thucyd. l. 3. — *Parthasque nives*. Ovid. *Fast*. 2.

ELIS, under four Leaders, Amphimachus, &c. containing,

The City *Elis*, 120 Stadia from the Sea. Paus. *Eliacis* 22 *Euprasium* near *Elis*. Strab. l. 3.

The Places bounded by the fields of *Hyrmine*, in the territory of *Elis*, between Mount *Cyllene* and the Sea.

Myrsinus, on the Sea-side 70 Stades from *Elis*. Strab. l. 3.

The *Olenian Rocks*, which stood near the City *Olenos* at the mouth

mouth of the River *Pierus*. *Paus.* *Achaic.*

And *Alysius*, the name of a Town or River, in the way from *Elis* to *Pisa*. *Strab.* l. 8.

The ISLES over against the Continent of Elis, Achaia, or Acarnania;

Echinades and *Dulichium*, under *Meges*.

The *Cephalenians* under *Ulysses*, being those from *Samos* (the same with *Cephalenia*) from *Zacynthus*, *Grocyia*, *Ægilipa*, *Nerius*, and *Ithaca*. This last is generally suppos'd to be the largest of these Islands on the east side of *Cephalenia*, and next to it; but that is, according to *Wheeler*, 20 Italian miles in circumference, whereas *Strabo* gives *Ithaca* but 80 Stadia about. It was rather one of the lesser Islands toward the mouth of the *Achelous*.

Homer adds to these Places under the Dominion of *Ulysses*, *Epirus* and the opposite Continent, by which (as *M. Dacier* observes) cannot be meant *Epirus* properly so call'd, which was never subject to *Ulysses*, but only the Sea-coast of *Acarnania* opposite to the Islands.

The Continent of ACARNANIA and ÆTOLIA; under Thoas.

Pleuron, seated between *Chalcis* and *Calydon*, by the Sea-shore upon the River *Evenus*, west of *Chalcis*. *Strab.* l. 10.

Olenos, lying above *Calydon*, with the *Evenus* on the east of it. *Ibid.*

Pylene, the same with *Proschion*, nor far from *Pleuron*, but more in the land. *Strab.* l. 10.

Chalcis, a Sea Town. *Hom.* situate on the east side of the *Evenus*. *Strab.* *ibid.* There was another *Chalcis* at the head of the *Evenus* call'd by *Strabo* *Hypo-Chalcis*.

Calydon on the *Evenus* also. *Ibid.*

The Isle of CRETE, under Idomeneus, containing.

Gnossus, seated in the plain between *Lyctus* and *Gortyna* 120 Stad. from *Lyctus*. *Strab.* l. 10.

Gortyna, 90 Stad. from the *African Sea*. *Ibid.*

Lyctus, 80 Stad. from the same Sea. *Ibid.*

Miletus.

Phaestus, 60 Stad. from *Gortyna*, 20 from the Sea, under *Gortyna*. *Strab.* *ibid.* It lay on the River *Tardan*, as appears by *Homer's* description of it in the third Book of the *Odyssey*.

Licæus

Rhytium, under *Gortyna*. *Strab.*

The Isle of RHODES under Tlepolemus,
containing,

Lindus, on the right hand to those who sail from the City
Rhodus, Southward. *Strab. l. 14.*

Jalyssus, between Camirus and Rhodes. *Ibid.*

Camirus.

The Islands, Syma (under Nireus) Nisyros, Car-
pathus, Casus, Cos, Calydnæ, under Anti-
phus and Phidippus.

The Continent of THESSALY toward the
Ægean Sea, under Achilles.

Argos Pelasgicum (the same which was since called *Phthia*-
his.) *Strabo lib. 9.* says that some thought this the name of a
Town, others that Homer meant by it this part of *Thessaly* in
general (which last seems most probable.) *Steph. Byzant.*
observes, there was a City Argos in *Thessaly* as well as in *Pelo-*
ponnesus; the former was call'd Pelasgic in contradistinction to
the Achaian: for tho' the Pelasgi possess several parts of *Epi-*
rus, *Crete*, *Peloponnesus*, &c. yet they retain'd their princi-
pal Seat in *Thessaly*. *Steph. Byz. in v. Pænel.*

Alos, { Both on the shore of *Thessaly* towards *Locris*.
Alope; { *Strab. l. 9.* Alos lies in the passage of Mount
Othrys. *Ibid.*

Trechine, under the Mountain Oeta *Eustat. in Il. 2.*

Phthia; { Some suppos'd these two to be names of the same
Hellas; { place, as *Strabo* says; tho' 'tis plain Homer dis-
tinguishes them. Whether they were Cities or
Regions *Strabo* is not determin'd *Lib. 9.*

The Hellenes. This Denomination, afterwards common
to all the Greeks, is here to be understood only of those who
inhabited *Phthiotis*. It was not 'till long after Homer's time
that the People of other Cities of Greece desiring assistance
from these, began to have the same name from their commu-
nication with them, as *Thucydides* remarks in the beginning of
his first Book.

The following under Protefilaus.

Phylace, on the coast of *Phthiotis* toward the *Melian Bay*.
Strab. l. 9.

Pyrrhasus, beyond the Mountain Othrys, had the Grove
of Ceres within two stadia of it. *Ibid.*

Itone, 60 Stad. from Alos, it lay higher in the land than
Pyrrhasus, above Mount Othrys. *Ibid.*

Antron, on the Sea-side. *Hom.* in the passage to Eubœa.
Ibid.

Pteleon, the situation of this Town in *Strabo* seems to be between *Antron* and *Pyrrhasus*: But *Pliny* describes it with great exactness to lie on the shore towards *Bæotia*, on the confines of *Phthiotis*, upon the River *Sperchius*; according to which particulars it must have been seated as I have placed it. *Livy* also seats it on the *Sperchius*.

All those Towns which were under *Protesilaus* (says *Strabo*, lib. 9.) being the five last mention'd, lay on the eastern side of the Mountain *Othrys*.

These under Eumelus.

Phere, in the farthest part of *Magnesia* confining on Mount *Pelion*. *Strab.* l. 9. near the Lake of *Babe Ptol.* and plentifully water'd with the Fountains of *Hyperia*. *Strab.*

Glaphyre.

Iolcos, a Sea-Town on the *Pegasæan Bay*. *Livy*, l. 4. and *Strab.*

Under Philoctetes.

Methone, a City of *Macedonia*, 40 Stadia from *Pydna* in *Pieria*. *Strab.*

Thaumacia, (in *Phthiotis* near *Pharsalus*, according to *Malibea*, { the same Author. *Ibid.*

Olyzon. It seems that this place lay near *Babe*, *Iolcos*, and *Ormenium*, from *Strab.* l. 9. where he says, *Demetrius* caused the Inhabitants of these Towns to remove to *Demetrias*, on the same coast.

The Upper THESSALY.

The following under Podalirius and Machaon.

Trice, or *Tricee*, not far from the Mountain *Pindus*, on the left hand of the *Penius* as it runs from *Pindus*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Ithome, near *Trica* *Ibid.*

Oechalia, the situation not certain, some-where near the forementioned Towns. *Strab. ibid.*

Under Eurypylus.

Ormenium, under *Pelion*, on the *Pegasæan Bay*, near *Babe*. *Ibid.*

Asterium, hard by *Phere* and *Titanus*. *Ibid.*

Under Polypætes.

Argissa, lying upon the River *Peneus*. *Strab.* l. 9.

Gyrtona, a City of *Perrhabia* at the foot of *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Orthe, near *en Peneus* and *Tempe* *Ibid.*

Elope, (both lying under *Olympus* near the River *Titanus*, *Oloosson*, *Presius*. *Ibid.*

Under

Under Guneus and Protheus.

Cybus, seated in the mountainous country towards *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Dadona, among the Mountains toward *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Titaresius, a River rising in the Mountain *Titarnus* near *Olympus*, and running into *Penens*. *Ibid.* 'tis also call'd *Enrotas*.

The River *Penens* rises from Mount *Pindus*, and flows through *Tempe* into the Sea *Strab.* l. 7 and 9.

Pelion, near *Offa*, in *Magnesia*. *Herod.* lib. 7.

A Table of TROY, and the Auxiliar COUNTRIES.

THE Kingdom of *Priam* divided into eight Dynasties.

1. *Troas*, under *Hector*, whose Capital was *Ilion*.
2. *Dardania*, under *Aeneas*, the Capital *Dardanus*.
3. *Zelesia*, at the foot of *Ida*, by the *Aesepus*, under *Pandarus*.
4. *Adrestia*, *Apasus*, *Pityea*, Mount *Terree*, under *Adrastus* and *Amphius*.
5. *Sestos*, *Abydos*, *Arisbe*, on the River *Selle*: *Percote* and *Practius*, under *Asius*.

These places lay between *Troy* and the *Propontis*.

The other three Dynasties were under *Mynes*, *Eetion*, and *Alteus*; the Capital of the first was *Lyrnessus*, of the second *Tuebe* of *Cilicia*, of the third *Pedasus*, in *Lelegia*. *Homer* does not mention these in the Catalogue, having been before destroy'd and depopulated by the *Greeks*.

The Auxiliar Nations.

The *Pelasgi*, under *Hipochonus* and *Pyleus*, whose Capital was *Larissa*, near the place where *Cuma* was afterwards built *Strab.* l. 13.

The *Thracians*, by the side of the *Hellespont* opposite to *Troy*, under *Acamas* and *Pyrrus*, and those of *Ciconia* under *Euphemus*.

The *Paonians* from *Macedonia* and the River *Axius*, under *Pyrechmes*.

The *Paphlagonians*, under *Pylemeneus*. The *Halizonians*, under *Odius* and *Epistrophus*. The *Myssians*, under *Cromis* and *Ennomus*. The *Phrygians* of *Ascania*, under *Phorcysa* and *Ascanius*.

The *Maonians*, under *Mestles* and *Antiphus*, who inhabited under the Mountain *Tmolus*.

The *Carians*, under *Naufes* and *Amphimachus*, from *Miletus*, the farthestmost City of *Caria* toward the South. *Herodot. lib. 1.*

Mycale, a Mountain and Promontory opposite to *Samos*. *Ibid.*

Pithon, the same Mountain as *Latmos* according to *Hecataeus*:

The *Lycians*, under *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, from the banks of the River *Xanthus*, which runs into the Sea betwixt *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*. *Homer* mentions it to distinguish this *Lycia* from that which lies on the *Propontis*:





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

OF all the Books of the *Iliad*, there is scarce any more pleasing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the others. The first contains what pass'd before the two Armies, and the proposal of the Combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: The attention and suspense of these mighty Hosts, which were just upon the point of joining Battel, & the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected Challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous and of an amusing solemnity. The second part which describes the behaviour of *Helena* in this juncture, her conference with the old King and his Counsellors, with the review of the Heroes from the battlements, is an Episode entirely of another sort, which excels in the Natural and Pathetick. The third consists of the ceremonies of the Oath on both sides and the Preliminaries to the Combat; with the beautiful Retreat of *Priam*, who in the tenderness of a Parent withdraws from

the sight of the Duel: These particulars detain the Reader in expectation, & heighten his impatience for the Fight itself. The fourth is the description of the Duel, an exact piece of Painting, where we see every attitude, motion, and action of the Combatants particularly and distinctly, and which concludes with a surprizing propriety, in the rescue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The Machine of that Goddess which makes the fifth part, and whose end is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every circumstance. The remonstancce she holds with the Goddess, the reluctance with which she obeys her, the reproaches she casts upon *Paris*, and the flattery and courship with which he so soon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main cause of this War) was not to be made an odious Character; she is drawn by this great Master with the finest strokes, as a frail, but not as an abandon'd creature. She has perpetual struggles of Virtue on the one side, and Softnesses which overcome them on the other. Our Author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but slightly names her in the foregoing part of his work, she is represented at the same time as repentant; and it is thus we see her at large at her first appearance in the present Book, which is one of the shortest of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has beauties almost in every line, and most of them so obvious that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.

I.

VERSE 3. *With Shouts the Trojans.*] The Book begins with a fine opposition of the noise of the Trojan Army to the silence of the Grecians. It was but natural to imagine this, since the former was compos'd of many different Nations, of various languages and strangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under Leaders of the same Country. But as this
obse;

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observation seems particularly insisted upon by our Author (for he uses it again in the fourth Book ; v. 486.) so he had a farther reason for it. *Plutarch* in his Treatise of reading the Poets, remarks upon this distinction, as a particular credit to the military discipline of the *Greeks*. And several ancient Authors tell us, it was the manner of the *Barbarians* to encounter with shouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the custom of the eastern Nations. Perhaps these clamours were only to encourage their men, instead of martial instruments. I think Sir *Walter Raleigh* says, there never was a People but made use of some sort of Musick in Battel: *Homer* never mentions any in the *Greek* or *Trojan* Armies, and it is scarce to be imagined he would omit a circumstance so poetical without some particular reason. The verb *Σαλπίζει* which the modern *Greeks* have since appropriated to the sound of a Trumpet, is used indifferently in our Author for other sounds, as for Thunder in the 21st *Iliad*, v. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας ἕρως. --. He once names the Trumpet *Σαλπιγξ* in a *Simile*, upon which *Eustathius* and *Didymus* observe that the use of it was known in the Poet's time, but not in that of the *Trojan* War. And hence we may infer that *Homer* was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with those of the times he liv'd in,

I I.

VERSE 7. *The Cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly describ'd to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprising; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is shewn in apt Comparisons, especially when composed of such subjects as having the least relation to each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the

F 5

Simile

Simile of the *Cranes* to the *Trojan Army*, where the fancy of *Homer* flew to the remotest part of the World for an Image which no Reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprizing! The likeness consists in two points, the *Noise* & the *Order*; the latter is so observable as to have given some of the Ancients occasion to imagine the embatteling of an Army was first learn'd from the close manner of flight of these birds. But this part of the Simile not being directly express'd by the Author, has been overlook'd by some of the Commentators. It may be remark'd that *Homer* has generally a wonderful closeness in all the particulars of his Comparisons, notwithstanding he takes a liberty in his expression of them. He seems so secure of the main likeness, that he makes no scruple to play with the circumstances, sometimes by transposing the order of them, sometimes by super-adding them, & sometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in such a manner as to leave the Reader to supply them himself. For the present Comparison, it has been taken by *Virgil* in the tenth Book, & apply'd to the clamours of Soldiers in the same manner.

-----*Quales sub nubibus atris*

*Strymonia dant signa græves, atque athera tranant
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.*

III.

VERSE 26. *The beauteous Paris came, In form
a God.*] This is meant by the Epithet *Θεοειδής*, as has been said in the note, on the first Book. v. 169. The picture here given of *Paris's* air and dress, is exactly correspondent to his character; you see him endeavouring to mix the fine Gentleman with the Warriour; and this idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by describing him not without the same regard when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a close fight, as he shews here where he

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he is but preluding and flourishing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us in that place that he was in danger of being strangled by the strap of his Helmet, he takes notice that it was *πολυκίς*, embroidered.

I V.

VERSE 37. *So joys a Lion: if the branching Deer, Or mountain Goat.*] The old Scholiasts refining on this Simile will have it that *Paris* is compar'd to a Goat on account of his Incontinence, and to a Stag for his Cowardice: To this last they make an addition which is very ludicrous, that he is also liken'd to a Deer for his skill in Musick, and cite *Aristotle* to prove that animal delights in harmony, which opinion is alluded to by *Mr. Waller* in these lines,

*Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning Deer.*

But upon the whole, it is whimsical to imagine this Comparison consists in any thing more, than the joy which *Menelaus* conceiv'd at the sight of his Rival, in the hopes of destroying him. It is equally an injustice to *Paris*, to abuse him for understanding Musick, and to represent his retreat as purely the effect of fear, which proceeded from his sense of guilt with respect to the particular person of *Menelaus*. He appear'd at the head of the Army to challenge the boldest of the enemy: Nor is his character elsewhere in the *Iliad* by any means that of a Coward. *Hector* at the end of the sixth Book confesses, that no man could justly reproach him as such. Nor is he represented so by *Ovid* (who copy'd *Homer* very closely) in the end of his Epistle to *Helen*. The Moral of *Homer* is much finer: A brave mind however blinded with passion is sensible of remorse as soon as the injur'd object presents itself; and *Paris* never behaves himself ill in War, but when his spirits are depress'd by the consciousness

ness of an injustice. This also will account for the seeming incongruity of *Homer* in this passage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a shameful Coward, at the same time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris like a God*. What he says immediately afterwards in answer to *Hector's* reproof, will make this yet more clear.

V.

VERSE 47. *As when a Shepherd.*] This comparison of the Serpent is finely imitated by *Virgil* in the second *Aeneid*.

*Improvissum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit
Attollentem iras, & carula colla tumentem:
Haud secus Androgeus visu tremefactus abibat.*

But it may be said to the praise of *Virgil*, that he has apply'd it upon an occasion where it has an additional beauty. *Paris* upon the sight of *Menelaus's* approach, is compar'd to a Traveller who sees a snake shoot on a sudden towards him. But the surprize and danger of *Androgeus* is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceiv'd it; and the circumstance of the serpent's rousing his crest, which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of their Arms in the night-time, as they were just lifted up to destroy him. *Scaliger* criticizes on the needless repetition in the Words *παλιν* and *ἀνιχάρεται*, which is avoided in the Translation. But it must be observ'd in general, that little exactnesses are what we should not look for in *Homer*, the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them.

V I.

VERSE 53. *As God-like Hector.*] This is the first place of the Poem where *Hector* makes a figure,

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figure, and here it seems proper to give an idea of his character, since if he is not the chief Heroe of the *Iliad*, he is at least the most amiable. There are several reasons which render *Hector* a favorite character with every reader, some of which shall here be offer'd. The chief Moral of *Homer* was to expose the ill effects of discord: the *Greeks* were to be shewn disunited, and to render that disunion the more probable, he has designedly given them *mixt* characters. The *Trojans* on the other hand were to be represented making all advantages of the others disagreement, which they could not do without a strict union among themselves. *Hector* therefore who commanded them, must be endu'd with all such qualifications as tended to the preservation of it; as *Achilles* with such as promoted the contrary. The one stands in contraste to the other, an accomplish'd character of Valour unruffled by Rage and Anger, and uniting his People by his prudence and example. *Hector* has also a foil to set him off in his own family; we are perpetually opposing in our minds the incontinence of *Paris*, who exposes his Country, to the temperance of *Hector* who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his Country which appears his principal passion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemish than that he fights in an unjust cause, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his Parents and Kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their safety. We may add that *Homer* having so many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several books, one succeeding in the absence of another: Whereas *Hector* appears in very Battel the life and soul of his party, and the constant bul-

bulwark against every Enemy: He stands against *Agamemnon's* magnanimity, *Diomed's* bravery, *Ajax's* strength, and *Achilles's* fury. There is besides, an accidental cause for our liking him, from reading the Writers of the *Augustan* Age, especially *Virgil*, whose favorite he grew more particularly from the time when the *Cæsars* fancy'd to derive their Pedigree from *Troy*.

V I I.

VERSE 55. *Unhappy Paris, &c.*] It may be observ'd in honour of *Homer's* judgment, that the words which *Hector* is made to speak here, very strongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardice, & shew him to be touch'd with so high a sense of glory, as to think life insupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which *Paris* had made in his amours to *Helen*, and opposing to it the image of his flight from her Husband, is a sarcasm of the utmost bitterness and vivacity. After he has named that action of the Rape, the cause of so many mischiefs, his insisting upon it in so many broken periods, those disjointed shortnesses of speech,

(Παῖσι τί σ' ἄ μύγα πῆμα, πόλλ' ἔτι παντὶ τί διμα,
Δυσμνήστον μὲν χάριμα, κατηφεινὸν δέ σε: ἀντ' αὖ.)
The hasty manner of expression without the connexion of particles, is (as *Eustathius* remarks) extremely natural to a Man in anger, who thinks he can never vent himself too soon. That contempt of outward shew, of the gracefulness of person, and of the accomplishments of a courtly life, is what corresponds very well with the war-like temper of *Hector*; and these Verses have therefore a beauty here which they want in *Horace*, however admirably he has translated them, in the Ode of *Nereus's* Prophecy.

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*Nequicquam Veneris prasidio ferox ,
Pecles casariam ; grataque foeminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides , &c:*

V I I I.

VERSE 72. *And both her warlike Lords.]* The Original is Νόον ἀνδρῶν ἀνιχμυτάων. *The Spouse of martial Men.* I wonder why Madam Dacier chose to turn it *alliée à tant de braves guerriers*, since it so naturally refers to *Theseus* and *Menelaus* the former Husbands of *Helena*.

I X.

VERSE 80. *Thy curling tresses , and thy silver Lyre.]* It is ingeniously remark'd by Dacier , that *Homer* who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long hair [μακροχρόνους Ἀχαιοὺς] and *Achilles* for his skill on the Harp , makes *Hector* in this place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nourished their hair to appear more dreadful to the Enemy , and *Paris* to please the eyes of Women. *Achilles* sung to his Harp the acts of Heroes and *Paris* the amours of Lovers. The same reason which makes *Hector* here displeas'd at them , made *Alexander* afterwards refuse to see this Lyre of *Paris* when offer'd to be shewn to him , as *Plutarch* relates the Story in his Oration of the fortune of *Alexander*.

X.

VERSE 83. *One avenging Blow.]* It is in the Greek , *You had been clad in a coat of stone.* *Giphanius* would have it to mean stoned to death on the account of his adultery : But this does not appear to have been the punishment of that crime among the *Phrygians*. It seems rather to signify , destroy'd by the fury of the People for the War he had brought upon them ; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his grave under a Monument of stones ; but the former being the stronger sense is here followed.

XI.

X I.

VERSE 86. 'Tis just, my Brother.] This speech is a farther opening of the true character of *Paris*. He is a Master of civility, no less well-bred to his own sex than courtly to the other. The reproof of *Hector* was of a severe nature, yet he receives it as from a Brother and a Friend: with candour and modesty. This answer is remarkable for its fine address; he gives the Heroe a decent and agreeable reproof for having too rashly depreciated the gifts of Nature. He allows the quality of Courage its utmost due, but desires the same justice to those softer accomplishments, which he lets him know are no less the favour of Heaven. Then he removes from himself the charge of want of valour, by proposing the single Combat with the very Man he had just declined to engage; which having shewn him void of any malevolence to his Rival on the one hand, he now proves himself free from the imputation of cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have seen) soft of speech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay in War as well as Love; with a spirit that can be surprized and recollected, that can receive impressions of shame or apprehension on the one side, or of generosity and courage on the other; the usual disposition of easy & courteous minds, which are most subject to the rule of fancy and passion. Upon the whole, this is no worse than the picture of a gentle Knight, and one might fancy the Heroes of the modern Romance were form'd upon the model of *Paris*.

X I I.

VERSE 108. Much fam'd for gen'rous Steeds, for Beauty more.] The Original is, 'Απὸ τοῦ ἵππου καὶ Ἀγαθὰ καὶ ῥόδια. Perhaps this line is translated too close to the letter, and the

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the epithets might have been omitted. But there are some traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preserve to the Reader the air of *Homer*. At least the latter of these circumstances, that *Greece was eminent for beautiful Women*, seems not improper to be mention'd by him who had rais'd a War on the account of a *Grecian Beauty*.

X I I I.

VERSE 109. *The Challenge Hector heard with joy.*] *Hector* stays not to reply to his Brother, but runs away with the Challenge immediately. He looks upon all the *Trojans* as disgrac'd by the late flight of *Paris*, and thinks not a moment is to be lost to regain the honour of his Country. The activity he shews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the spirit of a Soldier.

X I V.

VERSE 123. *Hear all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian Bands*] It has been ask'd how the different Nations could understand one another in these conferences, since we have no mention in *Homer* of any Interpreter between them? He who was so very particular in the most minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reasons may be offer'd that they both spoke the same language; for the *Trojans* (as may be seen in *Dion Halic. lib. 1.*) were of *Grecian* extraction originally. *Dardanus* the first of their Kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their names were generally Greek, as *Hector*, *Anchise*, *Andromache*, *Astyanax*, &c. Of the last of these in particular *Homer* gives us a derivation which is purely Greek in *Il. 6. v. 403*. But however it be, this is no more (as *Dacier* somewhere observes) than the just privilege of Poetry. *Aeneas* and *Turnus* understand each other in *Virgil*, and the language of the Poet is suppos'd to be universally intelligible, not only be-

tween different Countries, but between Earth and Heaven itself.

X V.

VERSE 135. *Me too ye Warriors hear, &c.*] We may observe what care *Homer* takes to give every one his proper character, and how this speech of *Menelaus* is adapted to the *laconick*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in *Homer* three Speakers of different characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of Eloquence. These we may compare with each other in one instance, supposing them all to use the same heads, and in the same order.

The materials of the Speech are, The manifesting his grief for the War, with the hopes that it is in his power to end it; an acceptance of the propos'd Challenge; an account of the Ceremonies to be us'd in the League; and a proposal of a proper Caution to secure it.

Now had *Nestor* these materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a relation of all the troubles of the nine year's Siege, which he hop'd he might now bring to an end; he would court their benevolence and good wishes for his prosperity with all the figures of amplification; while he accepted the Challenge; he would have given an example to prove that the single Combat was a wise, gallant, and gentle way of ending the War, practis'd by their Fathers; in the description of the rites he would be exceeding particular; and when he chose to demand the sanction of *Priam* rather than of his Sons, he would place in opposition on one side the Son's action which began the War, and on the other the impressions of concern or repentance which it must by this time have made in the Father's mind, whose wisdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his age. All this

he

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he would have expatiated upon, with connexions of the discourses in the most evident manner, & the most easy, gliding, undisobliging transitions. The effect would be, that the People would hear him with pleasure.

Had it been *Ulysses* who was to make the Speech, he would have mention'd a few of their most affecting calamities in a pathetick air; then have undertaken the fight with testifying such a chearful joy, as should have won the hearts of the Soldiers to follow him to the field without being desired. He would have been exceeding cautious in wording the conditions; and solemn rather than particular in speaking of the rites, which he would only insist on as an opportunity to exhort both sides to a fear of the Gods, and a strict regard of justice. He would have remonstrated the use of sending for *Priam*; and (because no caution could be too much) have demanded his Sons to be bound with him. For a conclusion he would have us'd some noble sentiment agreeable to a Heroe, and (it may be) have enforc'd it with some inspirited action. In all this you would have known that the discourse hung together, but its fire would not always suffer it to be seen in cooler transitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may conduct the Reader, but never carry him away. The People would hear him with emotion.

These materials being given to *Menelaus*, he but just mentions their troubles, and his satisfaction in the prospect of ending them, shortens the proposals, says a Sacrifice is necessary, requires *Priam's* presence to confirm the conditions, refuses his Sons with a resentment of that injury he suffer'd by them, and concludes with a reason for his choice from the praise of *Age*, with a short gravity, and the air of an *Apothegm*. This he puts in order without any more transition than what a single

conjunction affords. And the effect of the discourse is, that the People are instructed by it in what is to be done.

X V I.

VERSE 141. *Two Lambs devoted.*] The *Trojans* (says the old Scholiast) were required to sacrifice two Lambs; one male, of a white colour, to the *Sun*, and one female, and black, to the *Earth*; as the *Sun* is father of light, and the *Earth* the mother and nurse of men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Xenius*, because the *Trojans* had broken the laws of Hospitality; on which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the combat with *Paris*. That these were the Powers to which they sacrific'd, appears by their being attested by name in the Oath, v. 346.

X V I I.

VERSE 153. *The Nations hear, with rising hopes possess.*] It seem'd no more than what the Reader would reasonably expect, in the narration of this long War, that a period might have been put to it by the single danger of the parties chiefly concern'd, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his Poem to obviate that objection; and contriv'd such a method to render this Combat of no effect, as should naturally make way for all the ensuing Battels, without any future prospect of a determination but by the Sword. It is farther worth observing, in what manner he has improved into Poetry the common history of this action, (if as one may imagine) it was the same with that we have in the second Book of *Dictys Cretensis*. When *Paris* (says he) being wounded by the Spear of *Menelaus* fell to the ground, just as his Adversary was rushing upon him with his Sword, he was shot by an Arrow from *Pandarus*, which prevented his Revenge in the moment

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ment he was going to take it. Immediately on the sight of this perfidious action, the Greeks rose in a tumult; the Trojans rising at the same time, came on, and rescued Paris from his Enemy. Homer has with great art and invention mingled all this with the marvellous, and rais'd it in the air of Fable. The Goddess of Love rescues her Favourite; Jupiter debates whether or no the War shall end by the defeat of Paris; Juno is for the continuance of it. Minerva incites Pandarus to break the Truce, who there upon shoots at Menelaus. This heightens the grandeur of the action without destroying the verisimilitude, diversifies the Poem, and exhibits a fine Moral; that whatever seems in the world the effect of common causes, is really owing to the decree & disposition of the Gods.

X V I I I.

VERSE 165. *Mean while to beauteous Helen, &c.*] The following part where we have the first sight of *Helena*. is what I cannot think inferior to any in the Poem. The Reader has naturally an aversion to this pernicious Beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the *Greeks* for endeavouring to recover her at such an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the secret wishes that rise in favour of her rightful Lord, her tenderness for her Parents and Relations, the relentings of her soul for the mischiefs her beauty had been the cause of, the confusion she appears in, the veiling her face and dropping a tear, are particulars so beautifully natural, as to make every reader no less than *Mene-laüs* himself, inclin'd to forgive her at least, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirm'd in this partiality by the sentiment of the old Counsellors upon the sight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their mouths with that very view: We excuse her no more than *Priam* does himself, and all those do who felt the calamities she occa-

sion'd: And this regard for her is heighten'd by all she says herself; in which there is scarce a word that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

X I X.

VERSE 170. *The golden Web her own sad story crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable fiction, to represent *Helena* weaving in a large Veil, or piece of Tapestry; the story of the *Trojan War*. One would think that *Homer* inherited this Veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an explication of that admirable piece of Art. *Dacier*.

X X.

VERSE 201. *Like Grasshoppers.*] This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world, tho' there have been Criticks of so little taste as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a Sun-shiny day, the effects of decay in their chilness, leanness, and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly parallel'd in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old Men of *Troy*, *Eustathius* has observ'd that *Homer* found a hint for this Simile in the *Trojan Story*, where *Tithon* was feign'd to have been transform'd into a Grasshopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years as to have nothing left him but voice. *Spondanus* wonders that *Homer* should apply to Grasshoppers *ὄπα λισσιόττα*, a sweet voice, whereas that of these animals is harsh and untuneful; and he is contented to come off with a very poor evasion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit*. But *Hesychius* rightly observes that *λισσιότις* signifies *ἁπαλός*, tender or *gracilis*, as well as *suavis*. The sense is certainly much better, and the simile more truly preserv'd

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serv'd by this interpretation, which is here follow'd in translating it *feeble*. However it may be alledg'd in defence of the common versions, and of Madam Dacier's (who has turn'd it *harmonieuse*) that tho' Virgil gives the Epithet *rauca* to Cicada, yet the Greek Poets frequently describe the Grasshopper as a musical creature, particularly *Anacreon*, and *Theocritus Idyl. 1.* where a Shepherd praises another's singing by telling him,

Τίς τ' ἐστὶν ἡ τῆς φέγγος ἀδύη

It is remarkable that Mr. *Hobbes* has omitted this beautiful Simile.

X X I.

VERSE 203. *These, when the Spartan Queen approach'd.*] Madam Dacier is of opinion there was never a greater panegyrick upon *Beauty* than what *Homer* had found the art to give it in this place. An Assembly of venerable old Counsellors, who had suffer'd all the calamities of a tedious War, and were consulting upon the methods to put a conclusion to it, seeing the only cause of it approaching towards them, are struck with her Charms, and cry out, *No wonder!* &c. Nevertheless they afterwards recollect themselves, and conclude to part with her for the publick safety. If *Homer* had carry'd these old Mens admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging Nature, and offending against probability. The old are capable of being touch'd with beauty by the eye; but age secures them from the tyranny of passion, and the effect is but transitory, for Prudence soon regains its dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he should, but constantly stops just where he ought. Dacier.

The same Writer compares to this the Speech of *Holofernes's* Soldiers on the sight of *Judith Ch. 10. v. 18.* But tho' there be a resemblance in the

words, the beauty is no way parallel; the grace of this consisting in the age & character of those who speak it. There is something very gallant upon the Beauty of *Helen* in one of *Lucian's* Dialogues. *Mercury* shews *Menippus* the skulls of several fine Women; and when the Philosopher is moralizing upon that of *Helen*, *Was it for this a thousand Ships sail'd from Greece, so many brave Men dy'd, and so many Cities were destroy'd? My Friend* (says *Mercury*) 'tis true; but what you behold is only her skull, had you seen her face you would have been of their opinion, and have done the very same thing.

X X I I.

VERSE 211. *The good old Priam.*] The character of a benevolent old man is very well preserv'd in *Priam's* behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the confusion he observes her in, he encourages her by attributing the misfortunes of the War to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This sentiment is also very agreeable to the natural piety of old age; those who have had the longest experience of human accidents and events, being most inclin'd to ascribe the disposal of all things to the will of Heaven. It is this piety that renders *Priam* a favourite of *Jupiter* (as we find in the beginning of the fourth Book) which for some time delays the destruction of *Troy*; while his soft nature and indulgence for his Children makes him continue a War which ruins him. These are the two principal points of *Priam's* character, tho' there are several lesser particularities, among which we may observe the curiosity and inquisitive humour of old age, which gives occasion to the following Episode.

X X I I I.

VERSE 219. *And say, what Chief is he?]* This view of the Grecian Leaders from the Walls of

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of *Troy*, is justly look'd upon as an Episode of great beauty, as well as a masterpiece of conduct in *Homer*; who by this means acquaints the Readers with the figure & qualifications of each Heroe in a more lively and agreeable manner. Several great Poets have been engag'd by the beauty of this passage to an imitation of it. In the seventh Book of *Statius*, *Phorbas* standing with *Antigone* on the Tower of *Thebes*, shews her the Forces as they were drawn up, and describes their Commanders who were neighbouring Princes of *Bœotia*. It is also imitated by *Tasso* in his third Book, where *Erminia* from the Walls of *Jerusalem* points out the chief Warriours to the King; tho' the latter part is perhaps copied too closely and minutely; for he describes *Godfrey* to be of a port that bespeaks him a Prince, the next of somewhat a lower stature, a third renown'd for his wisdom, and then another is distinguish'd by the largeness of his chest and breadth of his shoulders: Which are not only the very particulars, but in the very order of *Homer's*.

But however this manner of introduction has been admir'd, there have not been wanting some exceptions to a particular or two. *Scaliger* asks, how it happens that *Priam*, after nine years Siege, should be yet unacquainted with the faces of the *Grecian* Leaders? This was an old cavil, as appears by the *Scholia* that pass under the name of *Didymus*; where it is very well answer'd, that *Homer* has just before taken care to tell us the Heroes had put off their Armour on this occasion of the Truce, which had conceal'd their persons 'till now. Others have objected to *Priam's* not knowing *Ulysses*, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at *Troy* on an Embassy. The answer is, that this might happen either from the dimness of *Priam's* fight,

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fight, or defect of his Memory, or from the change of *Ulysses's* features since that time.

X X I V.

VERSE 227. *Before thy presence.*] *Helen* is so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she is unable to give a direct answer to *Priam* without first humbling herself before him, acknowledging her crime, and testifying her repentance. And she no sooner answers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her sorrows renew at the name: *He was once my Brother! but I am now a wretch unworthy to call him so.*

X X V.

VERSE 236. *Great in the War, and great in Arts of sway.*] This was the verse which *Alexander* the Great prefer'd to all others in *Homer*, and which he propos'd as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be desired in a Prince. *Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex. 1.*

X X V I.

VERSE 240. *Extoll'd the happy Prince.*] It was very natural for *Priam* on this occasion, to compare the declining condition of his Kingdom with the flourishing state of *Agamemnon's*, and to oppose his own misery (who had lost most of his Sons and his bravest Warriours) to the felicity of the other, in being yet master of so gallant an Army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what Armies he had formerly seen, and bore a part in the command of; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Besides which this praise of the *Greeks* from the mouth of an Enemy, was no small encomium of *Homer's* Countrymen.

X X V I I.

VERSE 258. *From rank to rank he moves,*] The vigilance and inspection of *Ulysses* were very proper

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proper marks to distinguish him, and agree with his character of a wise Man, no less than the grandeur and majesty before described are conformable to that of *Agamemnon*, as the supreme Ruler; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy Heroe without parts or authority. This decorum is observable.

XXVIII.

VERSE 271. *I knew their persons, &c.*] In this view of the Leaders of the Army it had been an oversight in *Homer* to have taken no notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only one of the principal of them, but was immediatly to engage the observation of the Reader in the single Combat. On the other hand it had been a high indecorum to have made *Helena* speak of him. He has therefore put his praises into the mouth of *Antenor*; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the eye of *Priam* in the same manner with the rest. It appears from hence what a regard he has had both to decency and variety in the conduct of his Poem. This passage concerning the different eloquence of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close *laconick* conciseness of the one, is finely opposite to the copious, vehement, and penetrating Oratory of the other: which is so exquisitely describ'd in the simile of the snow, falling fast, and sinking deep: For it is in this the beauty of the comparison consists according to *Quintilian*, l. 12. c. 10. *In Ulysse facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copia verborum atque impetu parum tribuit.* We may set in the same light with these the character or *Nestor's* eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore, in contradistinction to this of *Ulysses*, compar'd to honey which drops gently and slowly: a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old Man, such as *Nes-*
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tor is represented. *Ausonius* has elegantly distinguished these three kinds of Oratory in the following verses

*Dulcem in paucis ut Plifthenidem,
Et torrentem ceu Dulichii
Ningida dicta.*

*Et mellita nectare vocis
Dulcia fatu verba canentem
Nestora regem*

XXIX.

VERSE 278. *He spoke no more than just the thing he ought*] *Chapman* in his notes on this place and on the second Book, has described *Menelaus* as a character of ridicule and simplicity. He takes advantage from the word *λῆγας* here made use of, to interpret that of the shrillness of his voice, which was apply'd to the acuteness of his sense; he observes that this sort of voice is a mark of a fool; that *Menelaus's* coming to his Brother's feast uninvited in the second Book has occasion'd a Proverb of folly; that the excuse *Homer* himself makes for it (because his Brother might forget to invite him thro' much business) is purely ironical; that the Epithet *ἀγαφίλος* which is often apply'd to him, should not be translated warlike, but one who had an affectation of loving War. In short, that he was a weak Prince, play'd upon by others, short in speech, and of a bad pronunciation, valiant only by fits, and sometimes stumbling upon good matter in his speeches, as may happen to the most slender capacity. This is one of the mysteries which that Translator boasts to have found in *Homer*. But as it is no way consistent with the art of the Poet, to draw the person in whose behalf he engages the World, in such a manner as no regard should be conceiv'd for him, we must endeavour to rescue him from this misrepresentation. First then, the

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present passage is taken by antiquity in general to be apply'd not to his pronounciation, but his eloquence, So *Aufonius* in the foregoing citation; and *Cicero de claris Oratoribus*: *Menelaum ipsum dulcem illum quidem tradit Homerus, sed pauca loquentem.* And *Quintilian l. 12. c. 10.* *Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim est non errare verbis) & carentem supervacuis eloquentiam Menelao dedit, &c.* Secondly, tho' his coming uninvited may have occasion'd a jesting proverb, it may naturally be accounted for on the principle of brotherly love, which so visibly characterises both him and *Agamemnon* throughout the Poem. Thirdly, *ἡνίφιλός* may import a love of War, but not an ungrounded affectation. Upon the whole, his character is by no means contemptible, tho' not of the most shining nature. He is called indeed in the 17th *Iliad* *μυλθαυὲς αἰχμητής*, a soft Warrior or one whose strength is of the second rate, and so, his Brother thought him when he prefer'd nine before him to fight with *Hector* in the 7th Book. But on the other hand, his courage gives him a considerable figure in conquering *Paris*, defending the body of *Patroclus*, rescuing *Ulysses*, wounding *Helanus*, killing *Euphorbus*, &c. He is full of resentment for his private injuries, which brings him to the War with a spirit of revenge in the second Book, makes him blaspheme *Jupiter* in the third, when *Paris* escapes him, and curse the *Grecians* in the seventh when they hesitate to accept *Hector's* Challenge. But this also is qualify'd with a compassion for those who suffer in his cause, which he every where manifests upon proper occasions; and with an industry to gratify others, as when he obeys *Ajax* in the seventeenth Book, and goes upon his errand to find *Antilochus*, with some other condescensions of the like nature. Thus his character is compos'd of qualities which give him no uneasy

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superiority over others while he wants their assistance, and mingled with such as make him amiable enough to obtain it.

X X X.

VERSE 280. *His modest eyes, &c.*] This behaviour of *Ulysses* is copy'd by *Ovid. Met. 13.*

*Astutit, atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
Sustulit...*

What follows in the Greek translated word for word runs thus: *He seem'd like a Fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.* How oddly this would appear in our language I appeal to those who have read *Ogilby*. The whole period means no more than to describe that behaviour which is commonly remarkable in a modest and sensible Man who speaks in publick: his diffidence and respect gives him at his first rising a sort of confusion, which is not indecent, and which serves but the more to heighten the surprise and esteem of those who hear him.

X X X I.

VERSE 309. *Perhaps their Swords.*] This is another stroke of *Helen's* concern: the sense of her crime is perpetually afflicting her, and awakes upon every occasion. The lines that follow wherein *Homer* gives us to understand that *Castor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduc'd and in the spirit of Poetry; the Muse is suppos'd to know every thing, past and to come, and to see things distant as well as present.

X X X I I.

VERSE 315. *Mean time the Heralds, &c.*] It may not be displeasing to the Reader to compare the description of the ceremonies of the League in the following part, with that of *Virgil* in the twelfth Book. The preparations, the procession of the Kings, and their congress, are much more solemn and poetical in the latter; the Oath and adjurations are equally noble in both.

XXXIII.

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XXXIII.

VERSE 342, *The curling hair.*] We have here the whole ceremonial of the solemn Oath, as it was observ'd anciently by the Nations our Author describes. I must take this occasion of remarking that we might spare ourselves the trouble of reading most books of *Græcian Antiquities*, only by being well vers'd in *Homer*. They are generally bare transcriptions of him, but with this unnecessary addition, that after having quoted any thing in verse, they say the same over again in prose. The *Antiquitates Homerica* of *Feithius* may serve as an instance of this. What my Lord *Bacon* observes of Authors in general, is particularly applicable to these of Antiquities, that they write for ostentation not for instruction, and that their works are perpetual repetitions.

XXXIV.

VERSE 361. *And Age to Age record the signal day.*] *Ἦν ἔν' ἰσορμίοισι μὴτ' ἀνθρώποισι πόληται.* This seems the natural sense of the line, and not as *Madam Dacier* renders it, *the tribute shall be paid to the posterity of the Greeks for ever.* I think she is single in that explication, the majority of the Interpreters taking it to signify that the victory of the *Græcians* & this pecuniary acknowledgement *should be recorded to all posterity.* If it means any more than this, at least it cannot come up to the sense *Madam Dacier* gives it; for a Nation put under perpetual tribute is rather enslaved, than received to friendship and alliance, which are the terms of *Agamemnon's* Speech. It seems rather to be a Fine demanded as a recompence for the expences of the War, which being made over to the *Greeks* should remain to their posterity for ever, that is to say, which they should never be molested for, or which should never be redemanded in any age as a case
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of injury. The phrase is the same we use at this day, when any purchase or grant is at Once made over to a Man *and his Heirs for ever*. With this will agree the *Scholiast's* note, which tells us the mulct was reported to have been half the goods then in the besieg'd City.

XXXV.

VERSE 364. *The Chief the tender victims slew.*] One of the grand objections which the ignorance of some Moderns has rais'd against *Homer*, is what they call a defect in the manners of his Heroes. They are shock'd to find his Kings employ'd in such offices as slaughtering of beasts, &c. But they forget that sacrificing was the most solemn act of Religion, and that Kings of old in most Nations were also Chief-Priests. This, among other objections of the same kind, the Reader may see answered in the Preface.

XXXVI.

VERSE 433. *Give me, great Jove.*] *Homer* puts a Prayer in the mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris's*: *Menelaus* is the person injur'd and innocent, and may therefore apply to to God for justice; but *Paris* who is the criminal, remains silent *Spondanus*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 447. *The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke short...*] This Verse is cut to express the thing it describes, the snapping short of the sword. 'Tis the observation of *Eustathius* on this line of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we hear the sound of the breaking sword in that of the words. *Τετρατάρις ἔχ' ἰσχυρὰ διαρροφίῃ ἱππίου χυρὸς*. And that *Homer* design'd it, may appear from his having twice put in the *θητα* (which was a letter unnecessary) to cause this harshness in the verse. As this

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this beauty could not be preserv'd in our language
it is endeavour'd in the Translation to supply it
with something parallel.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 479. *The Goddess softly shook, &c.]*
Venus having convey'd *Paris* in safety to his cham-
ber, goes to *Helena* who had been spectator of his
defeat, in order to draw her to love. The bet-
ter to bring this about, she first takes upon her the
most proper form in the world, that of a favou-
rite servant-maid, and awakens her passion by re-
presenting to her the beautiful figure of his person.
Next assuming her own shape she frightens her into
a compliance, notwithstanding all the struggles of
shame, *fear*, and *anger*, which break out in her
speech to the Goddess. This machine is allegori-
cal, and means no more than the power of *love*
triumphing over all the considerations of *honour*,
ease, and *safety*. It has an excellent effect as to
the Poem, in preserving still in some degree our
good opinion of *Helena*, whom we look upon with
compassion, as constrain'd by a superior power, and
whose speech tends to justify her in the eye of the
Reader.

XXXIX.

VERSE 487. *She spoke, and Helen's secret soul*
was mov'd.] Nothing is more fine than this; the
first thought of *Paris's* beauty overcomes (unawa-
res to herself) the contempt she had that moment
conceiv'd of him upon his overthrow. This mo-
tion is but natural, and before she perceives the
Deity. When the affections of a Woman have
been thoroughly gain'd, tho' they may be alienated
for a while, they soon return upon her. Homer
knew (says *Madam Dacier*) *what a Woman is capable*
of, who had once lov'd.

XL.

VERSE 507. *For me, to lawless love no longer*
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led, I scorn the Coward.] We have here another branch of the female character, which is, to be ruled in their attaches by *success*. *Helen* finding the Victory belong'd to *Menelaus*, accuses herself secretly of having forsaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man she had once despised. One may add that the fair Sex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great Soldiers. *Paris* was no stranger to this disposition in them, and had formerly endeavour'd to give his mistress that opinion of him; as appears from her reproach to him afterwards.

X L I.

VERSE 515. *Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly.*] This was the most dreadfull of all threats, loss of beauty and of reputation. *Helen* who had been proof to the personal appearance of the Goddess, and durst even reproach her with bitterness just before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love.

X L I I.

VERSE 531. *She turn'd away her glowing eyes.*] This interview of the two Lovers, plac'd opposite to each other and over-look'd by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helena*, she turning away her eyes shining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of Nature. *Eustathius* imagines she look'd aside in the consciousness of her own weakness, as apprehending that the beauty of *Paris* might cause her to relent. Her bursting out into passion and reproaches while she is in this state of mind, is no ill picture of frailty: *Venus* (as *Madam Dacier* observes) does not leave her, and fondness will immediately succeed to these reproaches.

X L I I I.

VERSE 543. *Ab cease, divinely fair.*] This answer

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answer of *Paris* is the only one he could possibly have made with any success in his circumstance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him but that which is generally most powerful with the Sex, and which *Homer* (who was learned every way) here makes use of.

X L I V.

VERSE 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However *Homer* may be admired for his conduct in this passage, I find a general outcry against *Paris* on this occasion. *Plutarch* has led the way in his Treatise of reading Poets, by remarking it as a most heinous act of incontinence in him to go to bed to his Lady in the day time. Among the Commentators the most violent is the moral Expofitor *Spondanus*, who will not so much as allow him to say a civil thing to *Helen*. *Mollis, effeminatus, & spurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine sua imminutum dicit, sed nunc magis ea corripit quam unquam alias, ne quidem cum primum ea ipsi dedit* (*Latini ita recte expriment to pierce her in re venerea*) in *Insula Cranaë*. *Cum alioqui homines primi concubitus soleant esse ardentiores.* I could not deny the Reader the diversion of this remark, nor *Spondanus* the glory of his zeal, who was but two and twenty when it was written. *Madam Dacier* is also very severe upon *Paris*, but for a reason more natural to a Lady. She is of opinion that the passion of the Lover would scarce have been so excessive as he here describes it, but for fear of losing his Mistress immediately, as foreseeing the *Greeks* would demand her. One may answer to this lively remark, that *Paris* having nothing to say for himself, was obliged to testify an uncommon ardour for his Lady, at a time when compliments were to pass instead of reasons. I hope to be excus'd if (in revenge for her remark upon our Sex) I observe upon the behaviour of *Helen* throughout this Book, which gives a pretty

natural picture of the manners of theirs. We see her first in tears, repentant, cover'd with confusion at the sight of *Priam*, and secretly inclin'd to return to her former Spouse. The disgrace of *Paris* increases her dislike of him; she rails, she reproaches, she wishes his death; and after all, is prevail'd upon by one kind compliment, and yields to his embraces. Methinks when this Lady's observation and mine are laid together, the best that can be made of them is to conclude, that since both the Sexes have their frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to observe the *Allegory* here carry'd on with respect to *Helen*, who lives thro' this whole Book in a whirl of passions, & is agitated by turns with sentiments of Honour and Love. The Goddesses made use of to cast the appearance of Fable over the Story, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is call'd to the Tower to behold her former friends, *Iris* the Messenger of *Juno* (the Goddess of Honour) is sent for her; & when invited to the bed chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the company. The forms they take to carry on these different affairs, are properly chosen: the one assuming the person of the daughter of *Antenor*, who press'd most for her being restor'd to *Menelaus*; the other the shape of an old Maid, who was privy to the Intrigue with *Paris* from the beginning. And in the consequences, as the one inspires the love of her former Empire, Friends and Country; so the other instills the dread of being cast off by all if she forsook her second choice, and causes the return of her tenderness to *Paris*. But if she has a struggle for Honour, she is in a bondage to Love; which gives the Story its turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftner appear than *Iris*. There is in one place a Lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddess is kindly
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officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* when he had escap'd the Enemy; which may signify his love for his Mistress, that hurry'd him away to justify himself before her. She softens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the breach between them: And even when that affair is finished, we do not find the Poet dismisses her from the Chamber, whatever privacies the Lovers had a mind to: In which circumstance he seems to draw aside the veil of his Allegory, and to let the Reader at last into this meaning of it, that the Goddess of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Passion of it.

X L V.

VERSE 553. *When first entranc'd in Cranaë's Isle.* It is in the Original Νήσῳ δ' ἐν Κραναιῷ ἐμίγην φιλότῃ. καὶ εὐνή, The true sense of which is express'd in the Translation. I cannot but take notice of a small piece of pruderie in *Madam Dacier*, who is exceeding careful of *Helen's* character. She turns this passage as if *Paris* had only her consent to be her Husband in this Island. *Pausanias* explains this line in another manner, and tells us it was here that *Paris* had first the enjoyment of her, that in gratitude for his happiness he built a Temple to *Venus Mignonitis*, the Mingler or Coupler, and that the neighbouring coast where it was erected was call'd *Migonian* from μιγῆναι, à miscendo. *Paus. Laconicis.*





OBSERVATIONS ON THE FIRST BOOK, OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

I.

IT is from the beginning of this Book that *Virgil* has taken that of his tenth *Æneid*, as the whole tenour of the story in this and the last Book is followed in his twelfth. The Truce and the solemn oath; the breach of it by a dart thrown by *Tolumnius*; *Juturna's* inciting the *Latines* to renew the War; the wound of *Æneas*; his speedy cure, and the Battel ensuing, all these are manifestly copied from hence. The solemnity, surprize, and variety of these circumstances seem'd to him of importance enough, to build the whole catastrophe of his work upon them; tho' in *Homer* they are but openings to the general action, and such as in their warmth are still exceeded by all that follow them. They are chosen, we grant, by *Virgil* with great judgment, and conclude his Poem with a becoming majesty: Yet the finishing his scheme with that which is but the coolest part of *Homer's* action, tends in some degree to shew the disparity

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city of the poetical fire in these two Authors.

I I.

VERSE 3. *Immortal Hebe.*] The Goddess of Youth is introduc'd as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to shew that the divine Beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier.*

I I I.

VERSE 9. *Two Pow'rs Divine.*] *Jupiter's* re-approaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist *Menelaus*, proceeds (as *M. Dacier* remarks) from the affection he bore to *Troy*: Since if *Menelaus* by their help had gain'd a compleat victory, the Siege had been rais'd, and the City deliver'd. On the contrary, *Juno* and *Minerva* might suffer *Paris* to escape, as the method to continue the War to the total destruction of *Troy*. And accordingly a few lines after we find them complotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the *Trojans*.

I V.

VERSE 18. *Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.*] *Jupiter* here makes it a question, whether the foregoing combate should determine the controversy, or the peace be broken. His putting it thus, *that Paris is not killed, but Menelaus has the Victory*, gives a hint for a dispute whether the conditions of the Treaty were valid or annulled; that is to say, whether the controversy was to be determined by the *Victory* or by the *Death* of one of the Combatants. Accordingly it has been disputed whether the articles were really binding to the *Trojans* or not? *Plutarch* has treated the question in his *Symposiacks* l. 9. qu. 13. The substance is this. In the first proposal of the challenge *Paris* mentions only the victory, *And who his Rival shall in Arms subdue*; Nor does *Hector*

who carries it say any more. However *Menelaus* understands it of the death, by what he replies: *Fall he that must beneath his Rival's Arms, And live the rest*---*Iris* to *Helen* speaks only of the former; and *Idæus* to *Priam* repeats the same words. But in the solemn Oath *Agamemnon* specifies the latter, *If by Paris slain*----and *If by my Brother's Arms the Trojan bleed*. *Priam* also understands it of both, saying at his leaving the field, *What Prince shall fall Heav'n only knows*--- (I do not cite the *Greek* because the *English* has preserv'd the same nicety.) *Paris* himself confesses he has lost the victory, in his speech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done had the whole depended on that alone: And lastly *Menelaus* (after the conquest is clearly his by the flight of *Paris*) is still searching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his Adversary. It appears from hence that the *Trojans* had no illpretence to break the Treaty, so that *Homer* ought not to have been directly accus'd of making *Jupiter* the author of perjury in what follows, which is one of the chief of *Plato's* objections against him.

V.

VERSE 31. *Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast*] *Spondanus* takes notice that *Minerva*, who in the first Book had restrain'd the anger of *Achilles*, had now an opportunity of exerting the same conduct in respect to herself. We may bring the parallel close, by observing that she had before her in like manner a Superior, who had provok'd her by sharp expressions, and whose counsels ran against her sentiments. In all which the Poet takes care to preserve her still in the practice of that *Wisdom* of which she was Goddess.

VI.

VERSE 55. *Let Priam bleed, &c.*] We find in
Per-

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Perſiu's Satyrs the name of *Labeo*, as an ill Poet who made a miſerable Tranſlation of the *Iliad*; one of whoſe verſes is ſtill preſerv'd, and happens to be that of this place.

Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique piſſinos.
It may ſeem from this, that his Tranſlation was fervilely literal (as the old *Scholiaſt* on *Perſius* obſerves.) And one cannot but take notice that *Ogilby's* and *Hobbes's* in this place are not unlike *Labeo's*.

*Both King and People thou would'ſt eat alive.
And eat up Priam and his Children all.*

V I I.

VERSE 61.

*But ſhould this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd Realms-----]*

Homer in this place has made *Jupiter* to prophecy the deſtruction of *Mycenæ* the favour'd City of *Juno*, which happen'd a little before the time of our Author. *Strab* l. 8. *The Trojan War* being over, and the Kingdom of *Agamemnon* deſtroj'd, *Mycenæ* daily decreas'd after the return of the *Heraclidæ*; For theſe becoming Maſters of *Peloponneſus*, caſt out the old Inhabitants; ſo that they who poſſeſs'd *Argos* overcame *Mycenæ* alſo, and contracted both into one body. A ſhort time after, *Mycenæ* was deſtroj'd by the *Argives*, and not the leaſt remains of it are now to be found.

X I I I.

VERSE 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which *Homer* is blamed by *Plato*, who introduces *Socrates* reprehending it in his Dialogue of the Republick. And indeed if it were granted that the *Trojans* had no right to break this Treaty, the preſent machine where *Juno* is made to propoſe perjury, *Jupiter* to allow it, and *Minerva* to be commiſſion'd to haſten the execution of it, would be one of the hardeſt to be reconciled

to reason in the whole Poem. Unless even then one might imagine, that *Homer's* Heaven is sometimes no more than an ideal world of abstracted beings; and so every motion which rises in the mind of Man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity who is suppos'd to preside over that quality super-added to it. In this sense the present allegory is easy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the *Trojans* by destroying *Menelaus*. This sentiment is also incited by a notion of *glory*, of which *Juno* is represented as Goddess. *Jupiter* who is suppos'd to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of, but sends a prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming mischief, and accordingly we find both Armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following lines.

I X.

VERSE 120. *Pandarus for strength renown'd.*]
Homer, says *Plutarch* in his Treatise of the *Pythian Oracle*, makes not the Gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endu'd with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how *Minerva* when she would persuade the *Greeks*, seeks for *Ulysses*; when she would break the Truce, for *Pandarus*; and when she would conquer, for *Diomed*. If we consult the *Scholia* upon this instance, they give several reasons why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for the occasion. The Goddess went not to the *Trojans*, because they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing Book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill action for him: She therefore looks among the Allies, and finds *Pandarus* who was of a Nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaricious enough to be capable
of

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of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from *Paris*: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the Siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells *Aeneas* in the fifth Book.

X.

VERSE 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as *Madam Dacier* renders it. I do not object it as an improbability that the horns were of sixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable size for a bow, is evident.

X I.

VERSE 144. *This, by the Greeks unseen, the Warrior bends.*] The Poet having held us thro' the foregoing Book in expectation of a Peace, makes the conditions be here broken after such a manner, as should oblige the *Greeks* to act thro' the War with that irreconcilable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The shot of *Pandarus* being therefore of such consequence (and as he calls it, the ἰγμὴ ὀδυρῶν the foundation of future woes) it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a description some way corresponding to its importance. For this, he surrounds it with a train of circumstances; the history of the Bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with Shields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and posture of the shooter, the sound of the string, and flight of the shaft; all most beautifully, and lively painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these particulars; when the Armies being unemploy'd, and only one Man acting, the Poet and his Readers had leisure to be the Spectators of a single and deliberate action. I think it will be allow'd

allow'd that the little circumstances which are sometimes thought too redundant in *Homer*, have a wonderful beauty in this place. *Virgil* has not fail'd to copy it, and with the greatest happiness imaginable.

*Dixit, & auratâ volucrem Threïssa sagittam
Deprompsit pharetrâ, cornuque insensa tetendit;
Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent
Inter se capita, & manibus jam tangeret aquis,
Lava aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.
Extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantes
Audiit unâ Aruns, hæsitque in corpore ferrum.*

X I I.

VERSE 160. *Pallas assists, and weaken'd in its force, Diverts the weapon----*] For she only designed, by all this action, to encrease the glory of the Greeks in the taking of *Troy*. Yet some Commentators have been so stupid as to wonder that *Pallas* should be employ'd first in the wounding of *Menelaus*, and after in the protecting him.

X I I I.

VERSE 163. *Wasts the envenom'd fly*] This is one of those humble comparisons which *Homer* sometimes uses, to diversify his subject, but a very exact one in its kind, and corresponding in all its parts. The care of the Goddess, the unsuspecting security of *Menelaus*, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in this short compass. To which it may be added, that if the Providence of heavenly Powers to their Creatures is express'd by the love of a Mother to her Child, if Men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping Infants, and if those dangers which may seem great to us, are by them as easily warded off as the simile implies; there will appear something sublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at first sight in respect to a Heroe. A higher comparison would

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would but have tended to lessen the disparity between the Gods and Man, and the justness of the simile had been lost, as well as the grandeur of the sentiment.

X I V.

VERSE 170. *As when some stately trappings, &c.*] Some have judg'd the circumstances in this simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the purpose to take notice that this ivory was intended for the bosses of a bridle, was laid up for a Prince, or that a Woman of *Caria* or *Meonia* dy'd it. *Eustathius* was of a different opinion, who extols this passage for the variety it presents, and the learning it includes. We learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the first times for their staining in purple, and that the Women excell'd in works of ivory: As also that there were certain ornaments which only Kings and Princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourse to antiquities to justify this particular, it may be alledg'd, that the simile does not consist barely in the colours: It was but little to tell us, that the blood of *Menelaus* appearing on the whiteness of his skin, vyed with the purpled ivory; but this implies that the honourable wounds of a Heroe are the beautiful dress of War, and become him as much as the most gallant ornaments in which he takes the field. *Virgil*, 'tis true, has omitted the circumstance in his imitation of this comparison, *Æn.* 12.

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro .

Si quis ebur-----

But in this he judges only for himself, and does not condemn *Homer*. It was by no means proper that his ivory should have been a piece of martial accoutrement, when he apply'd it so differently, transferring it from the wounds of a Heroe to the blushes of the fair *Lavinia*.

X V.

X V.

VERSE 177. *As down thy snowy thigh.*] *Homer* is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themselves,

Τοῖσι τοι Μενέλαε μιάσθην αἷματι μηροῖ

Εὐφυνέε, κῆμαί τ', ἠδ' ἐσφυὰ καλ' ὑπέρβρε.

The Translator has not thought fit to mention every one of these parts, first the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in *English*: But the Author's design being only to image the streaming of the blood, it seem'd equivalent to make it trickle thro' the length of an *Alexandrine* line.

X V I.

VERSE 186. *Oh dear as life, &c.*] This incident of the wound of *Menelaus* gives occasion to *Homer* to draw a fine description of fraternal love in *Agamemnon*. On the first sight of it, he is struck with amaze and confusion, and now breaks out in tenderness and grief. He first accuses himself as the cause of this misfortune, by having consented to expose his Brother to the single combat which had drawn on this fatal consequence. Next he inveighs against the *Trojans* in general for their perfidiousness, as not yet knowing that it was the act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himself with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy*; but doubts by what hands this punishment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with shame to their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other side a great deal of nature, in the confused sentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occasion, as they are very well explained by *Spondanus*.

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X V I I.

VERSE 212. *While some proud Trojan, &c.]* Agamemnon here calls to mind how, upon the death of his Brother, the ineffectual preparations & actions against *Troy* must become a derision to the world. This is in its own nature a very irritating sentiment, tho' it were never so carelessly express'd; but the Poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making him bring all the consequences before his eyes, in a picture of their *Trojan* enemies gathering round the Tomb of the unhappy *Menelaus*, elated with pride, insulting the dead, and throwing out disdainful expressions and curses against him and his Family. There is nothing which could more effectually represent a state of anguish, than the drawing such an image as this, which shews a Man increasing his present unhappiness by the prospect of a future train of misfortunes.

X V I I I.

VERSE 222. *Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate.]* In Agamemnon, Homer has shewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection, and now in *Menelaus* he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and presence of mind. He speaks of his own case with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the discouragement of the Soldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their spirits from the prosecution of the War. *Spondanus*

X I X.

VERSE 253. *The Trojans rush tumultuous to the War.]* They advanced to the Enemy in the belief that the shot of *Pandarus* was made by order of the Generals. *Dacier.*

X X.

VERSE 256. *Nor had you seen.]* The Poet here changes his narration, and turns himself to the Reader

Reader in an *Apostrophe*. *Longinus* in his 22^d Chapter commends this figure, as causing a Reader to become a Spectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. *The Apostrophe* (says he) *renders us more awaken'd, more attentive, and more full of the thing described.* Madam *Dacier* will have it, that it is the Mute who addresseth herself to the Poet in the second person: 'Tis no great matter which, since it has equally its effect either way.

X X I.

VERSE 264. *Thro' all the martial Ranks he moves, &c.*] In the following review of the Army, which takes up a great part of this Book, we see all the spirit, art, and industry of a compleat General; together with the proper characters of those Leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* considers at this sudden exigence, that he should first address himself to all in general; he divides his discourse to the brave and the fearful, using arguments which arise from confidence or despair, passions which act upon us most forcibly: To the brave, he urges their secure hopes of conquest since the Gods must punish perjury; to the timorous, their inevitable destruction if the Enemy should burn their Ships. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himself to each Ally with particular artifice: He caresses *Idomeneus* as an old Friend who had promised not to forsake him; and meets with an answer in that Hero's true character, short, honest, hearty, and Soldier-like. He praises the *Ajaxes* as Warriors whose examples fired the Army; and is received by them without any reply, as they were Men who did not profess speaking. He passes next to *Nestor*, whom he finds talking to his Soldiers as he marshal'd them; here he was not to part without a compliment on both sides; he wishes him the strength he had once in his youth,

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youth, & is answer'd with an account of something which the old Heroe had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the Troops which lay farthest from the place of action; where he finds *Meneſtheus* & *Ulyſſes*, not intirely unprepar'd nor yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happen'd. He reproves *Ulyſſes* for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, & receives an answer which ſuits not ill with the twofold character of a wiſe and a valiant Man: Hereupon *Agamemnon* appears preſent to himſelf, & excuſes his haſty expreſſions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he alſo rebukes for backwardneſs but after another manner, by ſetting before him the example of his Father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praifing, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excuſing himſelf, and again relapſing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great Mind in the higheſt emotion; and at the ſame time the variety is ſo kept up, with a regard to the different characters of the Leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his Army.

XXII.

VERSE 296. *For this, in Banquets.*] The Ancients uſually in their Feaſts divided to the Gueſts by equal portions, except when they took ſome particular occaſion to ſhew diſtinction & give the preference to any one perſon. It was then look'd upon as the higheſt mark of honour to be allotted the beſt portion of meat & wine, & to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the Feaſt, in drinking Wine unmingle'd & without ſtint. This cuſtom was much more ancient than the time of the Trojan War, and we find it practiſed in the Banquet given by *Joſeph* to his Brethren in *Ægypt*, *Gen. 43. v. ult.* And he ſent meſſes to them from before him, but Benjamin's meſs was five times ſo much as any of theirs. *Dacier.*

XXIII.

VERSE 336. *There rev'rend Neſtor ranks his*
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Pylian Bands.] This is the Prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial discipline; of the rest he is content to say they were valiant and ready to fight: The years, long observation & experience of *Nestor* render'd him the fittest person to be distinguished on this account. The disposition of his Troops in this place (together with what he is made to say, that their fore-Fathers used the same method) may be a proof that the Art of War was well known in *Greece* before the time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an age when all the world made their acquisitions by force of Arms only. What is most to be wonder'd at, is, that they had not the use of *Cavalry*, all men engaging either on *Foot*, or from *Chariots* (a particular necessary to be known by every Reader of *Homer's* Battels.) In these Chariots there were always two persons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employ'd in managing the Horses. *Madam Dacier* in her excellent Preface to *Homer* is of opinion, that there were no Horsemen 'till near the time of *Saul*, threescore years after the Siege of *Troy*; so that altho' *Cavalry* were in use in *Homer's* days, yet he thought himself obliged to regard the customs of the age of which he writ, rather than those of his own.

XXIV.

VERSE 344. *The middle space suspected Troops supply.*] This artifice, of placing those men whose behaviour was most to be doubted, in the middle, (so as to put them under a necessity of engaging even against their inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the Battel of *Zama*; as is observed and praised by *Polybius*, who quotes this verse on that occasion in acknowledgment of *Homer's* skill in military discipline. That our Author was the first Master of that Art in *Greece* is the opinion of *Ælian*, *Tactic. c. 1*. *Frontinus* gives us another example of *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus's* following this instruction of *Homer*. *Vide Stratag. lib. 3*

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6. 3. So *Ammianus Marcellinus* l. 14. *Imperator ceteris peditum infirmis, medium inter acies spacium, secundum Homericam dispositionem, praestitit.*

XXV.

VERSE 352. *He whom the fortune of the field shall cast From forth his Chariot, mount the next— &c.)*

The words in the original are capable of four different significations, as *Eustathius* observes. The first is, that whoever in fighting upon his Chariot shall win a Chariot from his Enemy, he shall continue to fight, & not retire from the Engagement to secure his prize. The second, that if any one be thrown out of his Chariot, he who happens to be nearest shall hold forth his Javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the last, that if any one be cast from his chariot & would mount up into another man's, that other shall push him back with his Javelin & not admit him for fear of interrupting the Combat. The fourth is the sense which is followed in the Translation as seeming much the most natural, that every one should be left to govern his own Chariot, and the other who is admitted fight only with the Javelin. The reason of this advice appears by the Speech of *Pandarus* to *Aeneas* in the next Book: *Aeneas* having taken him up into his Chariot to go against *Diomed*, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to manage the reins, which was esteem'd an office of honour. To this *Pandarus* answers, that it is more proper for *Aeneas* to guide his own horses; lest they not feeling their accustomed Master, should be ungovernable & bring them into danger.

Upon occasion of the various & contrary significations of which these words are said to be capable, and which *Eustathius* and *Dacier* profess to admire as an excellence, *Monf. de la Motte* in his late Discourse upon *Homer* very justly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous fault in *Homer*. For what can be

more absurd than to imagine, that the Orders given in a Battel should be delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to be capable of many meanings? These double interpretations must proceed not from any design in the Author, but purely from the ignorance of the moderns in the *Greek* tongue: it being impossible for any one to possess the dead languages to such a degree, as to be certain of all the graces and negligences; or to know precisely how far the licences and boldnesses of expression were happy, or forced. But Criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the Poet all the random senses that amuse them; & imagine they see in a single word a whole heap of things which no modern language can express, so are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the confusion of their own ideas.

XXVI.

VERSE 384. *Remote their Forces lay.*] This is a reason why the Troops of *Ulysses* and *Menestheus* were not yet in motion. Tho' another may be added in respect to the former, that it did not consist with the wisdom of *Ulysses* to fall on with his Forces till he was well assured. Tho' courage be no inconsiderable part of his Character, yet it is always join'd with great caution. Thus we see him soon after in the very heat of a Battel, when his Friend was just slain before his eyes, first looking carefully about him, before he would throw his spear to revenge him.

XXVII.

VERSE 430. *I saw him once, when, &c.*] This long narration concerning the history of *Tydeus*, is not of the nature of those for which *Homer* has been blam'd with some colour of justice: It is not a cold story but a warm reproof, while the particularising the actions of the Father is made the highest incentive to the Son. Accordingly the air of this Speech ought to be inspirited above the common narrative style. As for the story it self, it is finely told by *Statius* in the second Book of the *Thebais*.

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XXVIII

VERSE 452. *No words the Godlike Diomed return'd*], When *Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his peace in respect to his General, but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him with boasting and insolence. It is here worth observing in what manner *Agamemnon* behaves himself; he passes by *Sthenelus* without affording any reply; whereas just before, when *Ulysses* testified his resentment, he immediately return'd him an answer. For as it is a mean and servile thing, and unbecoming the Majesty of a Prince; to make apologies to every man in justification of what he has said or done: so to treat all men with equal neglect is meer pride & excess of folly. We also see of *Diomed*, that tho' he refrains from speaking in this place when the time demanded action, he afterwards expresses himself in such a manner, as shews him not to have been insensible of this unjust rebuke: (in the ninth Book) when he tells the King, he was the first who had dar'd to reproach him with want of courage. "Plutarch of reading the Poets.

XXIX

VERSE 460. *We storm'd the Theban Wall.*] The first Theban War, of which *Agamemnon* spoke in the preceding lines, was seven and twenty years before the War of Troy. *Sthenelus* here speaks of the second Theban War, which happen'd ten years after the first: when the Sons of the seven Captains conquer'd the City, before which their Fathers were destroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and *Capaneus* was thunder struck while he blasphemed Jupiter. Vid. Stat. Thebaid.

XXX

VERSE 478. *As when the Winds*] Madam Dacier thinks it may seem something odd; that an Army going to conquer should be compared to the waves going to break themselves against the shore; and

would solve the appearing absurdity by imagining the Poet laid not the stress so much upon this circumstance, as upon the same waves assaulting a rock, lifting themselves over its head, and covering it with foam as the *Trophy of their Victory* (as she expresses it.) But to this it may be answer'd, that neither did the *Greeks* get the better in this Battel, nor will a comparison be allowed intirely beautiful, which instead of illustrating its subject stands itself in need of so much illustration and refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The passage naturally bears this sense. *As when, upon the rising of the wind the waves roll after one another to the shore; at first there is a distant motion in the Sea, then they approach to break with noise on the strand: and lastly rise swelling over the rocks, and toss their foam above their heads: So the Greeks, at first, marched in order one after another silently to the Fight---* Where the Poet breaks off from prosecuting the Comparison, and by a *Prolepsis*, leaves the Reader to carry it on, and image to himself the future tumult, rage, and force of the Battel, in opposition to that silence in which he describes the Troops at present; in the lines immediately ensuing. What confirms this exposition is, that *Virgil* has made use of the Simile in the same sense in the seventh *Aeneid*.

*Fluctus uti primo cœpit cum albescere vento,
Paulatim sese tollit mare, & aliis undas
Erigit; inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo.*

X X X I.

VERSE 478. *As when the Winds, &c.* This is the first Battel in *Homer*, and it is worthy observation with what grandeur it is described, and raised by one circumstance above another, till all is involved in horror and tumult: The foregoing Simile of the winds, rising by degrees into a general tempest, is an image of the progress of his own spirit in this description. We see first an innumerable Army moving in order, & are amus'd with the pomp & silence; then

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then waken'd with the noise and clamour; next they join, the adverse Gods are let down among them; the imaginary persons of *Terror*, *Flight*, *Discord* succeed to re-inforce them; then all is undistinguish'd fury and a confusion of horrors, only that at different openings we behold the distinct deaths of several Heroes, and then are involv'd again in the same confusion.

XXXII.

VERSE 502. *Discord, dire Sister, &c.*] This is the passage so highly extoll'd by *Longinus*, as one of the most signal instances of the noble sublimity of this Author: where it is said, that the image here drawn of *Discord*, *whose head touch'd the Heavens*, and *whose feet were on Earth*, may as justly be apply'd to the vast reach and elevation of the Genius of *Homer*. But *Monf. Boileau* informs us that neither the quotation nor these words were in the original of *Longinus*, but partly inserted by *Gabriel de Petra*. However the best encomium is, that *Virgil* has taken it word for word, and apply'd it to the person of *Fame*.

Parva metu primo, mox sese atollit in auras:

Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

Aristides had formerly blamed *Homer* for admitting *Discord* into Heaven, and *Scaliger* takes up the criticism to throw him below *Virgil*. *Fame* (he says) is properly feign'd to hide her head in the clouds, because the grounds and authors of rumours are commonly unknown. As if the same might not be alledg'd for *Homer*, since the grounds and author of *Discord* are often no less secret. *Macrobius* has put this among the passages where he thinks *Virgil* has fallen short in his imitation of *Homer*, and brings these reasons for his opinion. *Homer* represents *Discord* to rise from small beginnings, & afterwards in her encrease to reach the Heavens: *Virgil* has said this of *Fame*, but not with equal propriety; for the subjects are very different. *Discord*, tho' it reaches to War and Devastation, is still *Discord*; nor ceases to be what it was

at first. But *Fame*, when it grows to be universal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes knowledge and certainty. For who calls any thing *Fame*, which is known from Earth to Heaven? Nor has *Virgil* equal'd the strength of *Homer's* hyperbole, for one speaks of *Heaven*, the other only of the *Clouds*. *Macrob. Sat. l. 5. c. 13.* *Scaliger* is very angry at this last period, & by mistake blames *Gellius* for it in whom there is no such thing. His words are so insolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to answer them, & the only answer which such a spirit of criticism deserves. *Clamant quod Maro de Fama dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cum tamen Homerus unde ipse accepit, in caelo caput Eridis constituit. Fam tibi pro me respondeo. Non sum imitatus, nolo imitari: non placet, non est verum, Contentionem ponere caput in caelo. Ridiculum est, fatuum est, Homericum est, Greculum est. Poetic. l. 5. c. 3.*

This fine verse was also criticiz'd by *Monf. Perault*, who accuses it as a forc'd and extravagant hyperbole, *M. Boileau* answers, that hyperboles as strong are daily used even in common discourse, and that nothing is in effect more strictly true than that *Discord* reigns over all the Earth, and in Heaven itself, that is to say, among the Gods of *Homer*. It is not (continues this excellent Critick) the description of a Giant, as this Censor would pretend, but a just allegory; and as he makes *Discord* an allegorical person, she may be of what size he pleases without shocking us; since it is what we regard only as an idea and creature of the fancy, and not as a material substance that has any being in Nature. The expression in the *Psalms*, that the *impious man* is lifted up as a *Cedar of Libanus*, does by no means imply that the *impious man* was a Giant as tall as a *Cedar*. Thus far *Boileau*; & upon the whole we may observe, that it seems not only the fate of great Genius's to have met with the most malignant Criticks, but of the

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the finest and noblest passages in them to have been particularly pitch'd upon for impertinent criticisms. These are the divine boldnesses which in their very nature provoke Ignorance and Short-sightedness to shew themselves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, must also certainly know, that they will be attack'd by such as cannot reach them.

X X X I I I.

VERSE 508. *Now Shield with Shield, &c.*] The verses which follow in the original are perhaps excell'd by none in *Homer*; & that he had himself a particular fondness for them may be imagined from his inserting them again in the same words in the eighth Book. They are very happily imitated by *Statius lib. 7.*

*Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspidē cuspis, &c.*

X X X I V.

VERSE 516. *As Torrents roll.*] This comparison of Rivers meeting & roaring, with two Armies mingling in Battel, is an image of that nobleness, which (to say no more) was worthy the invention of *Homer*. and the imitation of *Virgil*.

*Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in aquora currunt;
Quisque suum populatus iter;—Stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice Pastor.*

The word *populatus* here has a beauty which one must be insensible not to observe. *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's*, & *Macrobius Homer's*, without any reason on either side, but only one Critick's positive word against another's. The Reader may judge between them.

X X X V.

VERSE 522: *The bold Antilochus*] *Antilochus* the Son of *Nestor* is the first who begins the Engagement. It seems as if the old Hero having done the greatest service he was capable of at his years, in disposing the Troops in the best order (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his Son at the head

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of them, to give him the glory of beginning the Battel.

XXXVI.

VERSE 540. *As o'er their prey rapacious Wolves engage,*] This short comparison in the Greek consists only of two words *λυοι* &c. which Scaliger observes upon as too abrupt. But may it not be answer'd that such a place as this, where all things are in confusion, seems not to admit of any simile, except of one which scarce exceeds a Metaphor in length? When two Heroes are engag'd, there is a plain view to be given us of their actions, & there a long simile may be of use, to raise & enliven them by parallel circumstances; but when the Troops fall in promiscuously upon one another, the confusion excludes distinct or particular images, & consequently Comparisons of any length would be less natural.

XXXVII.

VERSE 542. *In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell.*] This Prince receiv'd his name from the River *Simois* on whose banks he was born. It was the custom of the Eastern people to give names, to their Children deriv'd from the most remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy Scripture is full of examples of this kind. It is also usual in the old Testament to compare Princes to trees, cedars, &c. as *Simoisius* is here resembled to a poplar. *Dacier*.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 552. *So falls a Poplar.*] *Eustathius* in *Macrobius* prefers to this Simile that of *Virgil* in the second *Æneid*.

*Ac veluti in summis antiquam montibus ornum,
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Bruere agricola certatim; illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremam
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.*

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK IV. 139

Mr. *Hobbes* in the Preface to his Translation of *Homer* has discours'd upon this occasion very judiciously. *Homer* (says he) intended no more in this place than to shew how comely the body of *Simoisius* appear'd as he lay dead upon the bank of *Scamander*, strait & tall, with a fair head of hair, like a strait and high poplar with the boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner of his falling, which (when a Man is wounded thro' the breasts as he was with a spear) is always sudden. *Virgil's* is the description of a great tree falling when many men together hew it down. He meant to compare the manner how *Troy* after many Battels, and after the loss of many Cities, conquer'd by the many Nations under *Agamemnon* in a long War, was thereby weaken'd and at last overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely. So that neither these two Descriptions nor the two Comparisons can be compared together. The image of a Man lying on the ground is one thing; the image of falling (especially of a Kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. Thus Mr. *Hobbes*.

X X X I X.

VERSE 585. *But Phœbus now.*] *Homer* here introduces *Apollo* on the side of the *Trojans*: He had given them the assistance of *Mars* at the beginning of this Battel; but *Mars* (which signifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to resist *Minerva* (or courage with conduct) which the Poet represents as constantly aiding his *Greeks*; they want some prudent management to rally them again: He therefore brings in a *Wisdom* to assist *Mars*, under the appearance of *Apollo*.

X L.

VERSE 592. *Achilles fights no more,*] *Homer* from time to time puts his Readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his absence from the War, and finds
occ-

occasions of celebrating his valour with the highest praises. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where *Apollo* himself tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, since *Achilles* fights no longer against them. *Dacier*.

X L I.

VERSE 630. *Had some brave Chief.*] The turning off in this place from the actions of the Field, to represent to us a Man with security and calmness walking thro' it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole Action; this is not only a fine praise of the Battel, but as it were a breathing-place to the Poetical Spirit of the Author, after having rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: He seems like one who having got over a part of his journey, stops upon an eminence to look back upon the space he has pass'd, and concludes the Book with an agreeable pause or respite.

The Reader will excuse our taking notice of such a trifle, as that is was an old Superstition, that this fourth Book of the *Iliad* being laid under the head, was a cure for the *Quartan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated Physician in the time of the younger *Gordian* and Preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely prescrib'd it among other Receipts in his medicinal precepts, *Prac.* 50.

Mœonia Iliados quartum suppose timent.

I believe it will be found a true observation, that there never was any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by some Author of reputation: A reflection it may not be improper for Writers to make, as being at once some mortification to their vanity, and some comfort to their infirmity.

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F I N I S.



Place this at the end of the Vol.